THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W[illegible]
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by [illegible]nklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

OCT. 19, 1918

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WILLIAM SHEWELL ELLIS

Elizabeth Frazer — Charles E. Van Loan — F. Britten Austin — Albert Payson Terhune
Wallace Irwin — Will Payne — Samuel G. Blythe — Rob Wagner — Joseph Hergesheimer

COMPARE *the* PRICE *of* GOOD CLOTHES *with the* HIGH COST *of* CHEAP CLOTHING

IT COSTS a merchant just as much to sell you a poor suit of clothes as a good one.

THE TRANSPORTATION COST is just as high from the mill to the maker, and from the maker to the merchant's store. The mill-overhead and labor-cost of weaving poor material may very well be as great as with better goods.

WHEN IT COMES to cutting and making a cheap suit of clothes the price of the work is out of all proportion to the material.

YOU MAY PAY LESS for a poor suit—but you do not get anything like the same value for what you pay.

THESE ARE some of the things that create the notoriously high cost of cheap clothing.

* * * *

IF THE MOTTO that "The Best is the Cheapest" holds good in ordinary times, it is doubly true today. Poor clothing is relatively so much higher in price than good clothing that it pays an economical man to buy the best and less of it.

THAT IS WHY a timid clothing dealer, afraid to meet his customer with the facts, is rendering a poor service. Knowing that costs everywhere are high he turns to a lower standard of merchandise: he eases over the moment of sale, but fails to consider the day of reckoning with his customer.

A MAN FORGETS the price he paid, but the clothes are in evidence: clear testimony to quality—or the lack of it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER has always maintained its standards. Its chief effort in these times is to produce the best merchandise available and to render service and support to those retail clothing merchants throughout America who share its faith in quality.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Civilian and Military Clothes

Specialty of Fractional Sizes and the "Forward" Model, originated by this House

Chicago

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SPITE ATTACK

By Elizabeth Frazer

THE third phase of the great German offensive of 1918 began with the first light of dawn on July the fifteenth. In Paris, fifty-one miles behind Château-Thierry, that distant bombardment, violent beyond all precedent, could be distinctly heard. It could be heard, but the explosions were not like real explosions. They were like tiny, far-away echoes, ghosts of explosions—as if baseballs were being hurled with extreme force against a wall heavily padded with cotton wool. Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Distinct, yet muted, they came, those distant thuds; denatured, so to speak, with all the sound violence extracted.

Parisians rose from their beds, stepped to the windows and leaned from their casements to listen. But immediately the nearer night noises of the city eclipsed those distant ghost roars of battle. The whir of a belated taxi through the deserted streets, the hollow ring of footsteps on the pavement, even the blinking of an eyelid—and those soft sinister booms were completely blotted out. But back in bed once more, with the windows shutting out the city sounds, the dull pounding commenced again, steady, persistent as the beat of the blood in the arteries: Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff!

Thus at Paris, the heart of the world. But up at Château-Thierry, the seat of alarms, it was a vastly different affair. There was nothing dim, distant, dissolved, denatured or cotton-woolly about the cannonading in that sector. It was the storm center of the tornado. The air was thick with clamor. The heavy guns bellowed incessantly. In order to hear each other men had to lean close and shout, and then it was only by the lip movement that they could be understood. It was like trying to speak during the rushing thunder of an express train. The Prussian storm troops were attacking formidably, with all their immense prestige, and the Americans were responding coolly, methodically as the Concord minutemen, with machine gun and rifle.

It cannot be said that the Prussians were cowards. They had been ordered to hold their position at any cost; and they fought ferociously, until they were dropped by the bayonet. In their machine-gun pits twenty and thirty Hun gunners were found, piled in heaps, slain by the bayonet, showing they had resisted desperately to the end; and the path to those same pits could be traced by American dead. Neither side asked or gave any quarter, and in those first fierce days of the offensive few prisoners were taken.

The Ebb Tide

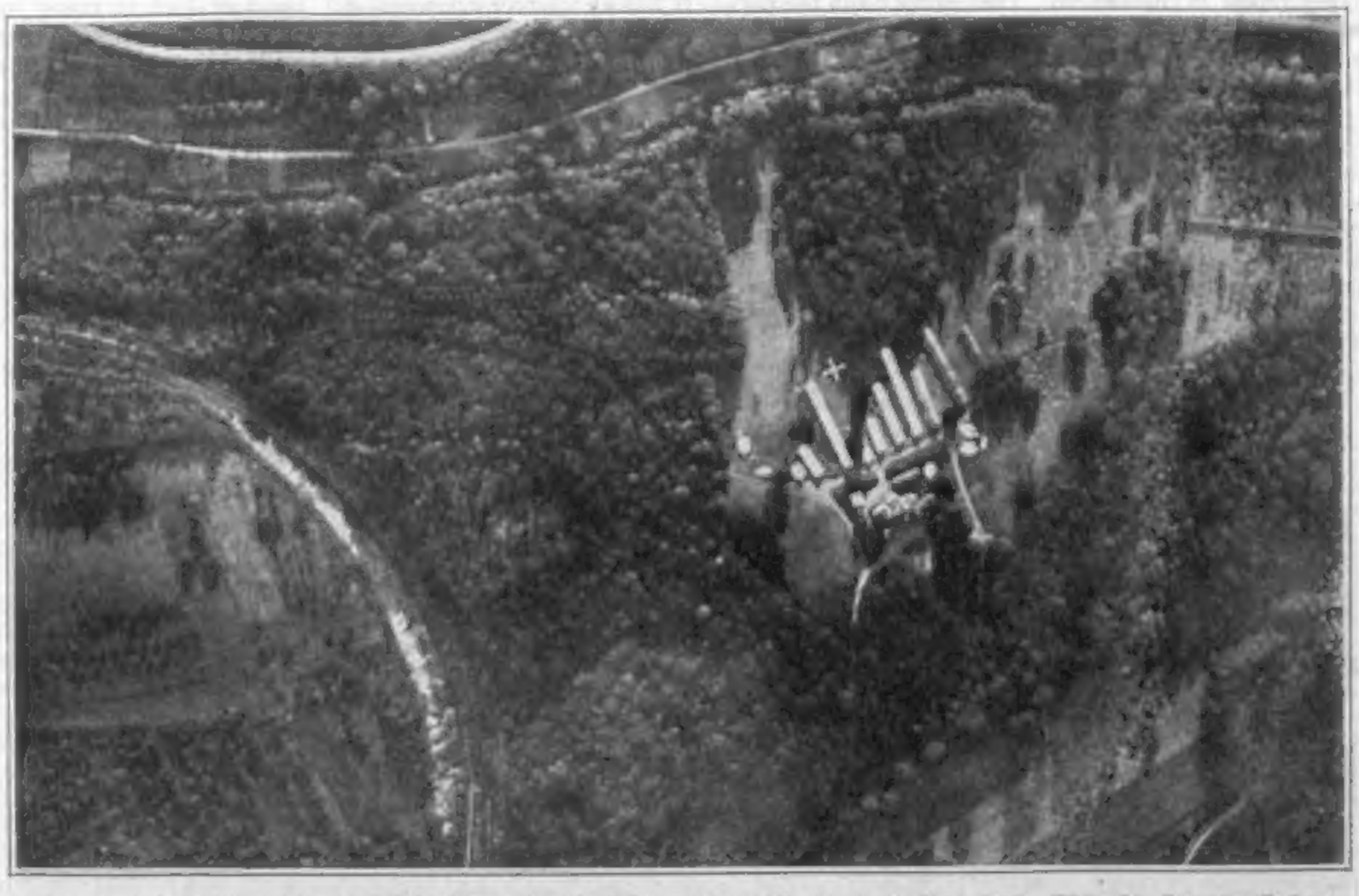
DESPITE the redoubtable blows of the famous iron-disciplined Prussian Guards and the Bavarian Reserves, shock troops alleged to be irresistible, despite also the hail of bullets and gas shells and high explosives right in their faces, the Americans started a counter-drive. The Germans had initiated this game called "drive," and now the Americans, under Foch and Pershing, were ramming that same game down their throats. And slowly the German line began to recoil. Slowly those Prussians and Bavarians, fighting like tigers, began to retire. For the first time since America's entry into the war she began to land substantial body blows upon the enemy; for the first time that enemy began to stagger under the terrible punishing force of those blows, delivered with the whole weight of a powerful angry nation behind them. The Germans had started out to stampede the Americans; the Americans retorted by stampeding the Germans—a little.

And now began two tides: one tide strong, and hourly growing stronger, sweeping the Hun back, pressing into tighter corners and hotter hells, victorious; the other tide composed of those who fell—a quiet, stricken, bloody tide, ebbing slowly toward the rear.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Tent-Ward Showing Damage Caused by German Bombs. This Red Cross Military Hospital Was Bombed by German Planes During the July Offensive While the Americans Were Winning at Château-Thierry



American Red Cross Hospital Which Was Bombed by German Airplanes in July, 1918. This Air Picture, Taken at a Height of Several Thousand Feet, Shows Clearly the White Hospital Tents and the White Cross. The Germans Bombed It on a Brilliant Moonlight Night from a Height of Less Than 300 Meters

A Busy Night at the Hospital

THE hospital was waiting to receive them, surgeons and nurses in aprons and caps. In the kitchen a soldier, told off as cook, stoked the big kitchen range until it glowed incandescent on top, and the huge marmites of coffee and cocoa disseminated a fragrant aroma through the house. Ambulances, a steady stream, began to climb the dark, wooded hill road. Two lanterns, like bright, glowing eyes, fastened on either side of the entrance gate, guided them into the grounds. In the rear of the château, in front of the admission tent, they halted; deposited their burdens—silent, immobile, blanket-swathed figures, whose white bandages showed deep crimson stains—retrieved blankets and stretchers; snatched a hasty gulp of strong black coffee, and rumbled off for another load. More drew up, unloaded, departed. And still more and more and more. What a traffic in the dead of night! The traffic sergeant gave low, terse orders. A hooded lantern gleamed here and there. Over all was the infernal voice of the cannon, and those swift, stabbing, crimson flames across the sky.

Inside the admission tent, despite the rush and the constant influx of fresh stretchers, a clean-cut order prevailed. Men, sorely wounded, rested on their litters without change for a few minutes, while their infected clothes were removed and a brief history taken, after which they were borne off by brancardiers directly to the X-ray and operating rooms. Thus with all haste and yet with all order a constant sorting went on, the serious operative cases going forward, the lighter cases remaining behind. These latter were helped into clean pyjamas, given hot soup or cocoa—some of them during the fury of the attack had not tasted food for more than twenty-four hours—their wounds re-bandaged, and put to bed to await their turn in the long procession that led to the operating table. And some of these latter, shelled incessantly,

under constant shock and stress, not having closed an eye for seventy-two hours, took the high dive into deep oblivion with the coffee cup still in their hands, and slept solidly for a night and a day on end.

The cots in the admission ward filled up. The stream of badly wounded moved forward and the fresh stream from the ambulances flowed in to its place. Everywhere could be heard a continuous low drone of conversation. There was no excitement. But neither was there silence nor sadness—though some were dying—nor groaning nor evidence of pain. They were talking, indeed, but it was noticeable that no one spoke of his wounds or his sufferings, though some had lain twenty-four hours and more on the field or in the dugouts under intense barrage before they could be brought in. But it was not of this they spoke. The battle, what had happened up there, still intoxicated them, still held their brains in thrall. They talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones, as if they were discussing the weather:

"I saw my captain and my lieutenant blown straight to hell; it was a head-on collision with a high explosive. My captain was a fine fellow. He always seen we had a place to sleep, and if there was anything to eat going we got it. I was handed one in the chest. We was creeping up on a nest of their machine guns that the dirty boches had hid in a tree. I couldn't bandage my chest wound, and I was spitting blood pretty bad, so I lay down in a shallow shell hole for the rest of the day.

"Along toward night I says to a comrade shot through the arm, who had crawled in alongside: 'Steve,' I says, 'we've got to beat it. This is getting too lively for me.' By that time the shells was busting at regular intervals at a distance of about five feet apart. No use scrouchin' down to dodge 'em; if you did you lost your interval—see? And the next one caught you straight! So we just stood up and walked along kind of slow. We made it that way for about a mile, stumbling along, not going too fast or too slow, for fear of losing that danged interval, when suddenly I flopped down. I'd been bleeding pretty freely right along.

"'Steve,' I says, 'I'm not going to make it. You hike on.'

"But he helped me to stand, and so we kind of leaned up against each other like some of these funny dead drunks you see, and staggered along until presently we saw something looming ahead. I let out a feeble little yip. It was a French machine gun right on top of us, and they was just drawing off to fire! Yes, sir! That holler, for all it was so feeble, was the best little piece of business I ever pulled!"

Men and Events in Heroic Size

SOME of their stories, I am bound to say, were whoppers, and their figures as inflated as those of watered stock. They saw things heroic size. This phase of battlefield psychology is well known to war surgeons. One soldier, for example, declared his entire division had been wiped out. Another made modest mention of the fact that his company alone, single-handed, against overwhelming odds, had started the Hun on his return trip to Berlin.

"Aw, dry up!" groaned out an exasperated realist, with a grimace of pain. "You four-flushers make me sick, blowing like that!"

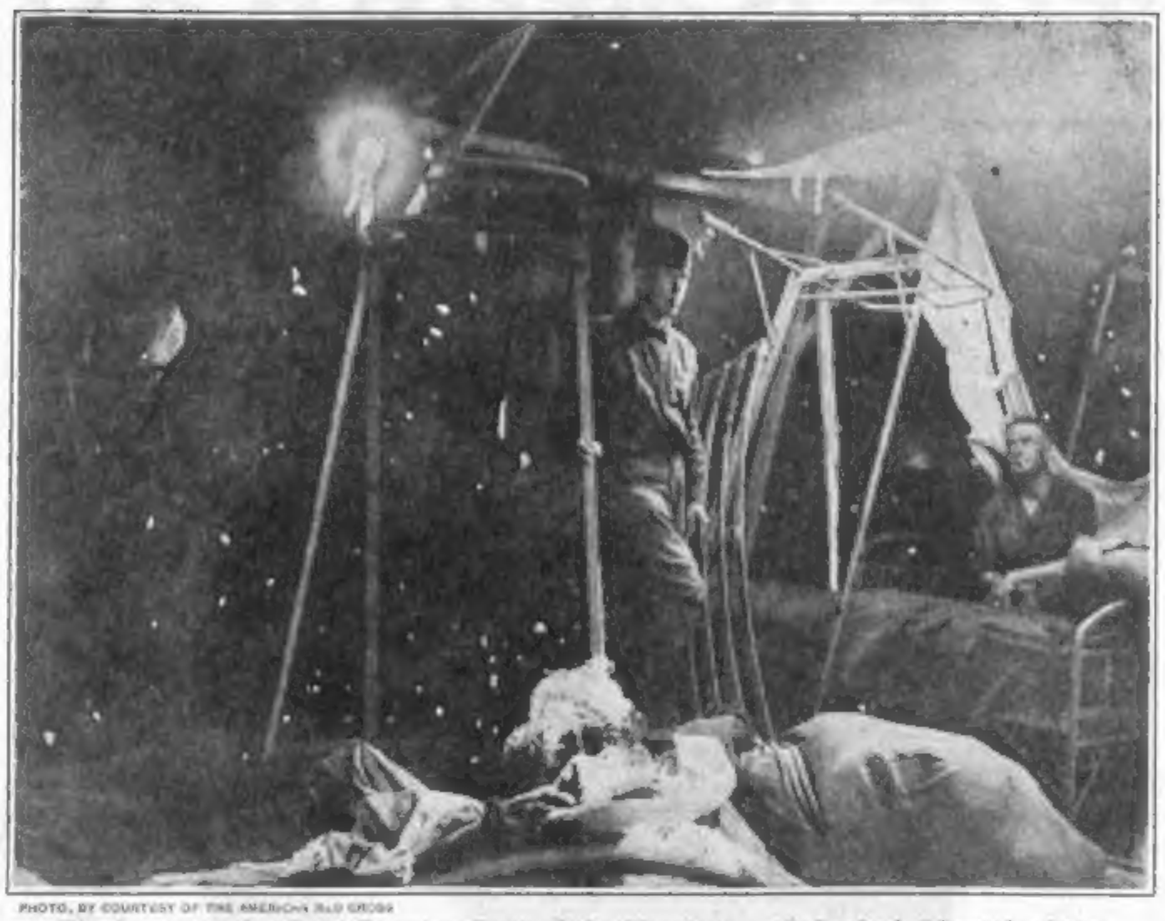
"Well, anyhow," retorted the youth who had boasted of his company, "we whaled 'em in that pocket!"

The realist lifted himself with labor, for a contemptuous look at the optimist.

"What's the matter with your eye?" he demanded.

"Left it on the battlefield to look after things," said the other with utter sang-froid. "What's a little private eye or two in a war of this size?"

"Well, you're no tin-horn sport!" admitted the realist grimly. And he laid himself down again.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The Interior of a Tent Forming Part of the Hospital as it Looked After the Spite Attack by Hun Bombing Planes. The White Spots are Holes Torn by Shrapnel

Near the entrance to the admission tent lay a man on a stretcher, his leg bandaged above the knee. The trouser leg had been cut away, the white bandage gleamed ominously red, and down his leggings, down to the heel of his heavy boot, oozed slow drops of red which formed a dark pool on the stretcher. His eyes were closed; his eyelids were violet; his face, under the gleam of the surgeon's torch, showed ghastly white; and a week's growth of black beard emphasized the pallor.

"Get him right up to the house," commanded the surgeon after an expert squint, not so much at the leg as at another bandage round the chest. "Have you taken his history?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then shoot him in ahead of the others. Tell the nurse to have him X-rayed at once, and pass him into the operating room. It's a long chance at that."

The brancardiers bore him away.

Down in the other wards the cots were fast filling with the gassed. For these, in an evacuation surgical hospital, nothing could be done save to remove their gas-impregnated garments, bandage their blisters and burns, feed them, rest them—and rush them on to the rear. Upon one of the beds lay a boy, gassed by phosgene. He lay in a kind of stupor, wondrously beautiful and pale, a statue carved in pure marble, the mobile boyish mouth curved in a faint smile. No visible breath. No pulse. And for him, too, rest—absolute rest.

Still the cannons thundered and their vivid flames painted momentarily the black sky. The ambulances never ceased their steady rumble. The drivers got down for a draught of hot coffee, a word with the sergeant, and then drove off in the dark. It was an unending procession.

And now another tent down in the grounds, isolated from the others, began to be filled. Some of the occupants were wounded, some gassed; some groaned and called out in guttural accents of agony, of fear; some were too far gone to groan. A guard stood at the door.

"Guess they think we're going to murder them!" opined he grimly to the brancardiers as they bore in still another litter.

"We caught quite a bunch to-night between the devil and the deep blue sea," remarked a brancardier jovially. "Now then—steady! One—two—three! Drop the stretcher!" They lifted the silent figure into the bed. "This poor devil is almost in. He'll be going west before long. Here's another. Says his name is Max. All right, Max! You're in America now! Nothing but a kid—is he? Can you make out what he's chewing the rag about?"

The guard bent down his head. The German prisoner, young, pale, with still a lingering, childlike softness of contour about the chin, rolled his head ceaselessly to and fro, to and fro, while he muttered in a delirium of pain: "Oh, my poor old mother! Oh, my little sister! The Germans did not want the war!" Over and over again, like a litany.

Up in the pre-operative ward in the château the beds and the floor and the hallway were encumbered with men on stretchers waiting to be fed into the X-ray room. Here, as down in the admission ward, there was a constant circulation, the gravest cases being rapidly pushed forward and fresh stretchers from the outside filling their places. Suddenly an orderly, who had been bending above a still figure on a cot, straightened himself, and with panic in his face stepped across the room to the nurse.

"That guy in the corner's dying, I think," he muttered in her ear. "Anyhow, he's stopped breathing."

An Encounter With an S. I. W.

HASTILY the nurse sought the alleged moribund's cot, leaned down and felt his pulse. Normal. She held her palm above his nostrils. The man was sound asleep! He was slumbering softly, tranquilly, like a babe in its crib. The orderly, accustomed to the labored, stertorous respirations of those who fight a running fight with death, thought a man must be dying if he did not make a noise!

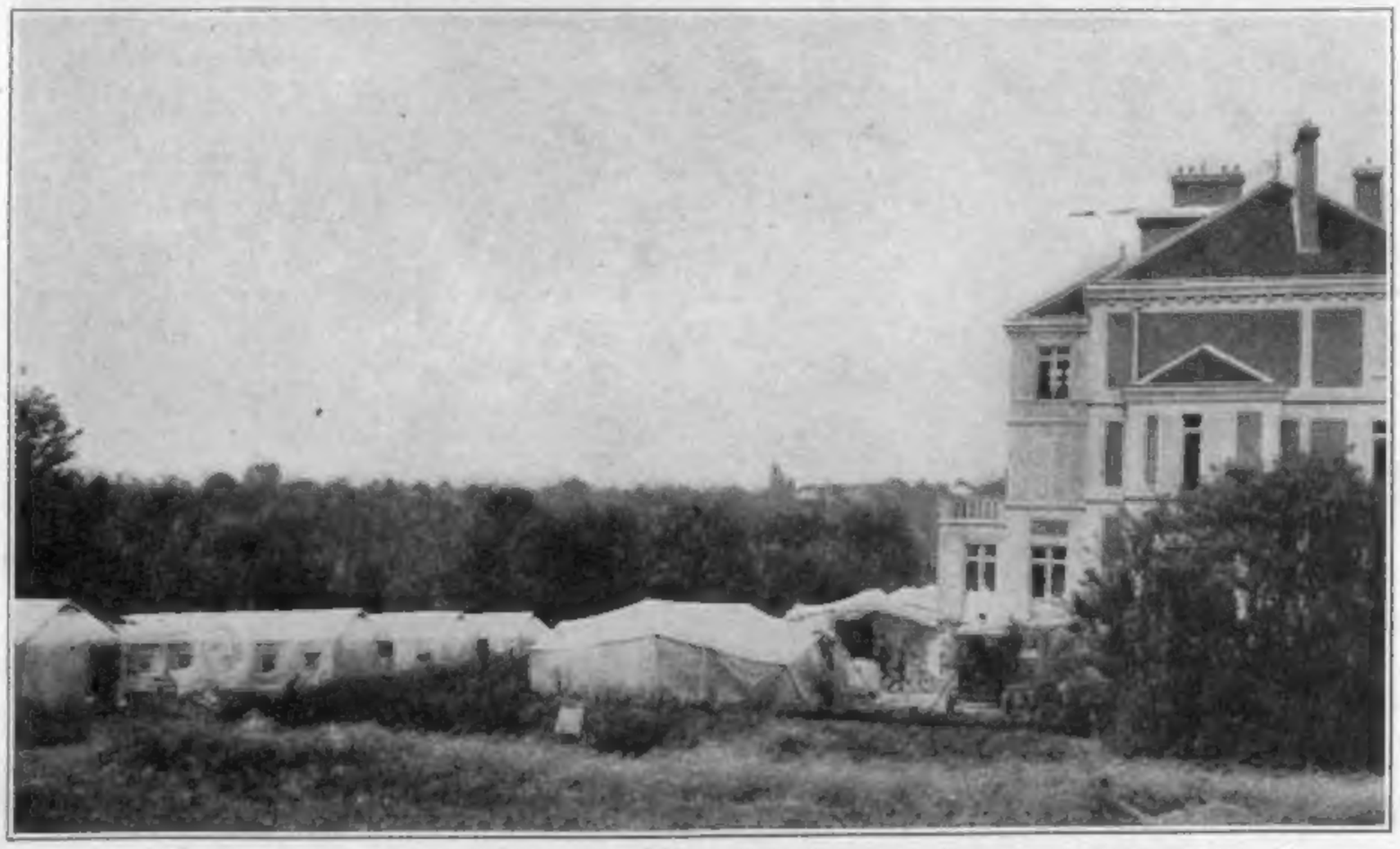
Stepping carefully along that crowded corridor I bent down to rearrange the blanket of a stretcher case, and ask the soldier how he did.

"I'm all right," he replied quietly. "It's only my foot. I was cleaning my automatic and suddenly it went off accidentally and shot me through the ankle."

At that word "accidentally" a kind of cold chill assailed me. Why had he used that ill-omened word at all? Before now I had heard of the S. I. W.'s—self-inflicted wounds. These were soldiers who, through cowardice or momentary panic or spite, raging against some real or fancied wrong committed by a superior officer, shot themselves in the hand or foot in order to be sent back to the rear. In any aggregation of humans mounting up to more than a million there are bound to be a few such weaklings. But not this youth with the quiet voice and the clear, candid eyes! A second time he explained the incident, elaborating the details with painstaking care—and a second time he used that fatal word. My heart was troubled. My head—that cool, hard, alien, dispassionate observer that sits up aloft in us all—whispered that this foolish lad had given the game clean away by the double use of that damning word. But my heart cried out that his story might be true.

Angry at myself, and even more at this savage war, at those monstrous taskmasters, the guns, which put to the same acid test all men, whether strong or weak, I passed the closed doors of the operating room to the deserted veranda and sat down upon the steps. A stray hound, coiled on the lower step, stirred at my coming, thrust its cool

(Continued on Page 50)



General View of Red Cross Hospital Behind Château-Thierry, the Object of the German Bombing Raid

FOR THE PICTURES

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JOHN—"GRIZZLY"—GAVIN, middleweight champion of all the world, and the most distinguished knocker-out of his generation, squirmed on a chair in the star dressing room of the Imperial Vaudeville Theater and tried to do two things at once, but with indifferent success, for Nature had designed him on simple and elemental lines.

The champion was attempting to give an interview to a representative of the press—giving it as a cow gives milk, by having it wheedled out of her in driblets—and at the same time he was endeavoring to make safe and cautious double-entry into a pair of purple silk tights—quite an undertaking for a man unacquainted with high-browed reporters and unused to fleshings of any sort.

Gavin did not wish to offend the interviewer, who was young enough to denounce himself as a "special writer" and seemed sensitive about it; neither did he wish to split the tights, which were new and dangerously thin, and the mighty intellect which had dragged John Gavin from a machine shop to the very pinnacle of fame was vibrating rapidly between two points of distraction. Those who have never been bombarded with personal questions while struggling with a new pair of purple silk tights can never appreciate the delicacy of the situation.

"Er—Mr. Gavin," said the journalist hopefully, "would you mind telling the readers of the Morning Messenger what you think of the theatrical business? I mean how does the stage appeal to you from the standpoint of a pugilist?"

"Rotten!" growled the champion as he carefully eased a bulging calf into its silken sheath. "Rotten!"

The interviewer brightened perceptibly. Here, he told himself, was something worth while.

"You mean, then," said he eagerly, "that the moral influence of the theater is—is ——"

"Moral influence, hell!" grunted Gavin. "I don't know nothing about moral influence. I ain't no preacher, and I ain't no knocker either."

"But," said the perplexed youth, "you just said the stage was rotten."

"Any business," remarked the champion, "is rotten when you want to be doing something else. I'm a fighter, I am; and I'd rather step four rounds with Cockeyed Mahoney than make a fool of myself in front of an audience. But my manager signed a contract and it's up to me to deliver. Me, I think the show business is rotten."

"I see. Your criticism is based on purely personal grounds."

"Yeh. I guess so. Write it up any way you like. You'll do it anyhow."

The young man looked rather bewildered, but caught his breath and tried a new tack.

"Mr. Gavin," said he, "would you mind telling me why they call you 'Grizzly'? Is it because you fight like a bear?"

"If I fought like a bear," said the champion, "I would have been licked long ago. All a grizzly can do is to get you into a clinch and hug you to death. That ain't fighting."

The champion rose and surveyed his purple legs, examining their reflection in the mirror and nearly twisting his head off in order to secure a rear view.

"Then why do they call you 'Grizzly'?"

"Because I'm so hairy. They hung that name on me out West, and it'll stick, I guess. That's why I have to wear these fool things. And my chest—say, if I had 'Welcome' worked on it I could lay down on my back and pass for a door mat." Again the champion studied his reflection in the glass, running the tips of his fingers over his silken thighs. "They feel kind of smooth and nice at that," said he, half apologetically but with a trace of pride. "Cotton is good enough for anybody; but silk—well, silk is class. You got to admit it—silk is class. . . . Anything else you want to ask me?"

"Why, yes. Some of the boys in the office want to know how long it will take you to whip Mr. Summers. This isn't for publication, you understand. I—I think they might make some bets."

Grizzly Gavin grinned from ear to ear.

"Yeh. They might—if they knew. Listen: If I knew the answer to that question I'd win myself wealthy, snowballing the right round in the mutuals. It's sure to be a big betting fight, and I'd get rich."

"You're confident of beating him, of course?"

Gavin stopped grinning and his brows wrinkled into an ugly scowl. "Confident? Say, as sure as you're setting there I'll tear his block off! I'll fix that jaw of his so he can't wag it at no more newspaper men in a hurry! I'll knock him kicking like a shot rabbit—you can bet your last nickel on it!"

"They say that Mr. Summers is very scientific."

"Yeh," said Gavin with great scorn. "All them fighters that can't stand a good wallop, they have to be clever. They run, and they duck, and they sidestep, and they poke at you with a straight left that wouldn't dent a derby hat, but when it comes to real fighting—huh, they ain't there!"

"I gather, then, that you haven't a very high opinion of Mr. Summers."

"Don't gather the pot till all the chips is in. Swifty Summers is no soft proposition and no push-over. He's licked some tough men. He's fast on his feet, he's clever and he's tricky as the devil. And when he gets an opening for that right hand there ain't no cream puff in the glove when it comes across. There's a kick in it—a good kick. He's no cinch, but I'll tear into him so hard that he'll never get a chance to set himself and land with his right. I'll run him ragged, and if I can stop him in the first round I'll do it. There's one thing you can say about me if you want to—I never yet let a man stay a minute longer than I could help. I don't believe in stalling to give the crowd a run for its money. I'm out to win, and win quick. That's why they come to see me fight. I'll be right on top of Summers the minute that bell rings."

"May I quote you as saying that?"

"Sure, quote me! Why not? Everybody knows that's my style of fighting. I go to 'em and trade slams till they drop. That's how I got my title, and by the way, the championship belt is in the trunk there. It cost a thousand bucks—all solid gold where it ain't silk ribbon, and that diamond ain't no phony stone, either. Want to see it?"

"I'd be delighted," murmured the reporter. "I never saw a championship belt before. I—I am not attached to the sporting department. I write special articles ——"

"Yeh," said Gavin dryly as he bent over the trunk. "I kind of thought you wasn't no sporting editor when you first come in. . . . Now, this belt was presented to me by—oh, well, read for yourself what it says. Pretty good from the guys in a man's home town, eh?"

"Confident? Say, as Sure as You're Setting There I'll Tear His Block Off!"

II

THE American prize ring has produced hundreds of sports, four or five genuine sportsmen and a genius or two. Swifty Summers, christened Alexander Kittredge Duncan, was neither a sport nor a sportsman, but he came very close to the last classification. The proof is in the fact that though he flourished more than a few years ago his record remains green—if not fragrant—in the memories of those who have followed the ring and ringsters for a decade or so.

Summers was the first real captain of the padded-mitt industry; the first pugilist to recognize the dollar-and-cent possibilities of the profession of fisticuffs. We have had many "price fighters" since his day, but not one of them could have taught Summers anything new in the use of the double or triple cross, or the knack of taking an unfair advantage of an opponent while making it seem perfectly fair to a referee, or the crowning art of scooping in the loosely held dollar of commerce.

From time to time a great many men thought they were "managing" Summers' business affairs, but when the loot was divided they discovered that they had been in error. There was never a "manager's cut."

Starting with a fair education, Summers read books and newspapers and made a careful study of men. He could talk easily and entertainingly on any topic of general interest, and with such choice of vernacular as to be understood by a bank president or a safe blower. He looked like a gentleman, there were times when he acted like one, and he dressed with the quiet but elegant taste of a porkpacker's grandson.

Lady interviewers listened to his soft, well-modulated voice and went away to rave inkily about his intelligent brown eyes, his perfect poise and the charm of his personality. Unquestionably Swifty Summers was a very smooth article. When on dress parade he might have borrowed a graduating class from the president of a female seminary; but stripped down to his warped and twisted soul he was as unscrupulous as a scorpion, and fully as dangerous. There was not a trick in his trade which he did not know and use, and sometimes he invented new ones, as was the case in his first important ring battle.

Said Cockeyed Mahoney, the Fighting Stevedore, to his chief second: "He's a nice-spoken lad, this Summers, an' I kind o' hate to muss'm up. When we was in that first clinch he whispers to me how his father is in the gallery, and asks me not to show'm up too bad before the old man. I think I'll box easy for a few rounds, then go git'm."

"Nix!" advised the chief second. "You ain't no boxer, and he is. Tear into him!"

"No-o," said Mahoney; "he ast me like a gentleman, and I'll let'm stay a while—on account of his old man. I'll go easy at first."

While Mahoney was going easy he bumped into a right hook coming hard. When he recovered consciousness he was a sadder, madder man, but not nearly so mad as he was later when he ascertained that Summers was an orphan.

Now Grizzly Gavin and Mahoney were friends in spite of three hard battles, and Gavin knew the story about

Swifty's old man. He had heard other stories as well, and was resolved not to listen to any proposition from Summers, in the ring or out of it; but it often happens that the man who will not listen to conversation will lend both ears to the soothing rustle of greenbacks. Four days before the battle for the middleweight championship of the world Joe Wells entered Gavin's training quarters with a message from the enemy. Wells was Gavin's manager, caring no more for money than a Circassian beauty does for her hair.

"Summers wants to see us to-night," said Wells.

"Leave him tell his troubles to a policeman!" growled Gavin, who was irritable. Most men are irritable after a long siege of training.

"He's got some proposition about making a barrel of dough," continued Wells. "He wouldn't tell me what it is, but he says it's a cinch. He wants to talk it over with you and see what you think about it."

"Huh! Figuring on some kind of a frame, eh?"

"He says not. Says the fight has got to be on the level, and here's the angle I don't get. Here's his message: 'You tell that big stiff of a Gavin that he can clean up fifty thousand dollars on the side—fifty thousand without betting a cent or posting a nickel—and he'll get it no matter which one of us wins.'"

"'No matter which one of us wins!'" repeated Gavin. "I don't get the angle either. Fifty thousand dollars—and no betting to be done. I don't get it."

"He says it won't take five minutes to explain the whole business, and then you can take it or leave it. It wouldn't do any harm to listen, John."

"Yeh, but suppose we're seen talking together. Right away the papers would yell that we were framing the fight. You know, and I know, that we wouldn't frame nothing; but Summers would frame his own brother. It would look bad."

"He thought of that. He said that at ten o'clock sharp he'd drive by here in a closed hack and pick us up down at the railroad crossing."

"And the hack driver would spill it, sure!"

"Now listen, John. You ought to know that a hack driver never spills nothing. He's wise. It's part of his trade to keep his mouth shut."

"I don't care," said the champion. "I can't take chances on any newspaper talk."

"No," said Wells, "I guess you're right, John. . . . Fifty thousand bucks, whether you win or whether you lose. . . . It sounds like new stuff."

"Look here," said Gavin suddenly, "if you're so crazy to know about it why not meet the hack and tell Summers to get out. The hack can drive on, and me and you and him will have a chat—down the railroad track where it's quiet."

"Keno!" exclaimed the manager. "Might as well find out what he's got, eh?"

"Yeh," grunted Gavin. "And if he makes any funny cracks at me I'll just poke him one for luck. You tell him so."

At five minutes after ten the champion eased himself out of the back door of his training quarters, traversed an alley, skulked round two corners and arrived at the railroad crossing. The night was quite dark, but Gavin had no trouble in recognizing Summers, who stepped from underneath a tree to greet him. The challenger was far too clever to annoy Gavin with a sartorial display; he wore a thick sweater, dark trousers, rubber-soled shoes and a cap. His conversation was also suited to the occasion.

"How're you, champ? You look pretty fit."

"Never you worry about me," snapped Gavin. "I'm fit enough to knock your head off."

Summers laughed.

"When you worked in the machine shop," said he, "you quit when the whistle blew. You didn't carry your tools with you all the time. Let's not quarrel till we get paid for it."

Gavin grunted and led the way down the railroad track, followed by Summers and Joe Wells. When he had gone two hundred yards he faced about suddenly.

"Now talk," said he, "and talk quick. What have you got?"

"The softest thing in the world," replied Summers. "I've got a line on a man who can take moving pictures of this fight."

"Moving pictures?" asked Gavin stupidly.

Though it may seem incredible to the youngsters, accustomed to a motion-picture theater on every downtown block, there was a time, and not so very long ago, when the amazing future of a giant industry was safely locked inside a few strange-looking cameras; and even the men who carried them had but a faint conception of their commercial and artistic possibilities. Most of those men are now millionaires many times over.

"Moving pictures?" repeated Gavin again.

"That's it. You remember they took moving pictures of the Carson fight?"

"Yeh," said Gavin, "I heard about it."

"Well," said Summers, "they've learned a lot since then. This fellow—his name's Isaacs—and his cousin controls a string of theaters all over the country; tells me he's prepared to handle the picture end without our putting up a nickel. He says if the fight is a good one he can guarantee that our bit won't be less than a hundred thousand, cold. That's on a percentage basis, of course. The fight club might have to be cut in on a piece of the dough, but the big chunk splits three ways—just you and me and Isaacs. How does that sound to you?"

"Reasonable," chirped Joe Wells. "They made a barrel of dough out of the Carson pictures—I know that."

"And these pictures will beat the Carson pictures all hollow," said Summers. "They've made improvements in the camera."

"Yeh," said Gavin shrewdly, "it listens fine; but what does this here Isaacs mean when he says 'if it's a good fight'?"

"Why," smiled Summers, "a good fight from a picture standpoint. Lots of action ——"

"There'll be action enough," growled Gavin.

"There's always plenty of action when I fight."

Gavin Was Playing With Him, Hitting Him at Will as He Wabbled Wearily Along the Ropes

Summers proceeded, calmly ignoring the interruption: "Action, and it'll have to last long enough so the film'll be worth charging a dollar to see. Now, for instance, if one of us should be dropped cold in the first round the pictures wouldn't draw—the show would be too short, understand?"

"You bet I understand," sneered the champion. "Come on, Joe. We might have known this crook would spring something like that. I won't frame for nobody, dough or no dough!"

"Just a minute!" pleaded Summers. "That 'dough or no dough' stuff sounds great, but it's foolishness. You ain't such a money getter that you can afford to pass up fifty thousand bucks. Mike McCue had the title for three years before you licked him. Where's Mike now? Working in a lumber yard in Sacramento! Mike was a spender when he had it; you're blowing yours now. Don't be a fool, Gavin! Have you got fifty thousand salted down anywhere? Have you got twenty-five? Have you got enough to live soft the rest of your life? You bet you haven't—and neither have I! Here's fifty thousand for you and fifty thousand for me; and the beauty of it is we don't have to do anything wrong to get it. We can box a nice exhibition for a few rounds and then cut loose in earnest, and they'll think we've only been feeling each other out. Fifty thousand bucks, as sure as death and taxes! . . . Do you want to go back to the machine shop when you're through fighting?"

"No-o," said Gavin, who had been thinking of Mike McCue sweating in the lumber yard at three dollars a day. "No-o, but if I fall for this what'll keep you from trying to slip one over on me?"

Summers turned to Wells with a gesture of disgust.

"No wonder he needs a smart business manager!" complained the challenger. "What will I get if I win this fight? Five or six thousand dollars at the outside; and for that I'd toss away a fortune!" He whirled and confronted the champion. "Ain't we both interested in the pictures? Use your head, Gavin, use your head!"

"Yeh," retorted Gavin, "it's my head that tells me your word ain't good for a nickel!"

"So that's it?" cried Summers angrily. "My word ain't good, eh? Well, I'll make it good with the fairest proposition you ever listened to!" He fumbled in a hip pocket, brought out a leather bill fold and opened it. "You don't trust me, Gavin, but I'm going to trust you. Here's a thousand-dollar note—oh, strike a match and look at it! It ain't Confederate money! A thousand-dollar note—and it's yours if I try to slip anything over on you. Put it in your pocket, and if I don't live up to any agreement we might make you can keep it. And you're to be the judge. I'll leave it to you when the fight is over. Is that fair or not?"

John Gavin stood with head lowered, twisting the bit of paper in his fingers. The silence lengthened until it became almost painful. He was the middleweight champion of the world, but never before had he held a thousand-dollar note in his hands.

"Where is this Isaacs?" he asked at last without looking up. "I—I guess Joe ought to have a talk with him."

"He'll be at the Occidental Hotel to-morrow morning," said Summers. "All he wants is a promise that the fight'll last at least four rounds. It's a straight business proposition with him. He can't go to a lot of expense to make some pictures that won't draw."

Gavin tucked the note in his fob pocket.

"It's a go," said he slowly; "and I'll hold this piece of dough as a forfeit.. We'll box four rounds for the pictures, but—watch out for yourself in the fifth!"

"The same to you!" grinned Summers. "It's a real old knock-down-and-drag-out after the fourth round—and may the best man win!"

He held out his hand and Gavin took it.

"That'll be me," said the champion. "Yeh, I'll shake on it!"

III

A BATTLE for a world's championship is hedged about with a tremendous amount of pomp and circumstance. The dignified preliminaries have changed very little in twenty years. The great and the near-great must be introduced to the impatient multitude, and so must every tin-eared, dent-nosed, like-weighted gladiator wishing to "challench d' winner." A cat may look at a king, and on the day of a championship event the lowly pork-and-beaner may grasp the hand which grasps a title.

The gloves must be examined by the referee, by the principals, by the chief seconds and trainers, by the towel-swingers and bottle-holders and all others considering themselves interested. Photographs must be taken showing champion and challenger crouched and scowling at each other, the referee posed in the exact center, trying hard to look like the great man he feels himself to be. These things, and many others, always happen when a championship is in the balance.

John Gavin sat in his corner, grim and silent, wearing his professional face. Preliminaries always annoyed the champion. While he waited for the clearing of the ring his eyes wandered to the pine platform where the motion-picture camera was located. It was the first one he had ever seen, and Gavin studied it curiously. Out of that insignificant box was to come the money which should erase the machine shop from his future calculations—"fifty thousand sure, maybe seventy-five," Isaacs had told Joe Wells. Gavin found himself pitying Mike McCue, whose championship had vanished and left no lucrative film record behind; and with a vague feeling of uneasiness he remembered that many of his friends were betting on him to win inside of four rounds. He knew that by abandoning his usual thunderbolt style of attack he was betraying a public confidence; but, as Joe Wells had pointed out, the gamblers wouldn't give him a cent of their winnings, and a man had a right to feather his nest deep and soft while feathers were flying.

In the opposite corner sat the challenger, noticeably pale and evidently nervous, but nodding and smiling in response to the shrill greetings of friends and backers. It is only the thick-skulled, unimaginative, old-style type of bruiser, fighting always with his hands and never with his head, who endures the final agony of waiting without feeling the strain. Tiny beads of sweat dampened Summers' forehead; his hands were in constant motion; his feet shuffled over the canvas. Not once did he glance in the direction of the motion-picture camera.

"Look at him!" said Wells to Gavin. "Scared stiff, and spitting cotton!"

"Don't fool yourself!" grunted the champion. "I seen him in three fights, and he always looks like he's licked before he starts. He's cool enough when he gets going."

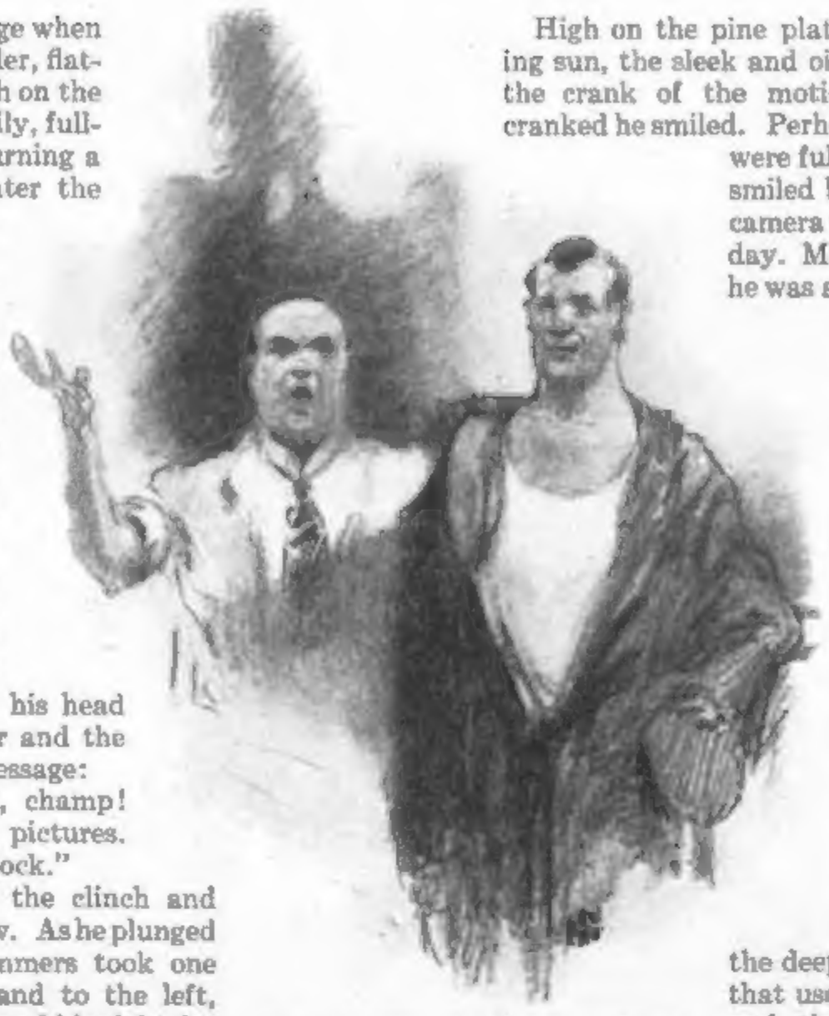
The great moment arrived at last. The men, stripped to trunks and shoes, stood in their corners while the announcer bawled his way through the time-honored formula. Gavin, hairy and broad-shouldered as a gorilla, the true type of

fighting man, bulked large when compared with his slender, flat-muscled opponent. High on the pine platform a sleek, oily, full-jeweled person began turning a crank, and a second later the gong cut through the tense silence.

Gavin shuffled rapidly to the center, head down and right hand poised as if to annihilate his opponent with one mighty swing. Summers met him and immediately began dancing in and out, feinting with light lefts. Gavin rushed, there was a flurry of smothered blows and they clinched. Summers' lips did not move, but his head was on Gavin's shoulder and the champion caught the message:

"Make it look good, champ! Four rounds—for the pictures. You rush me and I'll block."

Gavin backed out of the clinch and rushed, his guard held low. As he plunged in, ready to swing, Summers took one lightning step forward and to the left, and as he did so he whipped his right fist across, backed up by one hundred and fifty pounds of bone, muscle and sinew. Gavin saw the blow coming, and in that astounded fraction of an instant he realized that he had been tricked into leaving his jaw wide open to the same vicious swinging hook that had finished poor, generous Mahoney. He saw it coming, and that was all. Before he could duck his head or raise his shoulder Summers' famous knockout punch crashed home on the point of his chin, and Gavin dropped like a log, face down on the canvas.



Summers Was the First Real Captain of the Padded-Mitt Industry

There followed an interval of blackness and oblivion, and then the prostrate gladiator became aware of a terrific volume of sound beating in on him from four sides of the ring—the wild hysterical yelling of men who see a championship changing hands. A new note struck in, clear and sharp, very close to Gavin's ear:

"Eight!"

Then Gavin knew where he was and remembered what had happened to him. He struggled to his knees, but the sunlit arena swung in dizzying circles before his glazed eyes and there was no strength in him anywhere—nothing but weakness and a sickening sensation of nausea. He knew that he must be on his feet inside of two seconds, but his numbed brain could not transmit its commands to the sprawling limbs. Gavin dropped forward, supporting most of his weight on his hands, and in this position he heard the count reach nine.

Had his very life depended on his getting to his feet he could not have tried harder, but the paralyzing effect of that treacherous blow was not to be thrown off by a sheer effort of the will. If Gavin had succeeded in rising he would have been an open target before as merciless a fighter as ever lived, but the champion did not think of this. He only knew that he must be on his feet before the count reached ten. . . . Now if he could just get that right knee off the canvas.

A hand slapped him smartly on the shoulder and three words came to him: "Ten—and out!"

The fight was over; and Gavin had sold the championship of the world for a thousand-dollar note, which was good, and the word of a man whose word he had said was not good. He collapsed on his face and Summers picked him up and carried him to his corner.

The new champion looked down through the ropes at a white, wide-eyed young man who seemed to be trying to say something. It was Joe Wells, stunned by the sudden catastrophe to his own personal fortunes. As Summers placed the defeated fighter on his stool Gavin's eyes opened and he looked up at the man who had tricked him out of his title. "Oh, you dog! You dog!" muttered Gavin.

Then Summers did a very clever thing. He put both arms round Gavin's neck and bent close over him. Those who were in a position to see the little tableau thought the winner was whispering words of comfort to the loser; certainly the pitying smile on Summers' face seemed to indicate something of the sort.

But this is what he was saying: "If you squeal, you big hairy stiff, this crowd'll hang you, and your manager too! If you want to get out of this place alive you'll keep your trap shut!"

Even in his shaken and befuddled condition John Gavin realized that the advice was sound. In attempting to fool the public he himself had been fooled, and dared not lift unclean hands against his partner in crime. Summers had played it very safe.

High on the pine platform, black against the westering sun, the sleek and oily Mr. Isaacs continued to turn the crank of the motion-picture camera; and as he cranked he smiled. Perhaps he smiled because his pockets were full of winning tickets; perhaps he smiled because the film magazine of the camera was empty—had been empty all day. Mr. Isaacs was not a photographer; he was a cross between a confidence man and a sure-thing gambler. He had taken chances from time to time, but he had never taken so much as a snapshot in all his life.

IV

THE San Francisco that used to be was the winter Mecca of American sports and sporting men. There is a new San Francisco now, keeping open-house for all the world and making the stranger feel his welcome as he feels it nowhere else, but the race tracks, the wide-open pool rooms, the gambling houses and the great world's championship battles are things of the past. They have vanished as completely as the deep-sea-going hacks, the cable cars that used to trundle up Market Street, and the wooden buildings that once lined that great thoroughfare. The good old days may have been bad old days—shockingly bad when judged by the strict, Middle Western standard of morality—but many a grizzled San Franciscan mentions them with a faint sigh of genuine regret. There was always something doing in old San Francisco, especially in the gay winter season, when the ponies were running and the town swarmed with turf followers.

What wonder, then, that Swifty Summers pointed his keen nose in the direction of the Golden Gate? The second year of his championship had been kind to him. He had defended his title three times without even having his hair mussed and had completed a successful theatrical tour. All his pockets were bulging with unspent money, and well he knew what city made the highest bid for men of his kidney. He started for San Francisco, fully intending to jostle the bookmakers into the bread line.

It often happens that the man who handles his own crooked game wisely proves himself a fool when he attempts to beat the crooked game owned and backed by the other fellow. Summers, a fox in the roped arena, was a goose in the betting ring. In the simple but expressive language of the track, the champion was a sucker for the horses.

Intent only on making a killing and confident that his exclusive inside information would cause great financial distress on Bookmakers' Row, Summers handed over to the block men the larger portion of the money that he had pried out of the effete East. The killing did not materialize and he then plunged wildly to recoup. Five as-good-as-guaranteed tips went wrong, and the champion awoke to the fact that he must return to his own game.

Indolent by nature, Summers had promised himself a winter of soft living and easy money. He had no wish to undergo the weary grind of training for a hard fight; he felt that he had earned a rest. Before his bank roll grew thin he had been almost discourteous to the boxing promoters. These had urged the claims of an extremely tough youth named Dugan, a Coast product who had blazed his way to prominence, leaving a trail of battered middleweights in his wake. Summers had insisted that Dugan "get a reputation"—an excuse much used by champions when wishing to sidetrack a dangerous climber.

One rainy afternoon at the race track Summers was learnedly discussing mud runners with Omaha Slim and keeping a wary eye on the betting ring. While thus engaged he caught a glimpse of a back and shoulders that seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Just like I'm tellin' you," Omaha was saying; "them dinky-legged beetles go good in the slop. You saw Amphion win the last race. Now on a dry track that dawg wouldn't have been one, two, nowheres. His legs would have hurt him, and ——"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Summers, shifting his position. "Ain't that John Gavin over there, with his back to us?"

"Yeh, that's him. He's round here a lot this winter."

"What's he doing?"

"Not much of anything. He's on the toboggan for fair. I guess he never got over that quick trimming you handed him. Kind of broke his heart, they say. Broke him every other way too. Yeh, he's round here, bettin' with the dollar books, doin' the best he can, same as the rest of us."

"He chased me all over the country last year," said Summers, "hollering for a return match. I let him holler."

"He won't be chasin' anybody now," said Omaha. "He's got some trouble with his back—rheumatism, maybe. And he wears a big pair of black-rimmed cheaters, so I guess his eyes ain't what they used to be. They go quick when they go, these tough sluggers, don't they?"

"You bet. Then he's quit fighting?"

"Quit fighting everything but booze. He could have had a match with Dugan last September, but he passed it up. Prob'ly thought Dugan was hard game. Yeh, John was a good ole wagon, but he done broke down."

"Tough luck," said Summers; and nearly meant it.

Later in the afternoon he managed to contrive a meeting with the former champion. Summers expected hard words, and was even prepared to block a wild swing for his jaw, but Gavin greeted him with a mildness almost pathetic. His spirit seemed quite broken.

"Why, hello, Swifty! They told me you was here. How's things?"

"Fine," said Summers, making a swift survey of his victim.

Gavin needed a shave, a cleaner collar would not have hurt his appearance, and the suit that he wore was downright shabby.

"You look it," said Gavin. "Buy you a drink?"

Swifty accepted the invitation, and ordered a glass of sherry, but Gavin demanded his own private bottle and poured out a very stiff jolt.

"Here's luck!" said he, and gulped it down without blinking.

Summers watched him curiously out of the corner of his eye.

"Have another?" asked the champion. "I'll take a cigar this time." *(Continued on Page 125)*

Then Gavin Knew Where He Was and Remembered What Had Happened to Him. He Struggled to His Knees

THERE!—By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

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Moonlight Silhouette. Men Going Over Conquered Ground to Their Trenches for the Night

CAPTAIN VANSITTART, United States Artillery, stumbled over something soft in the deep, dark trench. His companion checked the fall with a ready hand, spoke in a voice that hinted at the smile one could not see.

"*A la bonne heure!* You have not wakened him!"

"Is he only asleep, *mon commandant?*" queried the American doubtfully in his slow, precise college French.

"*En effet!* What would you? They are so tired, the poor devils! Let them sleep. The hour is not yet come. So long as the sentinels are alert."

The French battalion commander resumed his progress. The American found it an effort to keep up. The impedimenta of a trench were not yet so familiar to him as to be unconsciously avoided. Besides, his mind wrestled with an incongruity, was concerned with something more than the mere difficulties of locomotion. He voiced his thoughts in a tone of puzzled admiration as he came side by side again in a wider portion of the trench.

"But how can they sleep—to-night? Surely they know?"

The commandant shrugged his shoulders.

"They know—*ma foi, oui!* But after four years—one finishes by being habituated ——" His explanation was interrupted by the necessity of passage round a narrow traverse. "*C'est un vrai poilu, celui-là—un des anciens.* It is not the first time he has seen the Marne."

The American thrilled at the little confident laugh of his companion. He was new to the battlefield. His battery was still in training at a distant base camp. He himself had very recently been attached to a French artillery group for a short experience of the real thing before his precious guns and horses and men were intrusted to his responsibility in the swift and unexpected crises of battle. Then very suddenly, without warning, the French division with which he had just begun to identify himself had been moved from its quiet sector of the line, had found itself in that arena whereon the eyes of all the world were focused. They were of those who were to withstand the boche in his supreme effort!

There had been days of feverish expectation, followed by days of doubt, of all manner of hypotheses, as dawn after dawn of perfect summer weather opened to sunny hours when still the attack did not come. Behind them was Paris—tense with anxiety—the nerve center of the entire Alliance, so near that they almost looked over their shoulders to it in their consciousness of its perilous proximity. They must not break, whatever the strain! Their eyes turned again over the quiet undulating countryside toward the enemy, who indeed from time to time woke thundering echoes by a bombardment that was promptly reciprocated, but otherwise betrayed no hint of his intentions. The aëroplanes were like birds circling in flocks before the migration.

Then, on that sunlit morning which now seemed infinitely remote, though no second dawn had yet replaced it, the colonel of his artillery group had led him aside, had whispered:

"To-morrow—at daybreak!"

He had immediately begged permission to witness the attack from a forward observation post, had received it in acknowledgment of his plea that it was essential he should see for himself the German method of attack.

The observation post was on a height overlooking a basin of low ground through which ran the opposing trenches. He had accompanied the French gunner officer thither at nightfall, had installed himself. From an armored emplacement in a reserve trench just below the summit of the height he had looked down upon a dimly perceived landscape hushed in such profound peace that even the occasional outburst of a machine gun seemed to have no more importance than the chatter of a bird startled from its roost. He had thrilled in his knowledge of the fallaciousness of this peace, was irresistibly impelled to penetrate beneath its surface. The French artilleryman had agreed that nothing was to be expected for some hours yet; had concurred, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, in the suggestion that the American should visit the front-line trenches below; should return before midnight. He would understand the plan of defense so much better if he had seen those trenches, it was admitted.

So Captain Vansittart found himself accompanying a battalion commander of the ——th of the line in a tour of the battalion's sector. The commandant explained matters to him.

"The defense is organized in depth—is elastic," he said. "The enemy may penetrate a certain distance—several kilometers even—and yet the barrier remain unbroken. He constantly runs his head against new and unexpected defenses until he becomes exhausted. And then it is our turn. The front lines are overwhelmed almost at once, of course—that is foreseen."

"Yes," said the American, "but what happens to you in that case?"

The commandant sketched a little gesture of indifference that was sublime in its untheatrical sincerity.

"*C'est toujours la France,*" he said simply. "*On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs.*"

The American had no word to say.

A little farther on the *chef de bataillon* stopped before the entrance to a dugout. An *adjutant*—in the French Army the senior noncommissioned officer—standing by the orifice saluted.

"Where is the captain?"

"At the listening post, *mon commandant.*"

The battalion commander nodded tolerance of this zeal.

"*Bien.* Is everything ready in the company?"

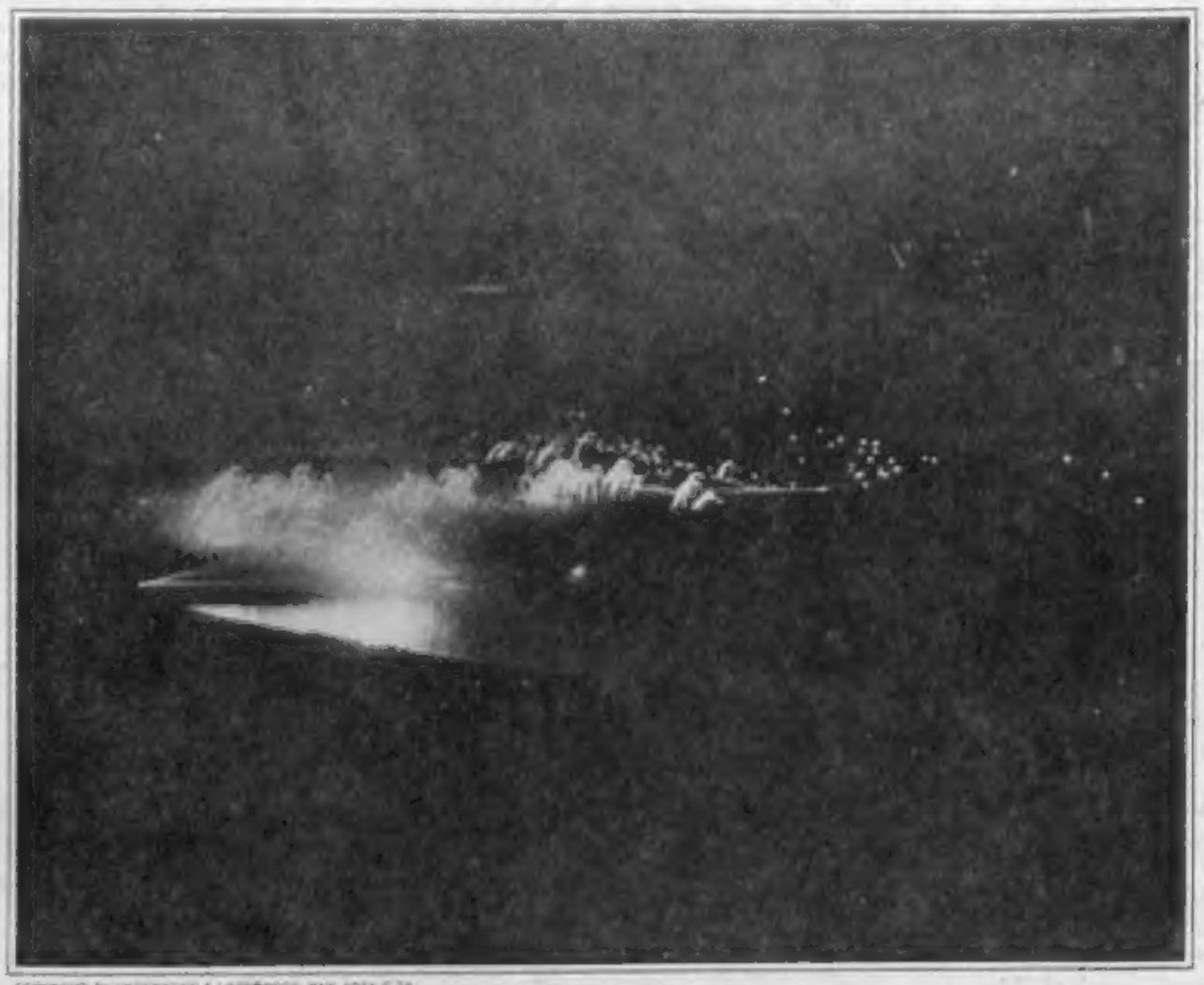
"Everything, *mon commandant.*"

"Take particular care the men have their gas masks ready for instant use. It may be to-night, you know."

He hesitated for a fraction of a second, looked sharply into the dimly seen face of the *adjutant.*

"There will be no retreat, Laporte—this time!"

The *adjutant* uttered just such another little laugh of confidence as that to which the American had thrilled a few minutes previously.



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A Vivid Picture of a Battle Scene During the Hours of Darkness

"Nous sommes un peu là, nous autres, mon commandant!" he said, an accent of pride mingling with his restrained jocularity.

"Nous sommes un peu là"—it was the sacramental phrase; the phrase that had passed, grimly humorous, from lip to lip on the Marne and the Ourcq in the long ago; the phrase that had brought the smile over locked teeth as it followed, like an antistrophe, the inflexible *"On ne passe pas!"* in the hell of Verdun; the phrase that had been muttered, an invoked tradition, on countless days and nights of battle, charged with memories of stoic endurance, invigorating by the malicious implication of its simple statement of fact. In it was summed up the poilu's attitude to the war; a phrase apt to all occasions, used in all. It was not new to Captain Vansittart—he had read it many times in books—but as he heard it now, for the first time from the authentic lips, its full significance flashed upon him.

They were still there—some!—these French soldiers, as his own men might say, nearly translating the phrase. They were still there after four years of strain and suffering and effort unimaginable—incredible to their children when they should narrate them; still there after four years of unflinching resistance to every variant of stratagem and horror evolved by a race that glorifies its barbarity by pointing to its aptitude for war; they were still there, barring the road, unconquerable.

Captain Vansittart looked at the calm figure of the *adjutant* with almost the humility of a conscript of 1814 contemplating an Immortal of the Old Guard—or, among his own ancestry, a soldier of the draft of 1863 suddenly face to face with a veteran of Hancock's Second Corps. There was so much glory to overtake.

Even while these thoughts were passing through his mind there was a sudden lighting up of the eastern horizon above the dark parapet of the trench, a long thunderous roll and roar punctuated by heavy shocks that surged in one mighty wave of sound from the distance in front and extended illimitably on either hand. The three men stiffened in one simultaneous start, stood fixed in a paralysis of suspense. The seconds dragged themselves out, one—two—three. Would those first shells never fail? They came—high overhead—fiercely sibilant in their approach, indefinitely multiplied. They passed, not with the normal whine and wail, but like flocks of driven spirits gobbling despairfully in distress at their vertiginous speed. They passed, diminishing to inaudibility; were immediately succeeded by others.

Another moment and the western horizon flashed and thundered in answer. Neither ceased.

The battalion commander turned to the American:

"It is beginning. You would do well to hasten to your observation post, monsieur. That is a gas barrage behind our front line. It may fall upon us here at any moment. You will have an interesting spectacle from your hill. *Bonne chance, monsieur!*"

They parted with a clasp of the hand, reciprocal good wishes. The commandant sent for his captain. The American hurried through an endless maze of trenches toward his post. He arrived after what seemed an eternity of desperate effort, a purgatorial passage under a vault

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

An Officer Making His Last Round at Night, Looking Into the Dugouts to See That Everything Is All Right

that flickered from dazzling irradiations to blackness and back again; amid a chaos of noise that hazed the senses and yet goaded him to a bewildered flurry of speed; through trenches now so thronged with men that progress was almost impossible, now utterly deserted at a moment when he was baffled by a choice of ways; upward at last, straight across the open upon the side of the hill that loomed finally above him. He had narrowly escaped a shot from the sentry who challenged startlingly—he had forgotten mere men in this elemental conflict of infernal horizons opening in flare and thunder upon the night on either hand—as he dropped into the trench. He ran through groups of men dispersing to their dugouts after an inspection of gas masks. At last he lifted the gas-proof blankets which covered the entrance to the observation post, stood breathless.

The French lieutenant looked up from the telephone into which he was speaking, nodded a welcome. He made a gesture toward the observation slit. The American stepped toward it, looked out.

The battalion commander had not exaggerated the advantages of his prospect. The spectacle was more than interesting; it was magnificent. From end to end of the eastern horizon toward which he gazed sudden sheets of white light leaped high and ceaselessly, now spectrally silhouetting vague hill masses, now faintly irradiating them against a darker sky, anon dazzling him with a broad flare of brilliance too intense for vision, flung like an incandescent wall up to the very zenith and vanishing in velvet blackness. A flickering play of soft lights and shadows over the low ground beneath him to his left hinted at the similar illumination of the horizon behind. From both horizons, but more distinctly from that in front, arrived a steady succession of metallic slams, of dull thuds, of sharper crashes, or definitely spaced and momentarily dominant heavy roars, all following one another haphazard, with no rhythm of accentuation but with the deliberate persistence of many batteries working comfortably at their diverse normality.

Not yet was the moment of frenzied fury. Overhead the whine and scream and rumble of the flying projectiles made a continuous sound that, once remarked in the brief intervals between loud detonations, never left the ears. Mingled with it, sometimes in flights that monopolized the sky, was that distressful gobbling plaint of missiles that seemed conscious of some menace more uncanny, more dreadful than the rest, locked yet for a space within them.

"Gas shells," said a voice by the American's side.

It was the artillery observer. His face, emphasized with a contrast of dark eyes and a little dark mustache upon its pallor, showed vivid in a sudden bright reflection.

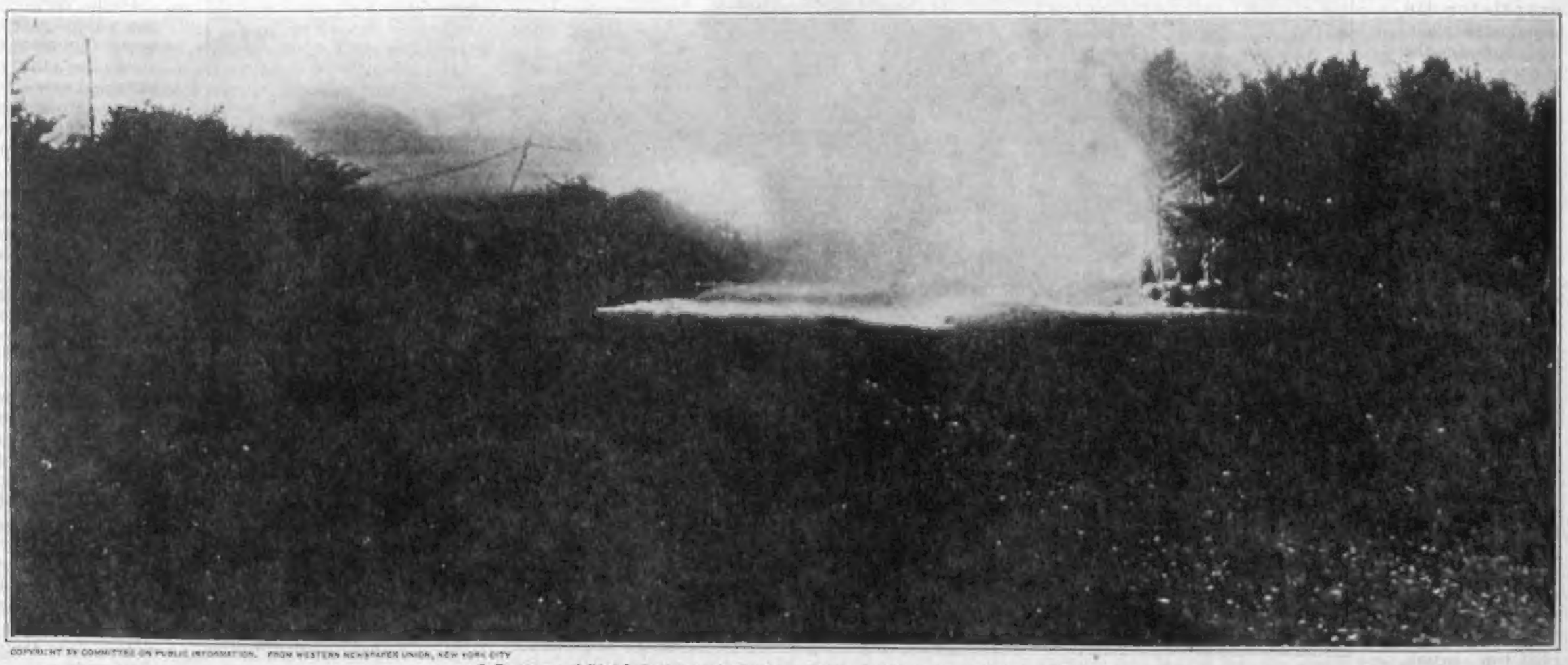
"It is the fluid in them which makes that curious noise. There is a heavy gas barrage on the gun positions. My battery is out of action—changing ground."

The American tried to imagine the scene behind them—the plunging, frightened horses, irritated by the gas shields over their nostrils—a tightly fitting bag over the muzzle; the frantically striving drivers, the hurrying gunners, unhuman in their masks as they hooked in the teams, swiftly packed up the necessaries, strove to comprehend orders that could not be shouted, that were given by signs; while the deadly gas drifted over all, slaying with one chance unlucky breath of it, arriving in ever-renewed quantities with rush after rush through the air that finished in the treacherously muffled burst, invisible in the night save when a wreathing fume was illuminated by the brief gun flashes of some adjacent battery that still fired.

He achieved a vague mental glimpse of it—telepathically sharpened perhaps by the proximity of this companion whose troubled face showed that he at least could fully realize his comrades' difficulties—but felt that he failed in adequate conception. He turned again to the leaping aurora on the horizon, to a reperception of the hurrying shells. The explosions of all alike, whether loud or muffled, were lost in the discharges of the guns. None burst in the vicinity of the observation post.

The spectacle continued through an indefinite period, punctuated at intervals by absences of the French officer from his side as he endeavored vainly to renew telephonic communication with his battery. He heard him exchanging hypotheses with the telephonists, speaking to the group headquarters. The line at least was still intact, then. It was the battery that was at fault. The American gathered from the conversation with headquarters that it had had to change position more than once. At last he heard

(Continued on Page 130)



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A Battery of Field Artillery in France, Firing a Barrage at Break of Day

THE WILDCAT

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN Cassius Wyble came down from his mountains to the 2000-population metropolis of Clayburg on his half-yearly trip for supplies he thought the old custom of Muster Day had been revived.

No fewer than eleven men in khaki were lounging round the station platform or sitting on the steps of the North America general store. Enlistment posters, too, flared from windows and walls.

These posters—except for their pretty pictures—meant nothing at all to Cash Wyble. For, as with his parents and grandparents, his knowledge of the written or printed word was purely a matter of hearsay.

Yet the sight of the eleven men in newfangled uniform—so like in color to his own butternut homespuns—interested Cash.

"What's all the boys doin'—togged up thataway?" he demanded of the North America's proprietor. "Waitin' for the band?"

"Waiting to be shipped to Camp Lee," answered the local merchant prince; adding, as Cash's burnt-leather face grew blanker: "Camp Lee, down in V'ginia, you know. Training camp for the war."

"War?" queried Cash, preparing to grin, at prospect of a joke. "What war?"

"What war?" echoed the dumfounded storekeeper. "Why, *the* war, of course! Where in blazes have you been keeping yourself?"

"I been up home, where I b'long," said Cash sulkily. "What with the hawgs, an' crops an' skins an' sich, a busy man's got no time traipsin' off to the city every minute. Twice a year does me pretty nice. An' now s'pose you tell me what war you're blattin' about."

The storekeeper told him. He told him in the simplest possible language. Yet half—and more than half—of the explanation went miles above the listening mountaineer's head. Cash gathered, however, that the United States was fighting Germany.

Germany he knew by repute for a country or a town on the far side of the world. Some of its citizens had even invaded his West Virginia mountains, where their odd diction and porcelain pipes roused much derision among the cultured hillfolk.

"Germany?" mused Cash when the narrative was ended. "We're to war with Germany, hey? Sakes, but I wisht I'd knowed that yesterday! A couple of Germans went right past my shack. I could 'a' shot 'em as easy as toad pie."

The North America's proprietor valued Cash Wyble's sparse trade, as he valued that of other mountaineers who made Clayburg their semiannual port of call. If on Cash's report these rustics should begin a guerilla warfare upon their German neighbors, more of them would presently be lodged in jail than the North America could well afford to spare from its meager customer list.

Wherefore the proprietor did some more explaining. Knowing the mountaineer brain, he made no effort to point out the difference between armed Germans and noncombatants. He merely said that the Government had threatened to lock up any West Virginian who should kill a German—this side of Europe. It was a new law, he continued, and one that the revenue officers were bent on enforcing.

Cash sighed and reluctantly bade farewell to an alluring dream that had begun to shape itself in his simple brain—a dream of "laying out" in cliff-top brush, waiting with true elephant patience until a German neighbor should stroll, unsuspecting, along the trail below and should move slowly within range of the antique Wyble rifle.

It was a sweet fantasy, and hard to banish. For Cash certainly could shoot. There was scarce a man in the Cumberlands or the Appalachians who could outshoot him. Shooting and a native knack at moonshining were Cash's only real accomplishments. Whether stalking a shy old stag or potting a revenue officer on the sky line, the man's aim was uncannily true. In a region of born marksmen his skill stood forth supreme.

He felt not the remotest hatred for any of these local Germans. In an impersonal way he rather liked one or two of them. Yet, if the law had really been off ——

The zest of the man hunt tingled pleasantly in the marksman's blood. And he resented this unfair new revenue ruling, which permitted and even encouraged the killing of Germans in Europe and yet ordained a closed season on them in West Virginia. Still, there was no sense in a busy man's risking jail or a fine by indulging his sporting tastes. So Cash tried to forget the temptation, and proceeded to the more material task of trafficking for his next half year's supplies.

A few months later the draft caught Cash Wyble and carried him away in its swirling flood, depositing him in due time, with a quantity of similar mountaineer flotsam, in the training mill of Camp Lee.

No half-grown wildcat dragged by the scruff of the neck from the sanctuary of its tree hole was ever one-tenth so ragingly indignant as was Cash at his impressment into his country's service. Born and bred of fellow illiterates in the wildest corner of the Cumberland Range, thirty-two miles from the nearest railroad, he knew nothing and cared less about the affairs of the world that lay beyond the circling blue mountain walls.

To Cash all persons who lived outside that circle were "Foreigners," even if their habitat was the adjoining county of his own state.

He had heard of England and of France and of Europe, in much the same vague fashion as he had heard of Germany. He knew the name of the President of the United States; of the governor of West Virginia; of the mayor of Clayburg. Also of the political party whose ticket his father had always voted, and which Cash, in consequence, voted. He knew there had been a Civil War and—from pictures and from paternal description—he knew the types of uniforms each side had worn. The foregoing facts comprised his total knowledge of American politics and of world history.

As to the causes and the occasion and the stakes of the present war he had not an inkling. Nor could the explanations of slightly better-informed recruits make the matter much clearer to him. It most certainly roused no trace of enthusiasm or of patriotism in his indignant breast. All he knew or was interested in was that he had been forced to leave his shack and his straggly mountain-side farm and his hidden moonshine still, at the very worst possible season for leaving any of them.

He had been coerced into riding innumerable miles to a foreigner state that seemed all bottomland, and there was herded with more men than he had known were on earth. He had been dressed in an amazing suit; made to wear socks and underclothes for the first time in his life; and daily put through a series of physical evolutions whose import was a sealed book to him. In all weathers, too, he must wear shoes.

Like the aforesaid caught wildcat Cash Wyble rebelled at every inch of the way. For his first two months of captivity he spent more time in the guardhouse than out of it. On his first day at camp he tried to thrash a lieutenant who was lining up a rawly shambling company and who spoke with unwelcomed sharpness to the mountaineer. Scarce had Cash atoned for this crime when he succeeded in giving a very creditable thrashing to a sergeant who was teaching his squad the mysteries of 'bout face.

Hearing that the near-by city of Petersburg was larger than Clayburg—which he knew to be the biggest metropolis in America—Cash set out to nail the lie by a personal inspection of Petersburg. He neglected to apply for leave, so was held up by the first sentinel he met.

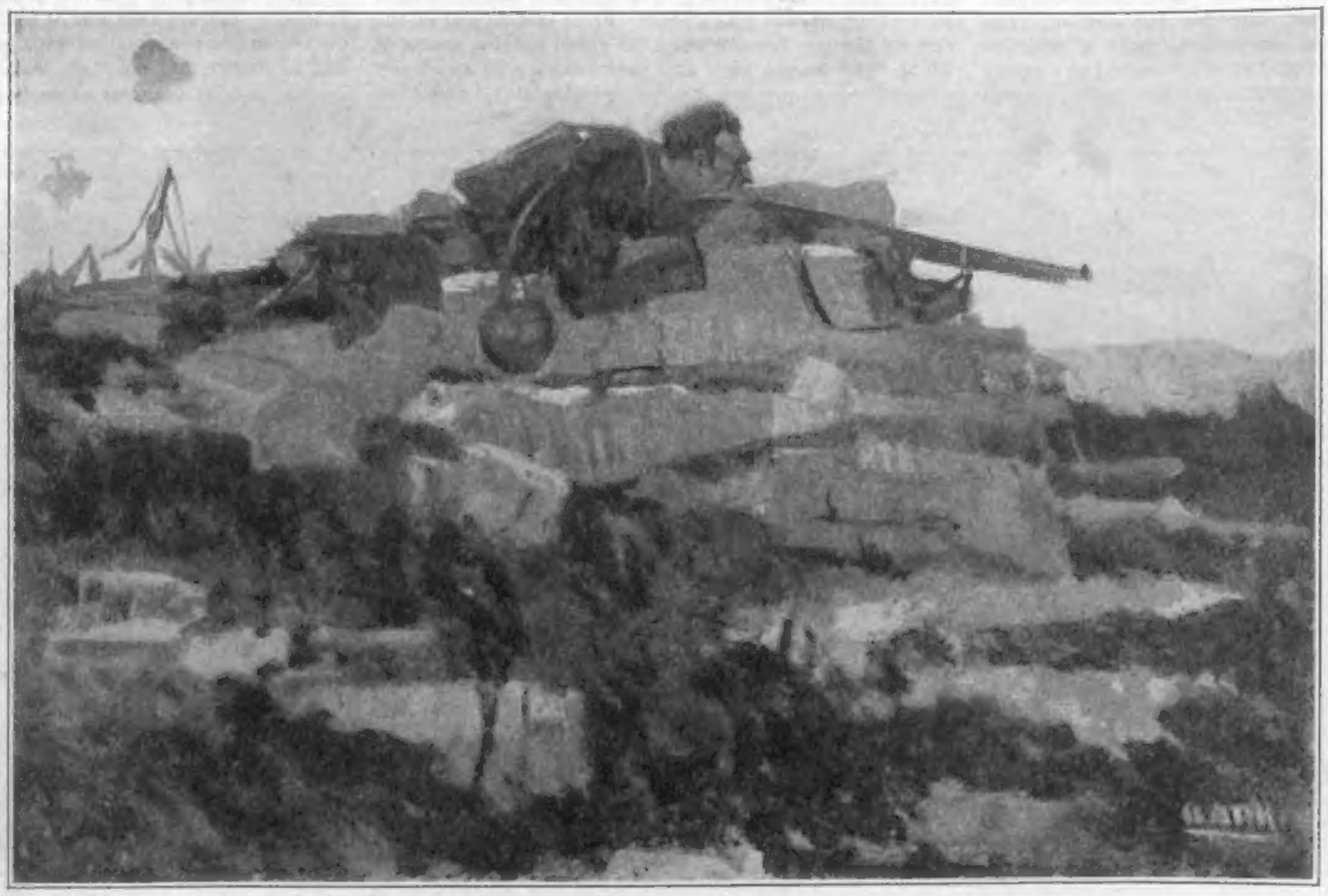
Cash explained very politely his reason for quitting camp. But the pig-headed sentinel still refused to let him pass. Two minutes later a fast-summoned corporal and two men were using all their strength to pry Wyble loose from the luckless sentry. And again the guardhouse had Cash as a transient and blasphemous guest.

He was learning much more of kitchen-police work than of guard mount. At the latter task he was a failure. The first night he was assigned to beat pacing, the relief found him restfully snoring, on his back, his rifle stuck up in front of him by means of its bayonet thrust into the ground. Cash had seen no good reason why he should walk to and fro for hours when there was nothing exciting to watch for and when he had been awake since early morning. Therefore he had gone to sleep. And his subsequent guardhouse stay filled him with uncomprehending fury.

The salute, too, struck him as the height of absurdity—as a bit of tomfoolery in which he would have no part. Not that he was exclusive, but what was the use of touching one's forelock to some officer one had never before met? He was willing to nod pleasantly and even to say "Howdy, Cap?" when his company captain passed by him for the first time in the morning. But he saw no use in repeating that or any other form of salutation when the same captain chanced to meet him a bare fifteen minutes later.

Cash Wyble's case was not in any way unique among Camp Lee's thirty thousand new soldiers. Hundreds of mountaineers were in still worse mental plight. And the tact as well as the skill of their officers was strained well-nigh to the breaking point in shaping the amorphous backwoods rabble into trim soldiers.

Not all members of the mountain draft were so fiercely resentful as was Cash. But many others of them were like unbroken colts. The strange frequency of washing and of shaving, and the wearing of underclothes were their chief puzzles.



By Sunrise He Had Located the German Who Had Put Him on His Mettle Two Days Before

The company captain labored with Cash again and again, pointing out the need of neat cleanliness, of promptitude, of vigilance; trying to make him understand that a salute is not a sign of servility; seeking to imbue him with the spirit of patriotism and of discipline. But to Cash the whole thing was infinitely worse and more bewildering than had been the six months he had once spent in Clayburg jail for mayhem.

Three things alone mitigated his misery at Camp Lee: The first was the shooting; the second was his monthly pay—which represented more real money than he ever had had in his pocket at any one time; the third was the food amazing in its abundance and luxurious variety, to the always-hungry mountaineer.

But presently the target shooting palled. As soon as he had mastered carefully the intricacies of the queer new rifle they gave him, the hours at the range were no more inspiring to him than would be, to Paderewski, the eternal playing of the scale of C with one finger.

To Cash the target shooting was child's play. Once he grasped the rules as to sights and elevations and became used to the feel of the army rifle, the rest was drearily simple.

He could outshoot practically every man at Camp Lee. This gave him no pride. He made himself popular with men who complimented him on it by assuring them modestly that he outshot them not because he was such a dead shot but because they shot so badly.

The headiest colt in time will learn the lesson of the breaking pen. And Cash Wyble gradually became a soldier. At least he learned the drill and the regulations and how to keep out of the guardhouse—except just after pay day; and his lank figure took on a certain military spruceness. But under the surface he was still Cash Wyble. He behaved, because there was no incentive at the camp that made disobedience worth while.

Then after an endless winter came the journey to the seaboard and the embarkation for France; and the awesome sight of a tossing gray ocean a hundred times wider and rougher than Clayburg River in freshet time. Followed a week of agonized terror, mingled with an acute longing to die. Then ensued a week of calm water, during which one might refill the oft-emptied inner man.

A few days later Cash was bumping along a newly repaired French railway in a car whose announced capacity was forty men or eight horses. And thence to billet in a half-wrecked village, where his regiment was drilled and redrilled in the things they had toiled so hard at Camp Lee to master, and in much that was novel to the men.

Cash next came to a halt in a network of trenches overlooking a stretch of country that had been tortured into hideousness—a region that looked like a Doré nightmare. It was a waste of hillocks and gullies and shell holes and blasted big trees and frayed copses and split bowlders and seared vegetation. When Cash heard it was called No Man's Land he was not surprised. He well understood why no man—not even an ignorant foreigner—cared to buy such a tract.

He was far more interested in hearing that a tangle of trenches, somewhat like his regiment's own, lay three miles northeastward, at the limit of No Man's Land, and that those trenches were infested with Germans.

Germans were the people Cash Wyble had come all the way to France to kill. And once more the thrill of the man hunt swept pleasantly through his blood. He had no desire to risk prison. So he had made very certain by repeated inquiry that this particular section of France was in Europe; and that no part of it was within the boundaries or the jurisdiction of the sovereign state of West Virginia. Here, therefore, the law was off on Germans, and he could not get into the slightest trouble with the hated revenue officers by shooting as many of the foe as he could go out and find.

Cash enjoyed the picture he conjured up—a picture of a whole bevy of Germans seated at ease in a trench, smoking porcelain pipes and conversing with one another in comically broken English; of himself stealing toward them, and from the shelter of one of those hillock bowlders opening a mortal fire on the unsuspecting foreigners.

It was a quaint thought, and one that Cash loved to play with.

Also it had an advantage that most of Cash's vivid mind pictures had not. For, in part, it came true.

The Germans, on the thither side of No Man's Land, seemed bent on jarring the repose and wrenching the nerve of their lately arrived Yankee neighbors. Not only were those veteran official entertainers, Minnie and Bertha, and their equally vocal artillery sisters called into service for the purpose, but a dense swarm of snipers were also impressed into the task.

Now this especial reach of No Man's Land was a veritable snipers' paradise. There was cover—plenty of it—everywhere. A hundred sharpshooters of any scouting prowess at all could deploy at will amid the tumble of bowlders and knolls and twisted tree trunks and battered foliage and craters.

The long spell of wet weather had precluded the burning away of undergrowth. There were tree tops and hill summits whence a splendid shot could be taken at unwary Americans in the lower front-line trenches and along the rising ground at the rear of the Yankee lines. Yes, it was a stretch of ground laid out for the joy of snipers. And the German sharpshooters took due advantage of this bit of luck. The whine of a high-power bullet was certain to follow the momentary exposure of any portion of khaki anatomy above or behind the parapets. And in disgustingly many instances the bullet did not whine in vain. All of which kept the newcomers from getting any excess joy out of trench life

To mitigate the annoyance there was a call for volunteer sharpshooters to scout cautiously through No Man's Land and seek to render the boche sniping a less safe and exhilarating sport than thus far it had been. The job was full of peril, of course. For there was a more than even chance of the Yankee snipers' being sniped by the rival sharpshooters, who were better acquainted with the ground.

Yet at the first call there was a clamorous throng of volunteers. Many of these volunteers admitted under pressure that they knew nothing of scout work and that they had not so much as qualified in marksmanship. But they craved a chance at the boche. And grouchily did they resent the swift weeding-out process that left their services uncalled for.

Cash Wyble was the first man accepted for the dangerous detail. And for the first time since the draft had caught him his burnt-leather face expanded into a grin that could not have been wider unless his flaring ears had been set back.

With two days' rations and a goodly store of cartridges he fared forth that night into No Man's Land. Dawn was not yet fully gray when the first crack of his rifle was wafted back to the trenches.

Then the artillery firing, which was part of the day's work, set in. And its racket drowned the noise of any shooting that Cash might be at.

Forty-eight hours passed. At dawn of the third day Cash came back to camp. He was tired and horribly thirsty; but his lantern-jawed visage was one unmarred mask of bliss.

"Twelve," he reported tersely to his captain. "At least," he continued in greater detail, "twelve that I'm dead sure of. Nice big ones, too, some of 'em"

"Nice big ones!" repeated the captain in admiring disgust. "You talk as if you'd been after wild turkeys!"

"A heap better'n wild-turkey shootin'!" grinned Cash. "An' I got twelve that I'm sure of. There was one, though, I couldn't get. A he-one, at that. He's sure some German, that feller! He's as crafty as they make 'em. I couldn't ever come up to him or get a line on him. I'll bet I throwed away thutty ca'tridges on jes' that one Dutchy. An' by an' by he found out what I was arter. Then there was fun, Cap! Him and I did have one fine shootin' match! But I was as good at hidin' as he was. And there couldn't neither one of us seem to git 'tother. Most of the rest of 'em was as easy to git as a settin' hen. But not him. I'd 'a' laid out there longer for a crack at him but I couldn't find no water. If there'd been a spring or a water seep anywheres there I'd 'a' stayed till doomsday but what I'd 'a' got him. Soon's I fill up with some water I'm goin' back arter him. He's well wuth it. I'll bet that cuss don't weigh an ounce under two hundred pound."

Cash's smug joy in his exploit and his keen anticipation of a return trip were dashed by the captain's reminder that war is not a hunting jaunt; and that Wyble must return to his loathed trench duties until such time as it should seem wise to those above him to send him forth again.

Cash could not make head or tail out of such a command. After months of grinding routine he had at last found a form of recreation that not only dulled his sharply constant homesickness but that made up for all he had gone through. And now he was told he could go forth on such delightful excursions only when he might chance to be sent!

Red wrath boiled hot in the soul of Cash Wyble. Experience had taught him the costly folly of venting such

And at Last He Was Out, Under the Foggy Stars, With Excited Germans Firing in His General Direction and Loosing Off Star Shells

rage on a commissioned officer. So he hunted up Top Sergeant Mahan of his own company and laid his griefs before that patient veteran.

Top Sergeant Mahan—formerly of the Regular Army—listened with true sympathy to the complaint; and listened with open enthusiasm to the tale of the two days of forest skulking. But he could offer no help in the matter of returning to the *battue*.

"The cap'n was right," declared Mahan. "They wanted to throw a little lesson into those boche snipers and make them ease up on their heckling. And you gave them a man's-size dose of their own physic. There's not one sniper out there to-day, to ten who were on deck three days ago. You've done your job. And you've done it good and plenty. But it's done—*for a while anyhow*. You weren't brought over here to spend your time in prowling around No Man's Land on a still hunt for stray Germans. That isn't Uncle Sam's way. Don't go grouching over it, man! You'll be remembered, all right. And if they get pesky again you'll be the first one sent out to abate them. You can count on it. Till then, go ahead with your regular work and forget the sniper job."

"But, Sarge!" pleaded Cash, "you don't git the idee. You don't git it at all. Those Germans will be shyer'n scat, now that I've flushed 'em. An' the longer the news has a chance to git round among 'em, the shyer they're due to git. Why, even if I was to go out thar straight off it ain't likely I'd be able to pot one where I potted three before. It's the same diff'rence as it is between the first flushin' of a wild-turkey bunch an' the second. An' if I've got to wait long there'll be no downin' *any* of 'em. Tell that to the Cap. Make him see if he wants them cusses he better let me git 'em while they're still gittable."

In vain did Top Sergeant Mahan go over and over the same ground, trying to make Cash see that the company captain and those above him were not out for a record in the matter of ambushed Germans.

Wyble had struck one idea he could understand, and he would not give it up.

"But, Sarge," he urged desperately, "I'm no durn good here foolin' around with drill an' relief an' diggin' an' all that. Any mudback can do them things if you folks is set on havin' 'em done. But there ain't another man in all this outfit who can shoot like I can; or has the knack of 'layin' out'; or of stalkin'. Pop got the trick of it from gran'ther. An' gran'ther got it off th' Injuns in th' old days. If you folks is out to git Germans I'm the feller to git 'em fer you. Nice big ones. If you're here jes' to play sojer, any poor fool c'n play it fer you as good as me."

"I've just told you," began the sergeant, "that we——"

"'Nuther thing!" suggested Cash brightly. "These Germans must have villages somewe'res. All folks do. Even Injuns. Some place where they live when they ain't on the warpath. Get leave an' rations an' ca'tridges for me—for a week, or maybe two—an' I'll gar'ntee to scout till I find one of them villages. The Dutchies won't be expectin' me. An' I c'n likely pot a whole mess of 'em before they c'n git to cover.

"Say!" he went on eagerly, a bit of general information flashing into his memory. "Did you know Germans was a kind of Confed'? The fightin' Germans, I mean. Well, they are. The hull twelve I got was dressed in gray Confed' uniform, same as pop used to wear. I got his old uniform to home. Lord, but pop would sure lay into me if he knowed I was pepperin' his old side partners like that! I'd figgered that all Germans was dressed like the ones back home. But they've got reg'lar uniforms. Confed' uniforms, at that. I wonder does our gin'ral know about it?"

Again the long-suffering Mahan tried to set him right; this time as to the wide divergence between the gray-backed troops of Ludendorff and the Confederacy's gallant soldiers. But Cash merely nodded cryptically, as always he did when he thought his foreigner fellow soldiers were trying to take advantage of his supposed ignorance. And he swung back to the theme nearest his heart.

"Now about that snipin' business," he pursued, "even if the Cap don't want too many of 'em shot up, he sure won't be so cantankerous as to keep me from tryin' to git that thirteenth feller! I mean the one that kep' blazin' at me whiles I kep' blazin' at him; an' the both of us too cute to show an inch of target to t'other or stay in the same patch of cover after we'd fired. That Dutchy sure c'n scout grand! He's a born woodsman. An' you-all don't want it to be said the Germans has got a better sniper than what we've got, do you? Well, that's jes' what will be said by everyone in this yer county unless you let me down him. Come on, Sarge! Let me go back arter him! I been thinkin' up a trick gran'ther got off'n th' Injuns. It oughter land him sure. Let me go try! I b'lieve that feller can't weigh an ounce less'n two-twenty. Leave me have one more go arter him; and I'll bring him in to prove it!"

Top Sergeant Mahan's patience stopped fraying, and ripped from end to end.

"You seem to think this war is a cross between a mountain feud and a deer hunt!" he growled. "Isn't there any way of hammering through your ivory mine that we aren't here to pick off unsuspecting Germans and make a tally of the kill? And we aren't here to brag about the size of the men we shoot either. We're here, you and I, to obey orders and do our work. You'll get plenty of shooting before you go home again, don't worry. Only you'll do it the way you're told to. After all the time you've spent in the hoosgow since you joined, I should think you'd know that."

But Cash Wyble did not know it. He said so—loudly, offensively, blasphemously. He said many things—things that in any other army than his own would have landed him against a blank wall facing a firing squad. Then he slouched off by himself to grumble.

As far as Cash Wyble was concerned the war was a failure—a total failure. The one bright spot in its worka-day monotony was blurred for him by the orders of his stupid superiors. In his vivid imagination that elusive German sniper gradually attained a weight not far from three hundred pounds.

In sour silence Cash sulked through the rest of the day's routine. In his heart boiled black rebellion. He had learned his soldier trade, back at Camp Lee, because it had been very strongly impressed upon him that he would go to jail if he did not. For the same reason he had not tried to desert. He had all the true mountaineer horror for prison. He had toned down his native temper and stubbornness because failure to do so always landed him in the guardhouse—a place that, to his mind, was almost as terrible as jail.

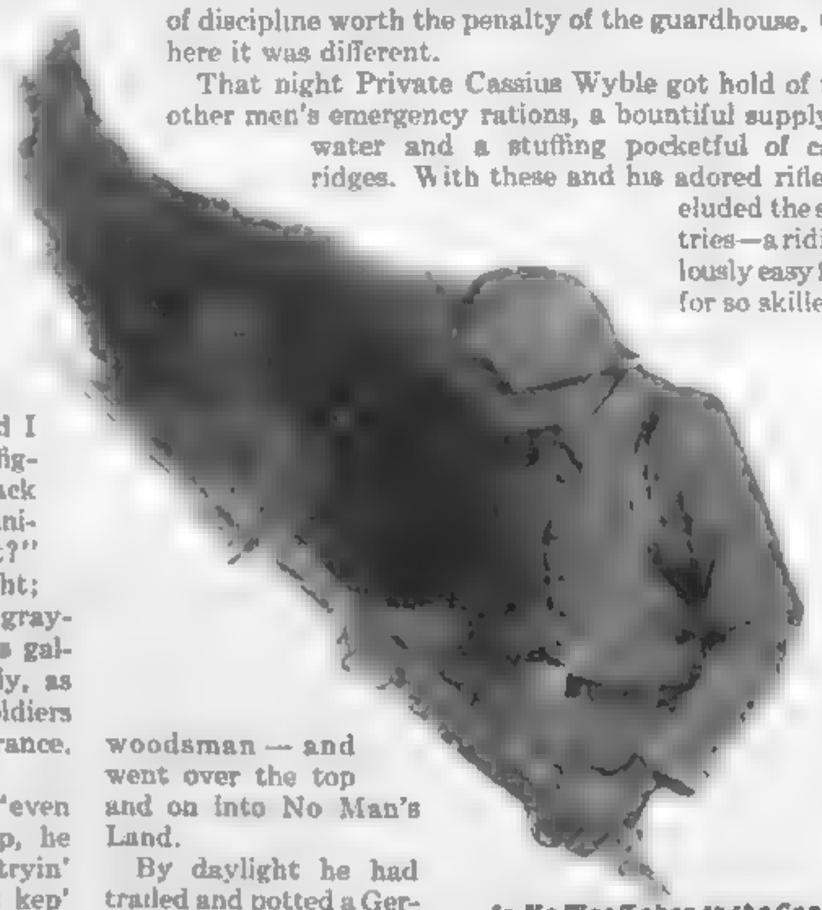
But out here in the wilderness there were no jails. At least Cash had seen none. And he had it on the authority of Top Sergeant Mahan himself that this part of France was not within the legal jurisdiction of West Virginia—the only region, as far as Cash actually knew, where men are put in prison for their misdeeds. Hence the rules governing Camp Lee could not be supposed to obtain out here. All of which comforted Cash not a little.

To him "patriotism" was a word as meaningless as was "discipline." The law of force he recognized—the law that had hog-tied him and flung him into the Army. But the higher law which makes men risk their all, right blithely, that their country and civilization may triumph—this was as much a mystery to Cash Wyble as to any army mule.

Just now he detested the country that had dragged him away from his lean shack and forbade him to disport himself as he chose in No Man's Land. He hated his country; he hated his Army; he hated his regiment. Most of all he loathed his captain and Top Sergeant Mahan.

At Camp Lee he had learned to comport himself more or less like a civilized recruit because there was no breach of discipline worth the penalty of the guardhouse. Out here it was different.

That night Private Cassius Wyble got hold of two other men's emergency rations, a bountiful supply of water and a stuffing pocketful of cartridges. With these and his adored rifle he eluded the sentries—a ridiculously easy feat for so skilled a woodsman — and went over the top and on into No Man's Land.



So He Was Taken to the Captain, a Man Who Had Lived for Five Years in New York

By daylight he had trailed and potted a German sniper.

By sunrise he had located the man against whom he had sworn his strategy feud—the German who had put him on his mettle two days before.

Cash did not see his foe. And when from the edge of a rock he fired at a puff of smoke in a clump of trees no resultant body came tumbling earthward. And thirty seconds later a bullet from quite another part of the clump spatted hotly against the rock edge five inches from his head.

Cash smiled beatifically. He recognized the tactics of his former opponent. And once more the merry game was on.

To make perfectly certain of his rival's identity Cash wiggled low in the undergrowth until he came to a jut of rock about seven feet long and two feet high. Lying at full length behind this low barrier, and parallel to it, Cash put his hat on the toe of his boot and cautiously lifted his foot until the hat's sugar-loaf crown protruded a few inches above the top of the rock.

On the instant, from the tree clump, snapped the report of a rifle. The bullet, ignoring the hat, nicked the rock comb precisely above Cash's upturned face. He nodded approval, for it told him that his enemy was not only a good forest fighter but that he recognized the same skill in Wyble.

Thus began two days of delightful pastime for the exiled mountaineer. Thus, too, began a series of offensive and defensive maneuvers worthy of Natty Bumppo and Old Sleuth combined.

It was not until Cash abandoned the hunt long enough to find and shoot another German sniper and appropriate the latter's uniform that he was able, under cover of dusk, to get near enough to the tree clump for a fair sight of his antagonist. At which juncture a snap shot from the hip ended the duel.

Cash's initial thrill of triumph, even then, was dampened. For the sniper—to whom by this time he had credited the size of Goliath at the very least—proved to be a wizened little fellow, not much more than five feet tall.

Still Cash had won. He had outgeneraled a mighty clever sharpshooter. He had gotten what he came out for, and two other snipers, besides. It was not a bad bag. As there was nothing else to stay there for, and as his water was gone, as well as nearly all his cartridges, Cash shouldered his rifle and plodded wearily back to camp for a night's rest.

There to his amazed indignation he was not received as a hero, even when he sought to recount his successful adventures. Instead, he was arrested at once on a charge of technical desertion, and was lodged in the local substitute for a regular guardhouse.

Bewildered wrath smothered him. What had he done, to be arrested again? True, he had left camp without leave. But had he not atoned for this peccadillo fiftyfold by the results of his absence? Had he not killed three men whose business it was to shoot Americans? Had he not killed the very best sniper the Germans could hope to possess?

Yet, they had not promoted him. They had not so much as thanked him. Instead, they had stuck him here in the hoosgow. And Mahan had said something about a court-martial.

It was black ingratitude! That was what it was. That and more. Such people did not deserve to have the services of a real fighter like himself.

Which started another train of thought.

Apparently—except on special occasions—the Americans did not send men out into the wilderness to take pot shots at the lurking foe. And apparently that was just what the Germans always did. He had full proof, indeed, of the German custom. For had he not found a number of the graybacks thus happily engaged? Not for one occasion only, but as a regular thing?

Yes, the Germans had sense enough to appreciate a good fighter when they had one. And they knew how to make use of him in a way to afford innocent pleasure to himself and much harm to the enemy. That was the ideal life for a soldier—"laying out" and sniping the foe. Not kitchen-police work and endless drill and digging holes and taking baths. Sniping was the job for a he-man, if one had to be away from home at all. And in the German ranks alone was such happy employment to be found.

When Cash calmly and definitely made up his mind to desert to the Germans he was troubled by no scruples at all. Even the dread of the mysterious court-martial added little weight to his decision. The deed seemed to him not a whit worse than was the leaving of one farmer's employ, back home, to take service with another who offered more congenial work.

Wherefore he deserted.

It was not at all difficult for him to escape from the elementary cell in which he was confined. It was a mere matter of strategy and luck. So was his escape to No Man's Land.

Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter an hour later conducted to his company commander a lanky and leather-faced man in khaki uniform who had accosted a sentry with the pacific plea that he be sworn in as a member of the German Army.

The sentry did not know English; nor did Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter. And though Cash addressed them both in a very fair imitation of the guttural English he had heard used by the West Virginia Germans—and which he fondly believed to be pure German—they did not understand a word of his plea. So he was taken to the captain, a man who had lived for five years in New York.

With the Unteroffizier at his side and with two armed soldiers just behind him Cash confronted the captain, and under the latter's volley of barked questions told his story. Ten minutes afterward he was repeating the same tale to a flint-faced man with a fox-brush mustache—Colonel von Scheurer, commander of the regiment that held that section of the first-line trench.

(Concluded on Page 38)

Poor Richard's Come-Back

The Vision by the Soap Box

By Wallace Irwin

We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

SIGISMUND SHUCK was a spirit insurgent,
Full of reforms which were glowingly urgent.
If any new movement appeared in the land
Sig, to be sure, was right there with the band.
Verbal velocity,
Platform ferocity
Made him the prophet of class animosity;
And being of those to whom phrases are sweet,
Who'd always much rather be talking than eat,
'Tis a wonder that Sig hadn't perished
On what he was nourished.

He was strong for relieving all jails of their residents
And filling the void with directors and presidents.
He'd a neat little plan
For the saving of man;
In brief it consisted in legalized seizure
Of business sections
In forty directions;
He'd rechristen Wall Street the Garden of Leisure,
Where dear proletariat
All could make merry at
Incomes of two hundred dollars a day—
For four hours of work and free Saturdays, say.
The gist of his song
As life passed along
Was: "Nothing is right because everything's wrong.
The world cannot move
'Till we thoroughly prove
That the weak are appointed to manage the strong."

Sig had a grand mental diagram drawn
By which he'd arrange the millennium's dawn.
Child-birth, religion, the plumbing of cities
Should all be arranged by a chain of committees.
Committees to Sig were the great panacea,
The crystallized juice of the perfect idea.
Would you wipe out, say, poverty, ignorance, crime,
Restore all the virtues a set at a time?
Whist! 'Twas a pretty
Plan, and a pity
Ne'er thought of before.
Form a committee!
The worst, then, is o'er.

Sigismund Shuck had a large way of thinking,
Had a passion for Russian
And platform discussion—
Which same, to my mind, is more deadly than drinking.
It took him to beer halls up dubious alleys
To mix in debates before Soviet rallies,
And it took him each night to the nearly fresh air
To bang
And harangue
In radical slang
As he stood on a soap box, addressing the square.

In the heyday of youth he was met like a flame
By a beautiful proletar-ratty named Mame.
They were wed,
So 'tis said;
But in Sig's lofty head,
Where thoughts universal were always majestic,
There wasn't much room for the stuff called domestic.
True, there came children, some seven or eight,
Which caused him small grief,
For he shared the belief
That children by rights should be raised by the state.

Now Mame when she married her Sigismund Shuck
Had been, as the saying goes, Soviet-struck.
She had met him at radical rallies and sich,
Drinking claret by tubs
At liberal clubs
Or posing in tea rooms called Hole in the Ditch.
Her head had gone round with his program, which proved
That poverty could, would and should be removed.
Good land!
It was grand,
Though full of hard words she could not understand;
But she knew that his dreams,
His wonderful schemes
Would open the world like a vast cornucopia,
And land them at once in a rent-free Utopia.

Alas! When she'd wed him she found for a starter
She'd married a martyr!
Now a martyr, you know, friends, makes wonderful reading
Two or three centuries after his bleeding;
But for working in team he's a fidgety shoe mate
And punk beyond words as a legalized roommate.
Sig worked now and then at some low occupation—
Picker and sorter
Or mixer of mortar—
But he couldn't be nice to the vile corporation
Who ruined his heyday
And fined him on pay day,
Never admired him,
Frequently fired him
As soon as they'd hired him.
He branded all work as a system of slavery,
Stormed at employers with vocalized bravery
And scarified wealth as the wages of knavery.

The consequence was that poor Sigismund sat
Most of his time round his ramshackle flat
Writing a book weighing nearly a ton
Merely to ask, "When Will Justice be Done?"
Meanwhile the mystic,
Capitalistic
Class who are banded to kill the artistic,
Sent around bills with precision accursed,
Prompt on the first.
And what of his Mame? In default of his labors
She cooked for the quality, washed for the neighbors.
His children, you say?
Just let them play—
Youth should be gay.
Wee girls and boys,
Alleyward slinking:
Don't make a noise!
Father is thinking.

When Mamie complained, as she did now and then,
Her talented husband would nibble his pen
And clearly explain how their struggle and worry
Was just temporary.
In a year—
Maybe two—
You would hear
Something new.
Then a crash
And a smash
Would make hash
Out of cash.
Each trust
Would go bust,
Its lust
Turned to dust.
Then gas rates and rentals no longer would trouble you—
Just wait till the rise of the I-double-W

When a free distribution would go through the land;
Pianos and carpets and furniture grand
Would fall at your doorstep like dice from the dice box;
Wine, fish and poultry would fill up the ice box;
And just like Aladdin's own palace bewitchin'
You could visit a gorgeous municipal kitchen,
Show at the wicket
The people's meal ticket
Without any puncher to spoil it with punches
Through infinite series of dinners and lunches.

Once in the course of their married career
Sig got some money. It came rather queer
And should have been Mame's, for her half-uncle Bill,
A hated bourgeois
With a Yankee patois,
Left one thousand dollars to Mame in his will.
When the Shucks got the money
Sig said to his honey:
"Since the new social order is coming on fast
And money won't count any more,
We ought to spend this while its value shall last—
Let's go for a month at the shore."
So quite disregarding defaults in the rent
And bills from the butcher and greengrocer gent,
They went.
They wardrobed themselves in splendiferous style;
Sig decked his jeans with the rest of their pile,
Hired a fast motor and whizzed like hot stuff
Out to the coast resort, Bulge-on-the-Bluff.
There they fared very well, as signed statements attested,
Flocked with fine birds and the beaches infested.
They filled up on terrapin, fritters and romaine,
Danced half the night, had a wee touch of ptomaine,
Allowed each small Shuck
To run quite amuck,
Tipped the blackhanders with dollars and quarters—
In fact were just average summer resorters.

"This is the life!"
Murmured his wife.
"It's big!"
Smiled Sig;
But after three weeks
He shook in his breeks

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OLD THRIFTY

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

It Struck Mr. Penrose That Some of the Auditory Were Listening With Approval and Others Merely With Amusement

BEING then eighteen years of age, Fritz Bender sailed from Hamburg in the steerage in 1864. Landing in New York the middle of May he proceeded to Chicago as rapidly as the means of transportation permitted.

His ideas of America were few in number and of a general but satisfying sort—to wit: That it was the land of liberty and opportunity for the poor man, that the Northern States were engaged in a war with the Southern States to abolish slavery, that a farm hand could earn wages that sounded fairly incredible in Germany.

He could speak only a little very broken English, and could not read the tongue at all; but through the mediums of German-speaking acquaintances and of newspapers in that language which came to his hand and of the very atmosphere round him he received the impression of a deep stir and stress. Fortunes of war were not favoring the side to which his simple-minded sympathies naturally attached. General Grant—off in some indistinctly imagined place called the Wilderness—had been losing men at a frightful rate. There was an air of anxiety, an emotional strain everywhere.

This impressed the young immigrant unexpectedly. What he had come to America for—really—was the wages. But as he read what the German papers had to say and listened to some German orators he was troubled by a doubt as to the adequacy of that motive. They said, in effect, that a man who wished to enjoy liberty and opportunity ought to be willing to fight for it.

He tarried in Chicago until, one early June day, he learned that a calamity had befallen. General Grant had been repulsed at Cold Harbor with staggering losses. That afternoon he enlisted.

And he was agreeably surprised at receiving five hundred and twenty-seven dollars—three hundred and two dollars being the cash bounty offered by the Federal Government for volunteers, one hundred and fifty dollars the local bounty, and seventy-five dollars the state bounty. He had heard of a bounty, but his idea had been that only citizens of the country could claim it. He purchased a stout money belt and went into training with his fortune strapped round his waist. He saw no really active service and was honorably discharged at the close of the war next spring, when he resumed his original plan of hiring out as a farm laborer.

Two of his fellow immigrants had gone to a small settlement of German farmers in Northern Indiana. There Fritz went and promptly found work. Meanwhile he had been making progress in English, and in a community where German was commonly spoken he quickly got in touch with conditions. Among other things he learned that money was scarce and these farmers paid interest at the rate of ten per cent a year.

But stocky, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked Fritz was strongly conservative by nature. He watched, listened, judged. Only when he felt quite sure of his ground did he unstrap the money belt and lend its contents. Being a frugal person he saved more than half his wages too.

His settlement was called Hamburg. So far as the usual phenomena of a town went it consisted of a church, a schoolhouse, a blacksmith shop and a little general store. Grundyville, on the railroad, was the market town.

At twenty-six Fritz married Sophie Sigel. At thirty-five he moved to Grundyville, where he erected a one-story wooden structure, twelve feet wide by twenty deep, with a neat blue sign on the front gable which read, "Fritz Bender, Banker." To that the money belt had finally grown. The sign dilated him with proud satisfaction. But, in fact, his capital was only four thousand dollars.

That was the way it went with him—no speculations, no windfalls, no sudden gains; but a slow, sure accretion won by thrift and industry, and sound judgment and honest dealing. In his simple uncontentious way he was always extolling thrift. By the time he was forty the native population thereabouts had given him the nickname of Old Thrifty. Those who had been reared under European conditions couldn't so readily see where the joke came in. But both sorts of population had complete confidence in the little bank.

Fritz always felt that this banking business had been a purely fortuitous digression. What he really coveted was land—those fat acres, flourishing with wheat and corn, and meadows with plump cattle grazing.

In time he bought an eighty; and in time he had a half section—three hundred and twenty acres—fronting the main road for a solid mile, with a good wire fence and every fence post sharpened to a point at the top and whitewashed. Sharpening all those posts and keeping them whitewashed cost quite a bit of money—an extravagance, no doubt, in a way. But it looked so beautiful—those straight white posts marching down the road for a solid mile against the background of green pasture and growing grain! Fritz always wanted to take off his hat to them, and felt an almost sacred emotion as at beholding a celestial scene.

But when he achieved this the hair was thin over his round head, and half white; his bushy mustache was gray and he had six grandchildren. In one respect he had suffered disappointment—all three of his children were girls, and of the six grandchildren only two were male.

August, 1914, made a deep stir thereabouts. Fritz' sympathies, like those of practically all his German friends, inclined decidedly to the Fatherland. But in all the neighborly discussion of the following two years one simple proposition formed the sheet anchor of his policy—namely: "They all got to leave this United States alone."

As relations between America and Germany grew strained resentment against this country's course increased among many of his old friends round Hamburg. Fritz himself was distressed, but he wouldn't join in denunciations of Washington—simply shook his head and repeated his comprehensive platform: "They got to leave this United States alone."

He was not disputatious or assertive, seldom arguing and always listening much more than he talked. But as a rupture seemed imminent he quietly took the necessary steps to convert his bank into the First National, under a charter from Washington. When the official parchment arrived he contemplated the great seal of the United States in the lower left-hand corner with a deep, silent satisfaction.

The little wooden structure that had originally housed the bank was now occupied by a shop where bicycles might be repaired and like tinkering done. Fritz had put up a fine two-story brick building, forty feet front by sixty deep—the most imposing on Main Street. His bank occupied half the ground floor, the other half being occupied by a hardware store. In the middle of the galvanized-iron cornice appeared the legend "Bender Block," in letters a foot high and painted bright blue.

When war was declared Fritz put a flagstaff, as tall as the building itself, on the roof of the Bender Block and flew from it an American flag that seemed almost in danger of oversetting the building, like too large a sail. Also, he carried on an active verbal propaganda, but strictly in his own nondisputatious, unarguing way—thus:

"So that's the new team you got, Anton. My, that's a fine team!" For a few minutes he would exchange horse lore with the proud owner of the animals; then, patting the near mare's broad flank: "Fellows that start in the world like you and me, Anton, don't get teams like that in Germany. It's only in the United States we get 'em. How much this mare weigh? Eighteen hundred, I guess."

Or, as a horny fist passed a check over the counter of the bank for deposit: "Great price we're getting now for corn, August. I sold mine this week too." And after some conversation on the subject of corn—as he handed the pass book back with the credit duly entered: "Where else chaps like you and me get a hundred and sixty acres that make fifty bushels corn to the acre at a dollar a bushel? We get it nowhere except in the United States, August."

He had come to America with a naïve idea that it was the land of liberty and opportunity. For him—and for most of his fellow immigrants who were sensible, industrious and thrifty—it had been the land of liberty and opportunity. So the old man could see no reason for revising his original idea.

This simple-minded obstinacy exasperated Karl Bopp, who could prove by endless quotations from books and magazines that the liberty and opportunity were mere illusion, and America in fact was enslaved and devoured by Capitalism. Karl's quotations rather made Fritz' head whirl, but failed to convince him that there was anything illusory about his half section or Anton Braun's five-hundred-dollar work team or August Uhrlaub's corn money.

Karl was a Socialist; and it especially surprised and grieved Fritz that those who took the lead in denouncing America and upholding Germany were of the younger generation, born on American soil and acquainted with the Fatherland only at secondhand. Karl's own father had prospered sufficiently under the slavery of American Capitalism to send the young man to college for four years; also, as Fritz suspected, to support him in the main ever since.

It being reported to him that Karl stigmatized him as a tool of Morgan he replied in astonishment: "Morgan! Heavens! That man Morgan ain't heard yet I'm alive!"

He applied his propaganda to the young man thus: "That's a very nice car your father got, Karl. It's good luck for you he didn't stay back in the Fatherland that you like so much to talk about. If he stayed back there you ain't driving his automobile to town on a spring day when the corn is to be planted. Believe me, you ain't! Probably you're walking two miles to your job in wooden shoes to earn thirty-six cents a day. That's the way I had it. You get, before this, two years' military service shining the lieutenant's boots. I like to hear you tell that lieutenant he's a tool of Morgan. Heavens, how swift the kick!"

But Karl repeated that Fritz was not only a tool of Morgan but an ignorant old blockhead, incapable of understanding either economics or politics.

Others drew away from him. As he persisted in flying the biggest American flag on the tallest pole he could find, and presently plastered the windows of his bank with posters of the first Liberty Loan, coolness rose between himself and a good many of his old patrons out Hamburg way. That thrifty clientèle—the original mainstay of the bank—noticeably fell off. As a matter of business he could well have stuck to his guns. But it wounded him. He was seventy-one now and had long cherished an idea of retiring to his half section and dying just a farmer. He decided to sell his bank, and for that purpose inserted an advertisement in a monthly journal devoted to banking.

There was something rather melancholy in that too—a subtle foreshadowing of the time when he would be retiring permanently from all earthly affairs. On the day he read his advertisement in the banking journal he walked home in a rather heavy frame of mind.

He lived in a two-story white house with an L—only a few rods off Main Street—with his wife, a widowed daughter and a granddaughter. A row of patriarchal maples lined the street in front of the house and there were half a dozen fine oaks in the dooryard. Between two of them a hammock was swung. As Fritz neared the gate in the picket fence he saw that the hammock was occupied, and a sore spot in his heart smarted afresh.

One of the persons in the hammock was his granddaughter, Mina—as blond and rosy as her grandmother had been when he first saw her, and younger by several years, for Mina was only eighteen.

The other person was red-cheeked and round-faced too; but his hair stood up in a ridiculously luxuriant shock and he wore gold-bowed spectacles that seemed out of place on his youthful face. That was Otto Dorn, son of Hermann Dorn, cashier of Fritz' bank. Fritz had known him—and his father, too, for that matter—since the swaddling-clothes stage; had been fond of him and watched his progress through the public school with approval. When the youth went to college Fritz naturally lost touch with him more or less.

And here was Otto at twenty-one, dismissed from college for contumacious and slothful conduct, and violently attached to Karl Bopp—wearing his hair like Karl's and affecting spectacles, and spouting all that sorry stuff out of the books about Capitalism and Wage Slavery; also taking Karl's pro-German stand on the war.

The two in the hammock were leaning shoulder to shoulder, swinging, the boy talking, the girl laughing. The old man's heart smarted afresh. Mina was his flesh and blood and the apple of his eye. But he was too wise to provoke a rebellion. When Mina looked quickly round at the clicking of the gate, turned a bit rosier, and called out gayly, "Hello, grandfather!" he replied gravely, "Good evening, Schatz; how d'do, Otto," and followed the plank walk on to the house.

For the time being the graver affair of the hammock drove the bank sale and the advertisement quite out of his head. There was something odd about the advertisement—an oddity which, that same afternoon, caught the eye of Thomas Penrose, cashier of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, Wisconsin. The banking journal contained two pages of advertisements of banks and bank stocks for sale. Generally speaking they were signed "X. Y. Z." or "Country Banker" or "Opportunity" or by some such pseudonym. But Fritz' advertisement was signed "Stars and Stripes."

That oddity arrested Mr. Penrose's attention. As he sat pondering the advertisement he kept combing his shiny brown mustache between thumb and forefinger with a mechanical motion. He wore a beard, which also was shiny and curly, and he was what is known as a dish-faced man, meaning that his profile was of the concave order, so that his bulgy brow seemed fairly in danger of toppling over on his nubbin nose.

His personal affairs were in an alarming condition; and the result of his cogitation was a letter, on the finely engraved stationery of the bank, to "Stars and Stripes," in care of the banking journal.

Three days later he received a reply from Fritz—not typewritten, like his letter, but penned in a hand that contained reminiscences of German script. The reply described the condition of the bank and invited a personal interview. From his bankers' directory Mr. Penrose learned that President Bender's institution had a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, a surplus of five thousand and deposits of a hundred and seventy thousand. He decided to investigate, but he proposed to take a look at the lay of the land on his own account before opening negotiations with his correspondent.

Unannounced, therefore, he dropped off the local accommodation train one June afternoon in 1917 and permitted a dilapidated chaise to haul him to the Grundyville House—at whose meager and shabby aspect he shuddered unwarrantably. In fact, the meals, cooked by the landlord's wife and served by his daughter on the one long, oilcloth-covered table in the dining room, were very good, and the feather bed, though warm, was soft. He found Grundyville about what he had expected—one of those ramshackle mid-Western villages that strike the traveler on the fast express as so forlorn when he flits through but that on closer acquaintance prove amazingly full of warm human interests.

As Fritz Neared the Gate in the Picket Fence He Saw That the Hammock Was Occupied, and a Sore Spot in His Heart Smarted Afresh

Walking up the one business street, after leaving his bag at the hotel, he passed the bank—then closed for the day—and observed with interest that the plate-glass front window was crowded with Liberty Loan posters. A group of men under a wooden awning farther on attracted his attention and he strolled thither. The awning, he found, projected from the front of the post office. There were about a dozen men under it, in idling attitude—apparently awaiting the distribution of the mail that his train had brought. Some of them appeared to be farmers and others townsfolk. They were listening to a tall young man who stood on the first of the two steps leading to the post-office door.

The speaker appeared to be some years under thirty, but he had that neutral, dustlike sort of hair and complexion—the former waving in a luxuriant pompadour—on which Time does not register very definitely, and if any beard grew in that dusty soil it was imperceptible. From a sharp nose his face fell away in gradual recessions down to the point of a long in-sloping chin, and the general effect of elongation was carried out in a thin neck and narrow sloping shoulders.

He was not addressing anyone in particular, but his speech flowed on with little emphasis and not much change of tone, like a meandering stream. Its constant tone was sarcastic, implying a lofty sort of indulgence for his auditors' understanding; and what immediately struck Mr. Penrose was the extraordinary mobility of his wide mouth. He commonly spoke rather out of one corner of it, and it seemed to slide round on his long chin—standing, so to speak, first on one foot, then on the other.

"Look up your newspaper files," he was saying, a good deal as one might answer a child's question about the weather by pointing to the rain on the window pane. "A year ago England held up some meat shipments—probably rotten meat, sold at five hundred per cent profit. The packers saw they stood to lose a million or two, so they pulled the string and Wilson was blustering at England. It's all in your newspapers. Trouble is, you don't remember this month what you read last month. Morgan saw how the game was going plain enough. He saw England and France were busted higher'n Gilderoy's kite, so he and his gang stood to lose the billion or two they loaned 'em. They saw the only way out was to get the United States to guarantee the debt, so they pulled the strings and Wilson declared war. It's plain as the nose on your face, but you suckers all fall for it."

So the speaker's monotonous sarcastic speech flowed on, commonly out of the corner of his mobile mouth. It struck Mr. Penrose that some of the auditors were listening with approval and others merely with amusement. He noticed another young man, who stood on the first step beside the speaker as though to signify an intimate sympathy with him and who twice or thrice threw in a confirmatory remark. He was several years younger than the speaker; round-faced and rosy-cheeked, with his yellow hair in a towering pompadour, like the orator's, and wearing a pair of gold-bowed spectacles that looked out of place. While he listened to his friend his rosy young face wore a fixed frown as of intense and formidable determination.

And presently Mr. Penrose heard something that interested him more particularly.

"Capitalists' war?" the speaker was saying. "Whose else war would it be? Anybody with eyes in his head knows this land of the free and home of the brave can't wag a finger until the capitalists say so. You can see how it works right here at home. Who's pulling the strings here? Who's trying to get you to toss your good money into

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THE SEA TERRIERS

By Samuel G. Blythe

Their Business Is to Drop Depth Charges on Submarines

"CORN—MEAL—MUSH!"

Out of a welter of signals, orders, reports of positions and all the varied language of operations at sea, those three strange, irrelevant words—"Corn—Meal—Mush!"—came drifting down the antennæ of a big British warship to the radio man.

He copied them mechanically, wondering what new idiot was loose on the face of the waters or, mayhap, what familiar old idiot in a fresh guise. Radio men are callous creatures. They sit in communication with all the wireless world, and not much astonishes them. All's grist that comes to their receiving mill—potential grist, anyhow. So this radio man took it down "Corn—Meal—Mush!" and being of the land where they do not know that comestible, it was all bosh to him, for he wasn't able to interpret it even in terms of sustenance.

"Honey—Bunny—Razmataz—Hink—Dink—Kalamazoo!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man's mind was in a whirl, but his hand copied steadily. Here was something new, something more maniacal than the weirdest efforts of the lunatics at large on the sea; but it must have its meaning, and he transferred the jargon to his pad.

"Ding Dong Bell!"

More of it apparently. Let alone one unfamiliar naval bedlamite, there were several loose upon the sea, and with use of the radio.

"Water—Slaughter—Walla Walla—Hop—Skip—Jump—Bing!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man had a quick look round to see if he was awake. He was. All the familiar paraphernalia of the wireless room were in sight, and through the heaving porthole he could see the white-tipped waves racing past. Off in the distance there were some small craft—trawlers, no doubt, or drifters. It was real enough.

"Tom—Dick—Harry!"

The Mystery Untangled

THERE was more of it. Somebody out at sea had gone crazy. There was a stark, staring madman pushing this gibberish out into the ether. That was clear enough.

"Eeney—Meeney—Oh Boy—Crab—Lobster—Mayonnaise!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man rang nervously for the orderly. "'Ere," he said when the orderly came, "take this down to the executive. There's a blinkin' flock of ducks about that's gone balmy."

Still it came: "Red—White—Blue"; "Jump—Jim—Crow"; "Sun—Moon—Stars"; "Sand—Clay—Mud," and after each section of jabber always: "Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!"

"What's this stuff?" asked the executive, surging into the wireless room. "Where'd it come from?"

"Don't know, sir. 'Ad it off the wireless last hour or so. Somebody's quack-quackin' all hover the bloomin' place."

The executive studied it. The captain studied it. It was referred to the Admiralty. There the flag lieutenant studied it, and the admiral studied it. Everybody studied it; and that night at the club the British liaison officer said to the American senior in command: "Extraordinary lot of gibberish our radio men picked up to-day. Can't make anything out of it. Lot of ding-dong-belling and quack-quacking all about."

The American senior in command laughed. "Why," he said, "that gibberish is merely our submarine chasers calling to their mates."

And so it turned out, much to the relief of the British radio man. Our submarine chasers hunt in allotted packs, according to a system of their own. Inasmuch as there are scores of them, the Navy Department didn't bother to give them names, but allotted to each a number only. "S. C. 467," or whatever the number is, is the only titular dignity they get, painted in white on their sharp bows and liberally bestowed on other points of observation, such as the lookout and the bridge. Wherefore a system of operating names was devised for these terriers of the sea, and when they are out they call and are called by their allotted signals of associated words, purposely simple in order that there may be no mistake in memorizing and transmitting; and the gibberish is the code used in giving orders, which is constantly changed and susceptible to infinite variation. The following "Quack! Quack!" means that the order given is understood and has been executed.

From that day when the first quack sounded over British waters until now these tiny craft have been standing boldly out to sea, defying the waters and the winds, hunting the Hun submarines—scores of them, like as peas in a pod, ranging over their allotted areas on ceaseless quest for the murderous boche sea slug. And making it very uncomfortable for him, it may be said without revealing any naval secrets.

"What do you do when it gets so rough you can't stay out at sea?" I asked the skipper of one of them, a sturdy old salt aged twenty-five, who was a haberdasher who owned a motor boat in days of peace, and cut quite a dash with it on the waters adjacent to his home city.

Never Too Rough

"SON," replied this grizzled veteran of many a tussle with Neptune—and that goes literally—"son," he said, registering surprise at the landlubberliness that prompted so inane a question, "it never gets that rough."

That is the fact. It never gets that rough. I saw a number of these tiny gray terriers come nosing in from a trick at sea, some days of it, when the wind had been howling a gale and the waters had ceaselessly hurled over them, buried them, tossed them, heaved them, rolled them until it looked as if they never could stagger back to even keel again; when the storm had battered their small bridges, torn away their hamper, flooded their innermost recesses, forced them to live on cold food because the galley range couldn't be lighted, deprived them of even the comfort of a cup of hot coffee; when sleep had been impossible, and stirring about the ship an enterprise for a Blondin; when one-third of the crew on one boat were vomiting blood because of the intensity of their seasickness; when every man in each crew was dead for sleep, worn with watching, with every muscle aching from the labor and the bruises of the tossing. It hadn't been too rough for them. It couldn't be. They stayed out and finished their job, with no thought of homing until the trick was done. Too rough? Not for those American boys.

And as they nosed into the quay, these terriers, they shouted gayly at their mates on other chasers: "Hey, bo! Had contact with a Hun yesterday!" And they proceeded to tie up and get out on deck all their clothes, bedding, stores and other dripping gear to dry in the sun preliminary to nosing out again on the ceaseless quest. Not a word of complaint. Not a reference to the weather. Not a syllable about the lack of sleep and the incredible hardship of it all. Not a word save the exultant "Had contact with a Hun yesterday!"

The terriers of the sea—and bull terriers, at that!—quick, active, intelligent and courageous down to the last gasp; only a hundred and ten feet over all, and twelve and a half feet beam, with deck rising but a few feet from the water, and crowded and jammed with gear for finding and fighting submarines; twenty-four men on each craft, with

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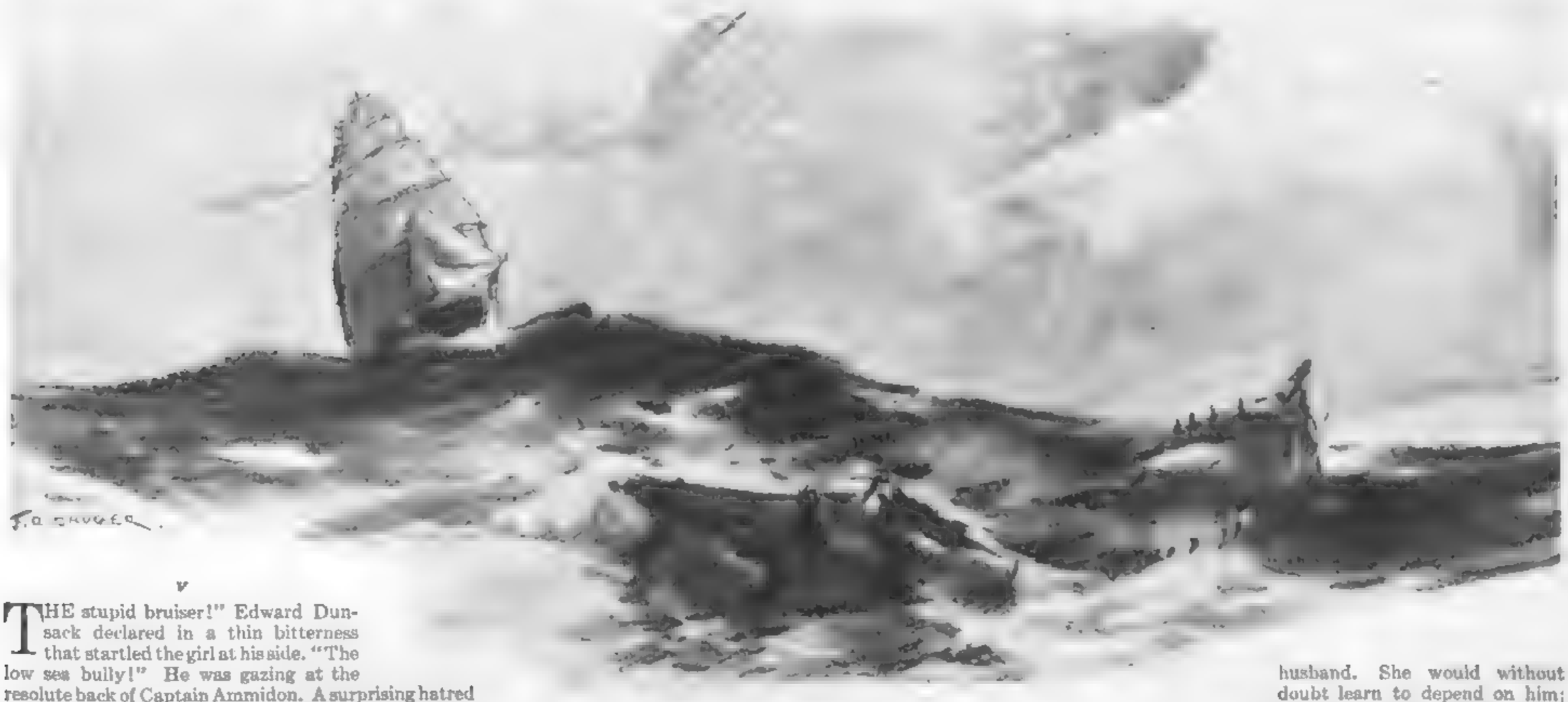
When They Get In They Must Turn To and Get Shipshape for the Next Foray

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



V

"THE stupid bruiser!" Edward Dunsack declared in a thin bitterness that startled the girl at his side. "The low sea bully!" He was gazing at the resolute back of Captain Ammidon. A surprising hatred filled him at the memory of the other's intolerant gaze, the careless contempt of his words. He thought, oddly enough, of the delicate and ingenious tortures practiced on offenders in China; the pleasant mental picture followed of Ammidon bowed in a wooden collar, of Gerrit Ammidon bambooed, sliced, slowly choking. . . . With an intense sense of horror he caught himself dwelling on these dripping visions. His hands clasped rigidly, a sweat stood out on his brow, in a realization that was at once dread and a self-loathing.

About him lay the tranquil Salem water, the still wharves, the familiar roofs and green tree tops. This wasn't Canton, he told himself, but America. There was Nettie; only a few streets away was his father's house, his own home, all solid and safe and reassuring. China was a thing of the past, its insidious secret hold broken. It was now only a dream of evil fascination from which he had waked to the reality, the saving substance of Derby Wharf.

"It's his domineering manner," he explained the outburst to Nettie; "all shipmasters have it—as if the world were a vessel they damned from a quarter-deck in the sky. I never could put up with them."

"He is very kind, really," she replied, looking away over the harbor. "It is so queer—marrying a Chinese woman like that. How will he ever get along with her or be happy?"

"He won't," Edward Dunsack asserted. "Leave that to time." He studied her attentively. "Was it anything to you?" he asked.

"It might have been," she acknowledged listlessly, her gaze still on the horizon. "He came to see me two or three times, quite differently from other nice men, and took me to a concert at the Philharmonic Society. He was getting to like me, I could tell that, when grandfather interfered ——"

"I see," Dunsack interrupted; "with the immorality of the supermoral."

"Whatever it was, he was past bearing. No one could blame Gerrit for getting into a fury. The next day I stood almost in this spot—it was late afternoon, too—and watched the Nautilus sail away. All the canvas was set and I could see her for a long time. When the last trace had gone it seemed to me that my life had sunk, too—out there."

"The old man's a fool," he said bluntly of his father. "How do you suppose he got hold of a Manchu?" he shifted his thought, addressing the stillness about them rather than his companion. "Don't imagine for a minute that you are superior to her," he told Nettie more directly. "There is nothing more remarkable. They must be gorgeous." A faint color stained his long cheeks. "What incredible luck!" he murmured.

He was thinking avidly of the women of China—the little gay girls like toys, the momentary glimpses of enameled faces in hurrying red-flowered sedan chairs, faces of ivory stained with carmine, in gold-crusted headdresses. A sudden impatience at Nettie Vollar's obvious person and clothes expanded to a detestation of an atmosphere he had but a minute or so before welcomed as an escape from something infinitely worse than death. Now it seemed impossible to spend a life in Salem. It would have been better, when he had been released by Heard & Co., to take the position open to him in the Dutch Hong.

He was in a continual state of such vacillation, as if he were the seat of two separate and antagonistic personalities; rather, he changed the figure, in him the East struggled with the West. It was necessary for the latter to triumph. The difficulty lay in the fact that the first was represented by an actual circumstance, while the other was only a dim apprehension, a weakened allegiance to ties never strong.

He cursed the extraordinary chance that, against every probability, had brought the chest of opium safely to him here. Its purchase had been the result of habit evading his will; he had dispatched it—in that seesawing contest—by a precarious route, half hoping that it would be lost or seized; and when he had seen the chest carried down Hardy Street to his door a species of terror had fastened upon him, a premonition of an evil spirit flickering above him in a turning of oily smoke. Why hadn't he pitched the thing into the water at the foot of their yard! There was time still; he would take the balls of opium and dispose of them secretly. A sudden energy, a renewed sense of strength flooded him. This distaste for Nettie changed into a pity at the ill luck that had followed her; she didn't deserve it. Generous emotions expanded his heart. He dreamed of taking hold of his father's small commerce in rum and sugar with the West Indies and turning it into a concern as rich and powerful as Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone.

Why not?

They, too, would have a big white house on Washington Square or Chestnut Street, with servants—Chinese servants—and horses and great ships sailing in, laden with the East. Why not, indeed! He, Edward Dunsack, had more brains than Jeremy Ammidon, that stiff old man with a face the color of a damask plum. His niece would go to all the balls at Franklin and Hamilton Halls, the injustice of her position overcome by an impressively increasing fortune. Abstractedly he patted her shoulder with a hand as long and gaunt and yellow as his face. All this would come as a result of throwing the opium into the harbor. It was as good as accomplished.

In the face of his prospective well-being he felt already the equal of anyone in Salem. If Gerrit Ammidon had married a Manchu lady it was his privilege—no, duty—to call and put his experience in things Chinese at their command. She would speak only a little if any English; no one here understood the preparation of her food—her delicate necessity for dishes not the property of an entire household; a hundred such details of which the infinitely cruder West must be ignorant. He thought complacently that he would understand her better than anyone else in Salem, in Boston, in America—far better than her husband. She would without doubt learn to depend on him; they would laugh together at the manners and people about them. Ammidon would be away for long periods on the China service ——

His dreams broke off with a sardonic laugh, a repetition of the tone in which he had objurgated the shipmaster. Such visions were the property of youth—and he was forty-two. Forty-two, and nothing more than a discredited clerk who had fled across the world from a shadow. But he was right—he had seen white men who had caught the breath of China accepting just such opportunities as the one offered to him after his dismissal by Augustine Heard. At the Dutch Hong he'd be expected to talk about his late employer. Such situations, he had realized in a rarely illuminating flash, were only temporary, a descending flight.

These men resembled the fate of, say, a brig sailing into the China Sea in all the perfection of order of the British Marine; at, perhaps, Hong-Kong, sold to a native firm, she would be refitted under an extravagant flag, and slowly the order would depart until in a slovenly tangle of rigging and defilement she'd be seen yawing on secret and nauseous errands.

A homely chime of bells was repeated from the town; suddenly the water of the harbor seemed faintly dyed with carmine.

"It will be getting on to supper," Nettie said.

They walked slowly from the wharf, turned silently into Derby Street and Hardy on their way home. Beyond the inner fence of the garden the thick uneven sod reaching to the water was dark and cool against the luminous flush of evening. A sound of frying and a heavy odor came from the kitchen, and Kate Vollar's voice informed them that the meal was ready.

Barzil Dunsack bowed his head over the table and pronounced a grace in startlingly resonant tones, the reverent humility of his words oddly emphasized by a sort of angry impatience. It seemed as if he at once subjected himself to his God and expressed a certain dissatisfaction with his forbearance. Edward Dunsack was plunged in the thought of the resolution he intended to fulfill that evening.

The throwing away of the opium had lost a part of its symbolic meaning. It now seemed even a little rash, when he could find an immediate highly profitable market—the opium had cost him seven hundred dollars in China. But he must, he realized, be firm. Afterward, in his room, facing away from the street over darkening yards and gables and foliage, he stood gazing at the chest of mango wood that held the drug. He unlocked and lifted the lid. On the tray before him were twenty balls, each the size of his two fists, wrapped in a hard skin of poppy leaves, and there was a similar number underneath. It was obvious that he couldn't carry a tray through the house, and he took out two balls, after which he secured the remainder.

He walked quickly down the stair and through the close turning of the lower hall that led through a side door to the yard. A pale rectangle of lamplight fell from the sitting-room window over a brick path and ground tramped bare

of grass; a clinking of dishes sounded in the kitchen. The sod was wet, and perhaps eight feet below the wooden buttress of the land the water showed impenetrably black.

Safely there he passed a tense hand over a brow suddenly wet; he was shaking as if in the grip of a chill. His condition needed drastic measures. The cold heavy opium gave out its tantalizing odor. In a minute it would be disposed of and he would go for more. He calculated that this necessitated twenty trips at the present rate—a bag might serve his purpose better.

He raised an arm with an opium ball, but his hand remained suspended in air. An inarticulate protest seized him, a suffocating sense of impending loss. He would never be able to get Patna opium here; it was a valuable medical property. His nerves shook at the thought of its delights. Then, as if without his volition and against every intention, his arm described a short arc, and his hand was empty. There was the impact of a solid object striking the water, a faint ripple on the motionless expanse, and then absolute silence.

He was aghast at his wanton act, the irreparable waste of a precious substance; and he cursed in a low audible Cantonese. Whose concern was it if he did very occasionally smoke a "pistol"? How could it possibly matter! The dreams about a great foreign commerce, a white house like the Ammidons', were futile; it was too late. He could expect nothing from life but the unspeakable monotony of his father's dwelling, the bare office. He had worked hard, been as full of splendid early resolutions as anyone, and he wasn't blamable if chance balked his ambition. A soul was nothing more than a twisting leaf in the wind of Fate. There remained only to take what escape was offered—golden visions, luxury, beauty beyond all earth.

His contrary determination seemed of less actuality than the imagined echoing of the splash that still hung in his brain. It was a thing far away, belonging to another time, another man; like the memory of a period of charming ignorance. The thought of it wove a strand of melancholy into his present mature realization like the delicate scent of blossoming trees borne to him on the evening air, barely perceptible and then lost in the pungency of the opium. The latter became, mystically, all China, the irresistible fascination that had gradually possessed his imagination, dulling the associations of his heredity and birth, calling him farther and farther into its secretive heart.

He returned to his room, where he put back the second ball in the tray of its chest. An extraordinary weariness hung over him; there was a sense of leaden weight in his arms and feet. Flashes of a different perception pierced his apathy. A voice, seemingly outside his being, whispered of danger, evil and danger. . . . A twisting leaf, he told himself again with his deep fatalism.

The memory of Gerrit Ammidon's crisp blue gaze, his vigorous gestures and speech, became an intolerable affront, representing the far lost point of his own departure. His contrary feelings met and grappled in his mind; but in the end the past, Salem, was always defeated, weaker, more faintly perceived. In a great many essentials, he told himself, he had become Chinese in sympathy and fiber.

The lamp threw a smooth gleam over the mango-wood chest, and he bent, turning the key in the ornamental brass lock. He could reconsider the disposal of the opium to-morrow; there was no hurry; he had no intention of becoming a victim to the drug. That would be stupidity, the negation of all the philosophy he had gained. Very occasionally——

His thoughts swung to the surprising fact of Ammidon's Chinese wife; if, as he had first suspected, she was a common woman of the port who had made a fool of the dull sailor, he perceived the making of a very entertaining comedy. There would be the keenest irony in exposing her to himself before the complacent ignorance of her husband. He knew such women; convicted in Chinese, perhaps before the entire Ammidon family, not a muscle of her face would betray surprise or concern. She might try to murder him, very ingeniously, but never would she descend to the intrigue, the lies of a Western woman placed in the same position. She'd stoically accept the situation. These visions ran rapidly, vividly through his brain; he was accustomed to them; a greater part of his waking life was filled with such pictures, infinitely more alluring, persuasive than the disappointing actuality. He got out of his clothes, and in a loose gown of black silk sat at his open window, his chin sunk in the palm of a hand, his face set against the night.

The next morning at the breakfast table he listened with a twisted mouth to his father's long dogmatic grace before meat. His sister sat opposite their parent, her gaze lowered in a perpetual amazement, her entire person stamped with a stupid humility. There was nothing humble, however, in Nettie; the crisp French coloring positively crackled with an electric energy; her mouth was set in a rebellious red blot. Studying her, Edward Dunsack saw that she was prettier than he had first realized on his return to Salem. He speculated over the story she had told him yesterday about Gerrit Ammidon's attachment. What an incredible idiot their father had been! Edward would have relished Gerrit as a brother-in-law; good would have come to them all from such a connection.

If he had been in America at the time no such error would have been permitted. With his counsel Nettie would have caught Ammidon beyond any escape. He wondered if the girl had actually cared for the shipmaster or if the affair had been nothing more than a sop to her wounded pride and isolation. In a way beyond his present understanding this seemed to be considerably important. If she had loved him no one could predict what her attitude might be in any future development of their contact; but if her pride only had been involved, injured, she might readily be an instrument for his own obscure purposes.

The office where Barzil Dunsack conducted the limited affairs of his West India trading was a small one-room building back of the dwelling. There was a high desk at which a clerk stood or balanced on a long-legged stool, a more formal secretary against the length of the wall, with a painted model of a full ship, the spars and standing rigging slack and the whole gray with dust, a built-in cupboard opposite, a dilapidated chair or so and a twelve-plate iron stove for wood. A window looked out across the grass to the harbor and another opened blankly against a board fence.

There Edward Dunsack made a column of entries in a script fine and regular but occasionally showing an uncontrollably tremulous line. He was conscious of this tendency growing through the past year, and he surveyed his writing with a feeling of angry dismay. Try as he might, with a frowning concentration, to pen the words and numerals firmly, presently his attention would slip, his hand waver ever so slightly, and a sudden stricken appearance of old age fasten on the characters. . . . By heaven, to-night he'd throw all that stinking stuff away!

Outside the day was immaculate, the expanse of the water was like celestial silk, such sails as he saw resembled white clouds. The early morning bird song had subsided, but a persistent robin was whistling from the grass by the open door. The curdlike petals of a magnolia were slowly shifting obliquely to the ground; he could hear the stir of Derby Street. He was inexpressibly weary of the struggle always racking his being; it seemed to him that in the midst of a serene world he was tormented by some inimicable and fatal power.

He fastened his thoughts on commonplace happier objects—on the page under his hand, the entries of Medford rum and sugar cane and molasses, and the infinitely larger affairs of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. There was no reason why he shouldn't call on Jeremy Ammidon's family. The latter had signified by his visit the desire to end the misunderstanding between them. He was as well born as Gerrit Ammidon; only ill chance had made them seem differently situated. Anyhow, unlike Canton, mere exterior position had comparatively little weight in Salem. The shipmasters, the more important merchants, arrogated a certain superiority to themselves; but it broke down before the inborn democracy of the local spirit.

That afternoon, he decided, he'd be in Pleasant Street; and later he dressed with the most particular care. A growing doubt seized him as he mounted the outside steps of the Ammidons' impressive house; but he crushed it down and firmly rapped with the polished knocker on the opened door.

The family, a servant told him, was in the garden; and he followed through a large white-paneled hall into a formal drawing-room and green space beyond. He was again uncertain before the number of people grouped about a summerhouse and apparently watching his approach with cold surprise. But Gerrit Ammidon stepped forward and greeted him with an adequately level civility.

"You know my father," he said, and Jeremy Ammidon, his heavy body in linen, above which his face was dusky, put out an abrupt hand. There was a Mr. Brevard, a slender unconcerned person in very fashionable but restrained clothes; William Ammidon's wife, a large woman in India muslin, handsome enough, Edward Dunsack conceded, in the American sense; a daughter of William's, a girl blooming into womanhood, far too vigorous and brightly colored for his taste; and Gerrit's wife.

The last had been hidden from him at first, and he saw her suddenly, completely. His surprise caused him to stand in an awkward suspense—never had he imagined that a woman, even a Manchu, could be so beautiful! He recognized in a score of unmistakable details that she was of irreproachably high birth—her satins were embroidered with the symbols of nobility and matrimonial felicity; the gold finger-nail guards, the jade and flowering pearls, her earrings and tasseled tobacco pouch and ivory fan, were all in the most superlative manner.

A deep pleasurable excitement filled him as he made his greeting in correct Chinese. The long delicate oval of her face showed no emotion at the sound of her native speech and she returned his periods in a slowly chosen mechanical English. Edward Dunsack thought that as he spoke an expression of distaste stamped Gerrit's features. However, he was left in no doubt. "My wife," the other instructed him, "prefers to speak English. That is the only way she has of picking it up."

A contempt filled Dunsack, which he was barely able to keep from his voice and manner. He nodded shortly, and subsided into a study of Taou Yuen so open that she must have become aware of his interest. Seated on the bench that circled the interior of the latticed summerhouse she moved so that he could no longer see her face.

Brevard was beside her, talking in a low amused voice: there was a ringing peal of laughter from Sidsall Ammidon and a faint infinitely well-bred ripple from Taou Yuen. The brilliant patch of her gown made an extraordinary effect in the Salem garden. Edward Dunsack recognized the scents that stirred from her, more Eastern and disturbing even than opium; there was a subtle natural odor of musk, the perfumes of henna and clove blossoms and santal. A curious double feeling possessed him in the split consciousness of which he was capable—he had the sensation of having come, in the suave afternoon garden, on overwhelming disaster; and at the same time he was enraged by the play of Fate that had given such a woman to Gerrit Ammidon, and denied him, with his special appreciation of Oriental charm, the slightest satisfaction. A more general hatred of Gerrit tightened to a consuming resentment at the other's blind fortune.

"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie Exclaimed, "You Scared Me, You Looked So Like a Chinee!"

One thing was unmistakably borne upon him—in spite of the courtesy he was meeting, it was clear that he could not hope to become a customary visitor at the Ammidons'. He was put definitely outside the community of interests in which Brevard easily entered. William Ammidon joined them, and something like astonishment at Dunsack's presence was visible on his complacent face.

He remained, however, in a stubborn resistance to small adverse signs, in the hope of gaining some additional facts about Taou Yuen. She had been, he learned, a widow, and Gerrit had married her with her father-in-law's consent, though the latter was a rich official. He wanted to ask a thousand questions, but he knew that, even if the Ammidons were too dense to grasp his curiosity, Taou Yuen would comprehend his impoliteness. Nowhere else could be found the wisdom and poise of a Manchu lady.

Jeremy Ammidon, in a lawn chair, a smoking cheroot in his fingers, asked him about affairs of Chinese government and commerce. As the old man talked he flushed darkly with quick indignation.

"The English have made our political diplomats look like stuffed gulls!" he declared. "Look at their orders in council and the British prize courts," he proceeded, waving his cheroot; "stop an American vessel anywhere and pretend to find a deserting English sailor. With the Treaty of Ghent and cod-headed commissioners and a Congress that wouldn't know a ship from a bread barge the country's going to hell on greased ways! I've said it a thousand times and any man not a complete ass knows that you can't run a government without a strong head. Locofocos," he muttered.

"Most of the Captains Like China," Taou Yuen Said. "They are So Far Away From Their Families ——"

Edward Dunsack listened to this tirade with an air of polite attention which hid completely the fact that he scarcely heard or comprehended a word. His thoughts were filled by the fragrant vision of Taou Yuen; already he was deep in the problem of how to see her again, to-morrow. It would be excessively difficult. Eastern women never, if they could avoid it, walked; and they were, he knew, entirely without the necessity that drove the women of Salem into a ceaseless round of calling and gossip. It was probable that, except to ride, she wouldn't leave the house and grounds. He cursed the chance quarrel that had set a customary void between the houses of Dunsack and Ammidon, the unfortunate affair of his sister and Vollar inescapably adding to the permanency of the breach; he particularly cursed Nettie. There, however, his mind took up the twisted thread of the vague possibility that the latter might be useful to him.

He was amazed at the way in which his premonitions fitted into the pattern of situations yet to be materialized. Edward Dunsack turned from his contemplation of Taou Yuen to a careful consideration of Gerrit Ammidon. The latter had a countenance which showed strong, easily summoned emotions. It was an intolerant face, Dunsack judged, and yet sentimental; and it was surprisingly young, guileless. At the same time it was unusually determined—an affair of uncomplicated surfaces, direct gaze, marked bone.

He questioned sharply, irritably, the length to which his projections had reached. What were they all about? The answer was presented by the glittering figure of the Manchu; she had risen and was standing in the entrance of the summerhouse. He thought with a jerking pulse of Oriental similes: She was a lotus woman, a green slip of willow, an ambrosial moon, a mustard flower. Her teeth were white buds, her breasts blanched almonds.

His entire life in China had been a preparation for the realization of the present moment. The sense of danger, of anger at Gerrit Ammidon, perished before the supreme emotion called up by Taou Yuen. He wanted to embrace her satin-shod feet, to cling to her odorous hands, such hands as were never formed outside of China, like petals of coral. Not only her bodily charm intoxicated him but the thought of her subtle mind added its attraction, its shadows never to be pierced by the blunted Western instinct, the knowledge of pleasures like perfumes, the calm blend of the eight diagrams of Confucius, the stoicism of the Buddhistic soul revolving perpetually in the urn of Fate, and of the Tao of Lao-tsze.

Brevard left with an easy familiarity, already planning a return, that filled Edward Dunsack with resentful envy. The sun had disappeared behind the house; long cool shadows swept down the garden; it was past time for him to go. A reluctance to move from the magic of Taou Yuen possessed him; he was unable to think how, when, he would next see her. He raged at the prohibition against speaking Chinese; that ability should give him an overwhelming advantage of Gerrit Ammidon. This was, of course, the reason that he had been virtually commanded to limit himself to English. Many of the forms of extreme Chinese courtesy were impossible to express in another language.

Finally he rose; in departing he emphasized the importance of Jeremy Ammidon—Taou Yuen should recognize and applaud that. He saw that she was watching him obliquely, her lips in repose, her hands still among the satin draperies. An American would have betrayed something of her reaction to him; he could have discovered a trace, an indication of her thoughts; but the Manchu's face was as inscrutable as porcelain. William Ammidon nodded, the old man responded to his leave-taking with a degree of warmness, Gerrit at least smiled in a not unfriendly manner. Edward Dunsack bowed to Taou Yuen, and she gravely inclined her head. He had a last glimpse of her glowing in the green light of the inclosure of rosebushes and poplars, emerald sod and twisting lilac trees.

At the supper table his sister's appearance in somber untidy black barège, Nettie's unrestrained gestures and speech, the coarse red cloth and plain boiled fare—all added to a discontent that he could scarcely restrain. With the utmost discrimination in delicate shades of beauty and luxury, he was yet condemned to spend his days in surroundings hardly raised above poverty-stricken squalor. Incongruous as it was, he could yet imagine Taou Yuen moving with a certain appropriateness about the Ammidons' spacious grounds and house; but he was absolutely unable to picture her here, on Hardy Street.

All the vivid scenes that continually formed and shifted in his mind gathered about Gerrit Ammidon's wife. He used this phrase in a contemptuously satirical manner; it was impossible for Ammidon actually to marry a Manchu. Such racial mating, he told himself, would be no true marriage. There were too many deep antipathies of flesh and spirit; the man was too—too stupidly normal. Sooner or later he would swing back to his own. With him, Edward Dunsack, it was different; he always had an inner kinship with China; at first sight its streets and sounds, odors and ways, had seemed familiar, admirable.

The realization of this, when his place with Heard & Co. collapsed, had sent him back to America in a strange dread. He remembered how the vague fear had followed him to Derby Wharf. Now he laughed at it, welcoming every Chinese instinct he had. They seemed to throw a bridge across enormous difficulties, bringing him finally to Taou Yuen.

He lingered at the table after supper, his head sunk on his chest, revolving the various aspects of his position. One thing was definite—he must have Taou Yuen; it was unthinkable that she should continue with Gerrit Ammidon. It needed skillful planning, tortuous execution, but in the end he'd get his desire. He had no doubt of that. It was necessary. If she opposed him she would discover that he, too, could be subtle, Oriental—yes, dangerous. None of the stupid inhibitions that, for example, bound his father interfered with the free exercise of his personal wishes. He was beyond primitive morality. An ecstasy of contemplation ravished his senses.

"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie exclaimed, "you scared me, you looked so like a Chinee!"

"There are no such people," he retorted sharply, exasperated by the vulgar error. Nettie was undismayed; and when in reply to a question she learned that he had been at the Ammidons' her surprise increased his irritation. He saw from her manner that his calling there had been at least unexpected. She interrupted the preparation of the table for breakfast, and dropped into a chair beyond him, her hands—the sleeves were rolled back to her elbows—clasped before her.

"You must tell me everything!" she declared eagerly. "What is she like? Do they seem happy? Did he hold her hand? Do Chinese women kiss? Is she tall or ——"

"I can't remember a question out of your rattle," he interrupted her.

He was about to give expression to his admiration for Taou Yuen, when he stopped, with tight lips. Here, perhaps, was the lever by which so much was to be shifted.

"She's Chinese," he said indifferently; "and that means yellow." Nettie made a gesture of distaste. "They seem to get along well enough. Of course it's ridiculous to call it a marriage, and it seems to me very questionable to impose it on the Ammidons as that. The thing is—how long will it last, how soon will he get tired of her and send her back to Canton?"

Nettie Vollar closed her eyes; her hands were rigid. The lamplight streaming up over her face showed Edward that it was tense and pale and answered a question. Her feeling for Gerrit Ammidon had been more than a mere hurt pride. In addition to that he saw beyond any doubt the proof of its existence still. This complicated his problem; inspired only by a resentment that he might fan into hatred, she would be far more pliable than in the grip of a genuine affection for Gerrit Ammidon. He understood the processes of the former, a flexible and useful steel; but no one could predict the vagaries, the absurd self-sacrifices of love. Well, he'd have to work with what offered. That, he realized, was the strength of his philosophy—he accepted promptly without vain regret the means that lay at his hand.

(Continued on Page 113)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 19, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Draft Ages

WITH great care, using all available data, the War Department worked out a set of tables showing how many soldiers might be expected from the different age classifications of men subject to the new draft.

It calculated that there were a little more than two million males aged nineteen and twenty, and that they would yield a little more than one million effective soldiers. As to males aged thirty-two to forty-five, it calculated the total number at slightly more than ten millions, and that they would yield barely six hundred thousand effective soldiers. Roughly, the net yield under the first age classification would be fifty out of a hundred; in the second age classification it would be only six out of a hundred; or, with roughly one-fifth the total number of men, the first age classification would yield nearly double the number of soldiers.

Only eight per cent of the young men would be married or have dependents. More than seventy-five per cent of the older men would be married or have dependents. Exemptions for industrial reasons would be relatively much more numerous among the older men than among the younger.

The tables show conclusively, and in a nutshell, why soldiers must be sought mainly among young men.

Better Times

IT IS not a bad antidote nowadays to glance back at eighteenth-century society on the pages of Fielding, Smollett, Defoe. In spite of this war's enormities it is a far better world to-day; men are much kinder and juster. Nowhere in the United States would a typical crowd, peacefully employed, at seeing a stranger stricken with death feel anything but pity. If they could not help him they would at least show respect for his condition. When Fielding was in the last stages of dropsy, having lost all use of his limbs, his countenance so ghastly that he presented "a spectacle of the highest horror," he was carried to a boat through a crowd, "few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery"; not that they knew who he was or had the slightest cause for personal ill will toward him, but because a man in his condition was a proper object of contempt and derision—as wolves are said to turn upon a lame member of the pack. In the same journal Fielding relates with approval this anecdote of his "ever-honored and beloved friend," Judge Burnet: A prisoner pleaded "It is hard, my lord, to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." The judge replied "You are not to be hanged, sir, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

It is a much better world. Nations that can present a valid claim to civilization grow kinder and juster.

The Other Side of the Debt

THERE cannot be a debtor without a creditor. If the Government owes thirty billion dollars, or whatever sum, at the end of the war it will be owing to citizens of the United States—twenty millions of them now; we may hope more than thirty millions finally. Every dollar of government liability on account of the debt is an asset for some individual bondholder. Every dollar the Government takes in taxes to pay interest goes to an individual bondholder.

Keep in mind that mainly whatever war consumes is produced during the war, and when war ends the citizens of the United States, taken collectively, will have paid and canceled the whole bill. They will have supplied all the steel, leather, cloth, food, powder, and what not, that the war has consumed. So far as they are concerned, taken collectively, the whole affair is forever over with. But the Government will still have an adjustment to make among its citizens. The man who saved and put money or credit at its disposal will hold its bond or stamp. It must assess the whole people to pay him his interest or principal.

Now, as a strictly economic proposition, without regard to the greater factors that make war horrible, the man who saves money during the war which he would otherwise have spent unprofitably and puts it into government paper comes out ahead of the game. He emerges with an asset—the best in the world—and with a more intelligent command of his income and outgo. Economically speaking, a great many people can be actually better off because of the war—depending upon the exertion they make to save right now. The option is open to you.

Business in Wartime

THE Tariff Commission has been investigating the condition of the glass industry and finds that in all branches war very seriously handicapped it. The supply of imported ingredients, notably potash, was cut off. Experimenting to discover domestic substitutes for these ingredients took a long time. There were great difficulties in transportation of materials and fuel and in delivering finished products. Some markets were lost. Some staple products could be turned out or disposed of in only limited quantities.

Nevertheless, commercial production has increased and the export trade extended to countries not hitherto reached in certain lines by American manufacturers. "The consensus of opinion of glass manufacturers is that war . . . has stimulated the industry to a remarkable degree, and been the principal factor in the development of a number of new branches of manufacture. . . . The information obtained by the commission warrants the conclusion that a new era has set in for the industry."

Of the chief foreign competitors, Belgium and France have suffered extensive destruction as to glass manufacture. Exports from Germany and Austria are shut off. We have already taken their places to an important extent in making optical glass, our product in that line now equaling the finest known in Europe before the war.

As to cheap foreign labor after the war one paragraph is significant: "Without the aid of a human hand an automatic machine now produces complete one-dram bottles at the rate of a hundred and sixty-five a minute. The labor cost is 'practically nothing,' said a manufacturer. In making window glass a machine blower in the most efficient American factory can blow a cylinder thirty-nine feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter in less time than a Belgian hand blower can blow one five feet long and fifteen inches in diameter."

There are few businesses for which war does not spell opportunity as well as handicap. The problem is to find and take advantage of the opportunities.

Inevitable Profits

IN ITS search for profiteers the vigilant Federal Trade Commission overlooked a round dozen of them; possibly it overlooked them because they are controlled by the United States Government.

The concerns referred to are the Federal Reserve Banks. They are agencies of the Government. Presumably, they are not operated for profit, but to perform certain important functions for the benefit of the public. Yet war has decidedly increased their profits because it has thrown an enormous volume of business into their hands. They handle this business under rules laid down by Congress and the Reserve Board appointed by the President. Those rules were designed for public benefit, not for profit. But because the volume of business has greatly increased, profits have risen, and it would be difficult to frame any practicable set of rules that would not have that result. Profits of the Bank of England have increased greatly, not because it is trying to gouge the public but because its volume of business has increased.

A large part of the profiteering that the Trade Commission did not overlook is due to the same cause. For any normal business that is soundly organized a rapid increase in the volume of trade handled and in the turnover of capital will raise profits—without any intention to gouge on the part of the management and without any oppressive practices.

Price fixing limits the rise in profits but does not prevent it. The way to deal with this inevitable phenomenon is by a war-profits tax.

Business After the War

A VERY able business man recently gave his associates his opinion of economic conditions after the war. He saw swollen prices, billions of inflated currency, heavy taxes, millions of soldiers looking for jobs when war's enormous demands for goods had ceased; strikes, turmoil, idle munition plants. He believed that looking back over war's vast senseless destruction men would feel a profound disillusionment. Times would be bad.

Within a week, as it happened, another business man, as able and of as great reputation as the first, gave his view of after-war conditions. He saw a far more abundant supply of money for industrial expansion than ever before, war-financing having disclosed unknown possibilities in that direction. He saw industry, thanks to war, much better organized than ever before; an ample labor supply and a better equipment than ever before for maintaining amicable relations between capital and labor. Taxes would be high, but production would be greater, giving a bigger fund to pay taxes out of. Reconstruction and deferred improvements would create tremendous demands for materials and labor. Manufacturers and merchants would have a new idea of the world's buying power. Plans that would have looked too big in 1913 would look small after the war. Coming of peace after this war nightmare would stimulate men, and as they looked back on the tremendous things they had accomplished since 1914 they would look to the future with higher hope and greater confidence than ever before. Times would be good.

Both of these men—one an Englishman, the other an American—were equally right.

If we look at it in the first way times will be bad. If we look at it in the second way times will be good. What business conditions are after the war will depend first of all upon the state of our minds. If we keep our courage, our punch, our common sense, try hard to harmonize our differences and pull together, we shall have good times. Otherwise we shall have bad times.

Price Fixing

OUR price fixing began in August, 1917. By that time England had in force a quite extensive system for the arbitrary regulation of prices by the government. But from July, 1914, to August, 1917, commodity prices in England, taken as a whole, advanced a hundred and twenty per cent; and in the United States only ninety-five per cent. By the spring of 1917 commodity prices in England had a little more than doubled since the outbreak of the war; and had increased about seventy per cent in the United States, where there was no political interference with their movement.

From then to the spring of 1918 prices in both countries advanced about ten per cent, though the incidence of government regulation was necessarily different in the two countries.

There will be here a fine field for expert investigation and debate after the war—to wit: As to what probable effect arbitrary price-fixing regulations really have upon the whole movement of commodity prices. We say an "arbitrary" price, meaning that the Government marks down a figure and says "This commodity shall sell at that price." Still it is not so arbitrary.

The Government must fix the price in view of conditions over which it has no control. Before the Government took a hand in the matter prices generally had risen eighty-five per cent since the outbreak of the war. Government fixed a price on wheat more than a hundred per cent above the pre-war price. Its price fixing was controlled by market conditions.

Government intervention since the war has deluded some people into the notion that Government can really shape prices at its will. In fact, it can do no such thing.

Game Laws of Location Hunters

By ROB WAGNER

A "NO SHOOTING" sign in Southern California does not necessarily refer to firearms; it may mean cameras; in fact, the machinelike clicking of the movie camera has long ago displaced the percussive resonance of the dear old shotgun and rifle, and incidentally there are more game wardens watching our sportsmanship than ever pursued the bird butchers.

Two factors have led to the increasing stringency of the game laws of movieland: One was the perfectly lawless shooting by the pioneers; and the other was—and is, to a large extent—due to the outrageous conduct of the comedy studios when on location. There is hardly a spot in the Southwest that has not been "killed"—or at least wounded—by the cinemaniacs, and the few locations that remain have become the most-sought-for prizes of this royal sport.

Take, for instance, the Yndart place in Pasadena, one of the most beautiful estates in California; and not a foot of it has been shot for a motion picture. True, some of our more enterprising poachers have concealed their cameras behind hedgerows and in laundry wagons, but no one has succeeded in filming any good stuff. Last week a Clingstone director set up his camera on the sidewalk and tried to shoot through the pickets, but pretty soon a gardener appeared with a bucket of Paris green, and wheresoever the camera was moved there he was, right in front of the lens, painting the fence. 'Tis said the director made his Nemesis use three buckets of paint—but the picture was not shot! Señor Orestes Yndart took a violent dislike to the moving pictures after having seen the San Gabriel Mission used as a background for a custard comedy.

Kind-Hearted Society People Sometimes Serve Tea to the Poor Struggling Actors

The Specialist in Backgrounds

IMAGINE, then, the challenge tossed at me when Ames, the director of production, poked his head into my office a week ago and said: "Hawley, we begin the Fairfax story on the tenth, and the old man is dead set on using the Yndart place. What can you do about it?"

"Well," I replied, "as they say in a certain disgusting language: 'The ghost is perfectly willing, but the meat is awful weak.' Tell the old man, with my compliments, that there isn't a chance. If anybody could get permission 'tis your little Georgie Porgie, for my good-looking Spanish mother is related to the Yndarts, but she can't budge the old boy an inch from his prohibition. Nor is there the slightest opportunity to steal the loke, for the prejudices have been communicated to eight caretakers and eleven dogs. The last pirates who tried to steal that location arrived offstage minus their trouser seats and two perfectly good cameras."

When Ames had gone, Miss Blowitz, my stenographer, turned and said: "Looks like a job for Miss Westlake. Perhaps she can land the place through his daughter, Carmelita. I often see their names together in the society columns."

This little dialogue may give some idea of the queer position I hold with The Filmart Motion Picture Company. I am the location man, and I am expected to find and arrange for any background the most vivacious scenario writer suggests. Is it Sahara Desert stuff? All right; out near Oxnard there are miles of rolling sand dunes. India? We have religious communities with the most exotic—and esoteric—Hindu environments. A location for a low-temperature romance? Wonderful snow stuff may be found up in Bear Valley and at Tahoe. Italy? Russia? China? Such touches are found in every cosmopolis.

My filing cabinet contains a photographic record of nearly every possible artistic need. Suppose the script calls for action outside a stage entrance. I turn to my location cards and find seventeen so catalogued. Others are labeled Italian villas, Spanish churches, prisons, parks, Chinatown, marshes, orange groves, cemeteries, cafeterias. On each card is pasted the photograph of the chosen spot, by the side of which we find the address, owner, party in charge, phone, light, distance from studio, price for shooting, and remarks. Under the latter head there will be notes like these:

"Owner friendly, but particular; won't have fire scenes or permit smoke pots." "Owner O. K., but Seventh Day Adventist—no shooting on Saturdays." "Keeps chickens; objects to explosions." "Owner a crab; can be reached through Henry Milton."

The qualifications for a location man are peculiar. He is supposed to be the grand little fixer, going about among the citizenry, arranging permission for our artists to register their flickering emotions wheresoever they will. Naturally he meets up with all kinds of bigots, crabs and extortionists who need subduing. This calls for qualities—not brains; as a result many of the studios have employed us personality guys beautiful fellows with distinguished fronts, charming manners and a studied technic for the glad hand and the mix. Besides my red hair and irresistibility the peculiar excellence I bring to my profession is the fact that I was born here—a very unusual accomplishment—and that I know every foot of the country from Mexico to Oregon. Besides, my social standing is secure as Gibraltar, for even my father saw his first sunrise in Los Angeles.

Not Like the Good Old Days

PEOPLE not living in movieland have an idea that everybody is tickled to death to let the picture companies shoot scenes in their front yards—just for the fun of seeing them made and meeting the actors. But this is not so. The townsfolk out here have developed certain prejudices, and in some places we are about as welcome as a colony of lepers. This is largely due to past profanities and the ever-increasing number of companies searching the highways and byways for something that has not been shot to death. Hence the necessity for regular departments, and location men who are hard of hearing when the villagers protest.

In the good old days—say five years ago—we could shoot anything, for the novelty of the adventure outweighed any inconvenience we might impose upon the

In the Sophisticated Village of Los Angeles Even "German Soldiers" in the Streets Will Attract Not the Least Attention

The English Hosts of This Bunch of Mummers are Not a Bit Shocked at "the Kaiser" Snooping About

Even the Lowly Mexican Has Learned That Location May Be Paid For

owners of locations. In fact, the first directors had no necessity for location hounds, but went about shooting whomever—and whatever—they pleased, and their pleasures were not temperate. It was this amazing assumption that the whole world was a public game preserve, with an open season lasting the year round, that finally brought the deluge.

I came into the work just as Bill Condon and the old Climax were passing into eclipse. In fact, I was with this famous director when he blew up. Bill was one of the greatest individualists of the period before the photoplay became a social product. He wrote most of his own stories and shot them just as he damn pleased. The man was a genius in his way, but he needed room. Though he functioned magnificently in the desert or the mountains where there was nobody to challenge his art, the city was likely to regard him as a pest. He was one of those single-purpose individuals who brook no authority or interference. Beginning life as a plumber he had been brought up in a profession that develops strong individualities, and when he became a movie director his ruthless methods were his greatest capital. As for locations, he just went out and took them, as though the owners or authorities were mere figures of speech. Had he wanted to shoot a scene in Westminster Abbey all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have kept him out.

Mira Vista Gets Fed Up

THE Climax at that time had a studio at Mira Vista, a small fashionable resort up the coast. Like many towns in those expanding days, the Mira Vistitas had been stricken with cinemasipelas, and through the efforts of the Boosters' Club and the C. of C. had induced the Climax to locate "in their midst," and actually had donated ten beautiful acres for their purposes. Naturally, Bill felt a proprietary interest in the town.

I was just out of college at the time and joined the company because of my social acquaintance in Mira Vista. It was up to me to mix in so that we could use the most exclusive sets in that modern paradise. It wasn't long, however, before the making of pictures began to bore the ennuied inhabitants of this overrich colony, most of the overlords having come to California for rest and refuge from a tempestuous world; and soon complaints began to pour in telling how our beautiful heroes and hero-ines had broken ferns, trampled flower beds, and even splashed into the most private sanctuaries of the owners. One protest stated that an epicurean horse had eaten a horticultural delicacy costing the owner twelve hundred dollars, while another insisted that a bunch of ill-mannered extras had made way with two boxes of panetelas, a tin of cigarettes and three bottles of expensive strong waters from the library buffet!

Then the authorities, who had been so enthusiastic about our coming to Mira Vista, began to grow churlish—and all because Bill regarded the business section of the town as a bunch of sets designed for his personal use. Feeling he had carte blanche to go the artistic limit, he pulled some fire scenes that broke every sacred ordinance and held up traffic for two of the busiest hours of the day. I remember one occasion of a tradesman coming out and complaining that we were holding customers away from his shop and the firemen squirting him with their hoses! It was a grand joke. Then one day we got a letter from the Benedicts telling us they objected to having Indians yelping up their cañon.

"Well, whaddaya think o' that?" sniffed the great Bill Condon. "Where do they think Indian pictures are made? In Indianapolis? If they don't like my Indians, why don't they drive 'em out? I'd like to shoot a picture like that. Say, Hawley, what's the matter with these here mutts? They ast us up here, didn't they? And gave us this lot, didn't they? Well, why didn't they investigate before gettin' so damn cordial? If they don't like our business, why don't they move?"

In rendering abstract justice one must endeavor to get both points of view. From Bill Condon's: Imagine the nerve of a lot of millionaires inviting a movie company to their exclusive colony, because of the social pep it would introduce into their shattered lives, and then bellyachin' because lions are creatures of the night! One can't make animal pictures without animals—can one? Yet the night songs of our lions evidently disturbed the servants' rest and frightened the coming generation of millionaires. And it was not alone the roar from the jungle that got their aristocratic goats—it was the aroma. Whenever the wind was in the right direction, even the orchid houses and wine cellars were no refuge from that grand old menagerie bouquet. But the real break came when Bill shot his famous whale story. I must tell of this, for its consequences were a turning point in the fortunes of the moving-picture industry.

Bill Condon's Whale Drama

FIVE years ago the jungle drama was in its glory, and when it came to the animal stuff Bill Condon was a bear. He had shot everything from trained fleas to elephants and ostriches, and was looking for new zoölogical worlds to conquer. Then one day Stanley Barryworth came in from a deep-sea story and announced that they had passed a dead whale about ten miles off shore.

"A whale! Ju-duss-preast!"

Quick as a flash those moving-picture brains of Condon's were at work. Here, indeed, was a new beastie! If one could have peeked in the director's fertile sconce he would have been amazed at its kaleidoscopic workings: Alaska; fishermen sight whale; harpoons; fight with monster; revenue cutter sighted; fishermen frightened; beach whale; fight between whalers and U. S. officers; Harry LeGrande captured by whalers; tortured; Harry rescued by beautiful Eskimo maid—Bessie Flopit; love stuff; more fight; capture of whalers; Bessie squares whalers; banquet on beach; more love stuff; fade out with Bessie and Harry standing on the whale in tight clinch; silhouette against aurora borealis.

It is the men with wits like Condon's who made scenario departments so utterly useless.

The scheme was to run out, capture the brute, anchor him beyond the kelp,

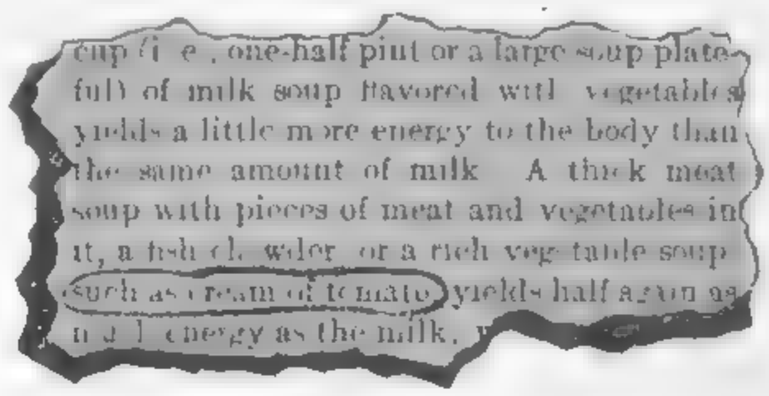
(Continued on Page 99)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE JESSE LASKY FILM CO. PLAY—"

Lady Fingers and Cheese Crackers Will Not Satisfy Our Hungry Extras

If the Station Master Won't Stop the Train for a Simple Scene Like This—Then We Buy a Ticket and He Has to Flag It

"With vigor and vim in body and limb—
Campbell's Tomato just keeps me in trim!"


cup (i. e., one-half pint or a large soup plate-ful) of milk soup flavored with vegetables yields a little more energy to the body than the same amount of milk. A thick meat soup with pieces of meat and vegetables in it, a fish chowder, or a rich vegetable soup such as cream of tomato, yields half again as much energy as the milk.

So says the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

The above extract is a *photographic reproduction* from the *Weekly News Letter* issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Notice that it says a Cream of Tomato Soup yields 50 per cent more energy than the same amount of milk. This fact—proven by the dietary specialists of the Department—is one evidence of the exceptional food value you get from

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a wholesome stimulus and appetizer but it has a special value in strengthening digestion and aiding the body processes which create energy and vigor.

By means of the improved Campbell method we retain completely the remarkable tonic properties of the fresh vine-ripened tomato in this tempting soup. And we heighten these qualities by skilful blending with other choice ingredients.

The contents of each can just as you receive it produces two cans of rich soup, perfectly cooked and seasoned—ready to serve on your table in three minutes.

Simply by adding milk instead of water, you have a Cream of Tomato that is full of pure nourishment, delicious and economical. It involves no cooking cost for you, no labor, no waste.

You can make it even heartier by adding croutons, grated cheese, boiled rice or noodles. Served in any of these ways it becomes in itself a substantial part of the meal.

The practical way is to order *Campbell's Tomato Soup* by the dozen. In this way you save extra deliveries, and have it right at hand when you want it. How is your supply today?

21 kinds **12c a can**

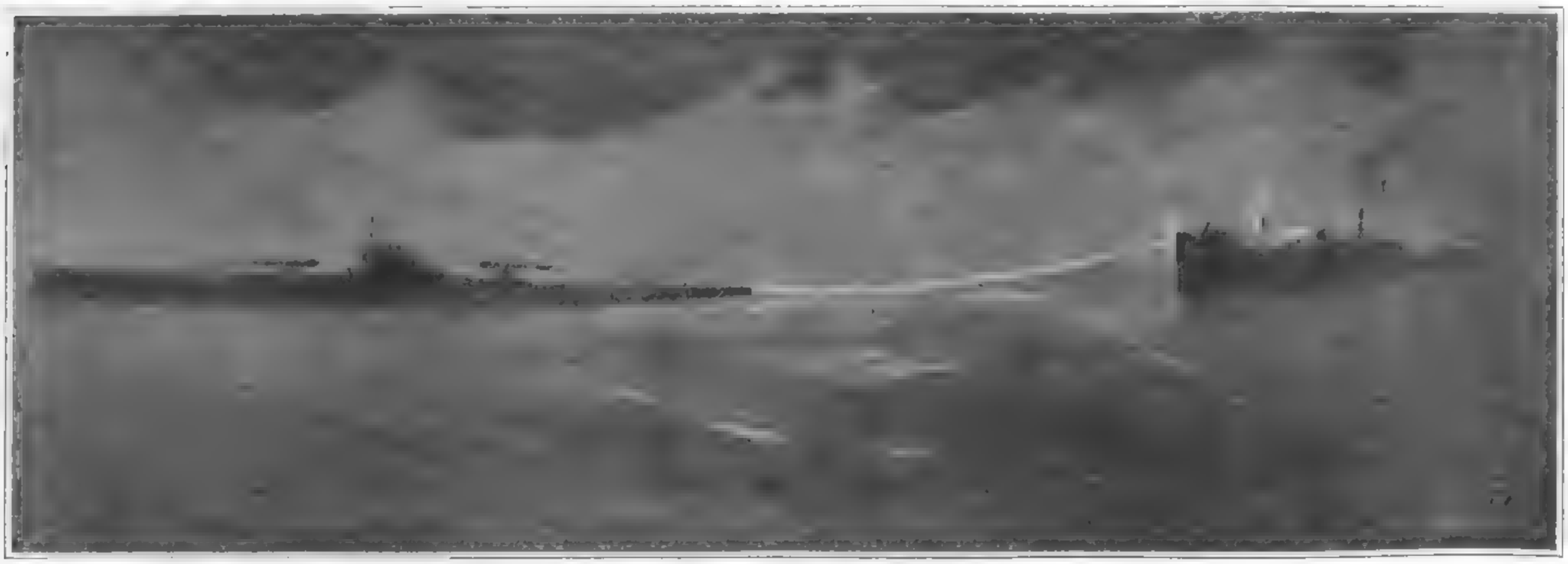
Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HIGH TENSION

By Henry Leverage

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK



The Coupling Link Between Sub and Freighter Grew Incandescent

WHEN little Josephine Haff broke a bottle of pure grape juice over the wooden stem of the war freighter she christened it the Blue Pigeon.

It took the ways and glided out into the murky waters of the Penobscot. It was engined, rigged and brought round to Boston in the short time of eighteen days.

There at India Wharf a cargo was placed aboard which had been brought up in sundry ships from the mouth of the Amazon. This cargo, to the weight of five thousand tons, consisted of crude rubber for England and France.

The American Shipping Board's flag hung at the jack staff of the Blue Pigeon as she cleared the port and set out for her convoy. American seamen had quartered themselves in the fo'castle of the freighter. Marines to the number of a score, under the leadership of a Hartford ensign, attended to the little details of two four-inch guns which had been mounted on the forepeak and the quarter-deck of the Blue Pigeon.

In one way only did the freighter differ from other ships of the same wooden construction: She was electric-driven. Her eighteen-hundred horse-power turbines were direct-coupled to a dynamo, which in turn was connected to a driving motor—the shaft of which was also the propeller shaft of the Blue Pigeon.

It was believed by the sharps of the Shipping Board and the designers of the Blue Pigeon that a considerable saving in coal and engine-room force could be gained by the electric drive. It was expensive to install and somewhat theoretical in design, but as McGovern, of McGovern & Sterne, had stated: "What other way is there to secure a considerable reduction in speed between a turbine and a propeller?"

The great electrical shops at Poughkeepsie had furnished the after-equipment of the freighter. They had also sent along an electrician who saw to it that a careful record was made of the Blue Pigeon's voyage as a guide for future installations of a similar nature. Ditmar had come aboard at the India Wharf. He was a wizened dwarf who wore bifocal glasses and perpetually smoked long Wheeling stogies which stank worse than German cigarettes.

Micky McMasters, captain of the Blue Pigeon, had turned Ditmar and his luggage over to Mike Monkey, first engineer of the freighter. Mike had taken one sharp glance at the form of the electrician, then had led the way down through the engine-room gratings and pointed out a cubby-hole or ditty-box which was defaced with pictures of play actresses, left there by a member of the trial crew.

"And may he stay there with his volt-meters and am-meters and his rope-yarn stogies!" declared Mike to McMasters. "That lump ov slag—an electrician? He's an anarchist wot's escaped from Ellis Island. He don't know a high-speed turbine from a music box. He's a cross-compound between a smoke bomb and a camouflaged amateur. He don't bring us no luck either."

Micky stared out over the bridge-rail canvas of the freighter and studied the speckless sea which bowed ahead in a sparkling wilderness of crisscrossed waves.

Boston harbor lay astern. The New England coast was fast disappearing into the gloom and the swelter of the dying day. A red sun was going down through the land haze like a cherry in a dark-brown cocktail

"You'll keep your opinions to yourself!" the little cockney skipper of the Blue Pigeon exclaimed. "You wouldn't know a bloomin' electrician if he shocked you with ten thousand volts. You're a Clyde-bank man who can see only steam and crown sheets."

Mike Monkey grasped the bridge rail with the strength of two grimy sets of fingers. He squinted forward and blinked his lashless eyelids. He gulped twice.

"I ain't no lightning conductor," he admitted, "but the likes ov that lump of clinkers wot the Shippin' Board sent to us ain't goin' to teach me anythin' about electricity. Ain't I been runnin' dynamos on ships for the four bloody years ov the war? Ain't ye always had a light in your cabin?"

"Sure!" grinned Micky, resting his hand on the engine-room telegraph. "Sure! Sometimes it was a candle and sometimes it was a deck lamp what the galley boy brought. You were always short-circuited. 'Alf the time you were tinkering with connections."

Mike turned on the bridge and glared toward the engine-room companion. "That Ditmar," he said, pursing his lips in and out—"that electrician what's come aboard to make a report to the makers ov th' electric drive reminds me a wee bit ov the lad who installed the balanced draft on the old freighter Ivanhoe out ov the Mersey. He fiddled an' fiddled, an' the first thing you know we burnt out the tubes an' tube sheets. He didn't know a Scotch boiler needs nursin' like a bairn. The same is the case ov this electric drive. It's workin'. Let it alone—I say."

Micky nodded at this. The Blue Pigeon was gliding across the sea at the steady rate of eleven knots. Her wooden hull and side timbers had found themselves over the period of the trial trip. She was the largest ship of her construction in existence. Five months before her launching the birds were building nests in the trees out of which she had been fashioned.

Mike Monkey summed up the patent drive of the freighter with a last rasp toward electricity and gear reduction.

"Ships nowadays," he said, fishing in the grimy pockets of his short jacket for a plug of tobacco—"ships are not the same. I minds the time when we had five triple-door return-tubular boilers, four expansions, with the high and low together and the intermediates close-set by the stoke-hold bulkhead, an' a slow-movin' propeller what did the work with judgment and percision. Wot have we got now?"

Micky McMasters heard the little engineer grind his yellow teeth and simmer like a caldron over a hot fire.

"Wot have we got now? I'll tell ye wot! We got a battery—they call it—ov automatic-stoker boilers wot can't be repaired. We got patent CO_2 compensated draft. We got a whinin', whirlin' turbine wot drives a whackin' rotar-generator; an'—an' behint all this is a switchboard an' a water rheostat an' a slow-speed motor wot's big enough to dam the Clyde. All this I have detected in the engine room an' stokehold ov this ship. There's other contraptions too numerous to mention. D'ye mean to tell me—a first engineer with seven certificates—that it takes that paraphernalia to drive a ship?"

Micky McMasters hadn't intimated anything. He rounded upon the Scotch-Irish engineer with close-bitten words:

"Below!" he barked like a Boston bulldog. "Stow your jaw tackle and get down to your electricity. Wiggle the volts and 'ump up a knot more speed. We're meetin' the convoy hoff 'Alifax waters. We ain't meetin' it if you don't slam on some more juice!"

"Juice," grinned Mike Monkey. "Juice is good! I'll take it out ov that Ditmar fellow. I'll make him eat his damn kilowatts."

Mike swung off the bridge of the Blue Pigeon and bounced from the deck. He hurried aft and disappeared down the engine-room companion with a last glare toward the form of the little skipper.

Swarming through the iron ladders like an agile creature of the jungle, he reached the polished plates of the engine room. He stood swaying before the huge cylinder which contained the single-direction turbine and the high-speed generator or dynamo. From this ran great cables in conduits the thickness of a man's leg. These cables terminated in a switchboard with an automatic control that could be worked by push buttons from a score of positions on the ship.

Blinking and working his tobacco into a ball of ire, the engineer searched about for Ditmar. He saw an oiler appear from the shaft alley and wipe his hands on a dainty piece of waste. He stooped and stared at the high casing aft the switchboard. It reached from the lower skin of the freighter to the sweep of the deck beams. It was stayed to the side ribs. It was, according to the builders, a direct-current, low-speed reversible motor with an infinite number of speed changes. Its shaft, gleaming brightly in the half light of the engine room, was direct-coupled to the propeller shaft of the ship.

"So help me"—blurted the first engineer—"so help me, if I ever thought an engine room could be like this! It ain't possible—even if I see it. Where's all the romance ov steam gone? A turbine an' a generator an' a motor an' a four-eyed lump ov a designer wot thinks in microfarads and measures the coal consumption by means ov a slide rule an' a table of lograthams—wotever they are."

Mike was steaming up for an explosion. He darted his eyes about the engine room, turned, spat to the polished plates and started toward the stokehold, which was forward the second bulkhead.

He ducked beneath a strong door and stood erect. Before him was a well-arranged battery of Scotch boilers—two on each side of the ship. Beyond them loomed the bilge pumps, force-feed pumps, injectors and a maze of piping which terminated in the sea plate.

Ditmar, in shirt sleeves and with a foot-long stogie canted in his mouth, had one door open. The stoker who stood by his side held a pyrometer, whose end had been thrust into the coals. The designer and electrician was taking notes every so often.

Mike stiffened like a policeman who has detected a felon on his beat. He leaped across the fire-room plates, reached and wound a skinny pair of arms round the electrician.

He shouted, for all the ship to hear: "Ye miserable lump ov slag! Ye fiddlin' fool! Ain't the skipper asked for more speed on the hooker? How we goin' to do it with ye akeepin' furnace doors open? Out with ye an' your damn tests!"

Mike accompanied the order by a vigorous thrust in the general direction of the engine room. Ditmar skidded, slipped and fell over a coal scoop. He rose and searched

(Continued on Page 26)

THE quota of *Comfort Cars* which we are authorized by the Government to build, will soon be exhausted.

Hupmobile manufacturing resources are being speedily converted to the war service of the nation.

While turning whole-heartedly to war-work, we look forward to the triumph of our arms and the resumption of usual business at a not far distant day.

Until that great day dawns, we feel perfectly secure in trusting Hupmobile reputation to the performance of those *Comfort Cars* now in the hands of their owners.

It is your patriotic duty to double your subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan

Continued from Page 24

about for his glasses. He dropped his stogie as he secured them and wiped the coal dust from their surfaces.

"I'll report you," he said, too softly for Mike to notice. "I'll inform the designers and owners that you refused to allow me to make a comprehensive test of the relation of CO_2 draft on the influence of differentially compensated direct-connected generators and motors. I shall!"

Mike mopped his brow with the sleeve of his jacket. He coughed behind his hand as the electrician disappeared through the bulkhead door after a venomous glance in the general direction of the boilers.

"A hae put my foot in it," Mike said, reaching and snatching up the Wheeling stogie. "A hae gone an' done it. Likewise I got a chew!" His jaws clamped down on the stogie as he turned and stared at the grinning circle of coal passers and stokers. His expression changed as he caught the reflected glow from the open door where Ditmar had been making his observations.

"Shut that!" he snarled savagely. "Build the steam, ye muckers! She's droppin' to the two-hundred mark!"

Shovels scraped as Mike made his way through the engine-room bulkhead, shot a shrewd glance toward Ditmar's cubby-hole, then mounted the ladders and stood at the railing round the deck companion for a breath of air.

He chewed with his yellow teeth, grinding the stogie to a pulp. He blessed Wheeling that the cigar was long enough to suit his appetite. He spat now and then over the wooden rail of the freighter. His grease-rimmed eyes swung till they fastened on the bridge of the freighter.

Micky McMasters stood against the canvas rail with his elbows crooked in the attitude of a man who was searching for something. In Micky's hands rested a decrepit telescope which had been bent and straightened like an ancient candle.

Mike leaned outboard and stared over the wild waste of waters. Night had almost fallen on the sea. Ahead of the plunging freighter a light shone, pale and yellow. It rose and fell. It was on the low masthead of a destroyer which had followed the Blue Pigeon out of Boston Harbor.

"The first convoy!" grinned Mike. "We're under the benevolent protection ov the Seven Nations. We're armed with two four-inchers. But ——"

Mike removed the cud of tobacco, stared at it with deep concern, then popped it back into his mouth. "But," he continued, "we're loaded chock-a-block with fine Para rubber. Like as not the damn Kaiser's automobile needs tires. Like as not it does!"

The morning dawned damp and cheerless. Micky hurried the freighter along with every pound of steam he could coax from Mike Monkey and the stokehold crew. He personally dropped below the gratings and held a long talk with Ditmar. The electrician and designer had little to say concerning the first engineer's treatment. His mind was filled with figures and facts. He dwelt for some lengths on the advantages of turbo-driven generators and slow-speed motors. He declared behind his stogie that they were going to revolutionize ocean freightage.

Micky climbed to the deck with his head in a maze. He knew no more about electricity than the average housewife. He believed that it came from the clouds or lightning. He could see its results, however, and they were good. The Blue Pigeon, for all her beam and dead-weight tons, walked across the surface of the deep at the set speed of twelve knots. There was no vibration to speak of. The huge propeller astern moved at the stately rate of seventy-five revolutions a minute. The indicator counter on the bridge had not varied three per cent over two watches.

"Blym fine boat!" the little cockney told Red Landyard, his Yankee mate. "She's made of green timber and wooden treenails. She's born of the war out of the brains of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. She's well hated too—by Mike Monkey!"

The mate glanced at the engine-room companion. For a wonder the first engineer was not perched at the head of the ladder.

"Mike and that guy with the glasses don't hitch—do they?"

Micky grinned. "Not has you can notice," he said blithely. "They're of two bloomin' schools as wide apart as Rotherhithe and Mayfair. Mike knows steam, but Ditmar knows juice! Juice is the coming stuff. 'Them U-boats run on juice and meanness. They collect the juice while they're stewin' on the surface of the deep."

The Yankee mate leaned over the bridge rail and glanced keenly toward the smudge of smoke which marked the convoying destroyer. He squinted his eyes and reached for a pair of twelve-diameter glasses which were racked in the chart rack.

"More ships!" he announced to Micky after a careful search of the sea beyond the four-inch gun on the fo'castle of the freighter. "Many more ships, well to the north'ard! That's the fleet waitin' for us—I guess!"

"There's a sausage balloon over the farthermost starboard cruiser," confirmed Micky after a minute survey through his battered telescope. "Hit's the fleet for blighty—well convoyed. Wouldn't wonder if we get back 'ome safely."

The destroyer ahead of the Blue Pigeon hoisted an arrangement of four flags from her bridge halyards. Micky reached to the chart rack and fished forth a well-thumbed code book. He went through its pages. He glanced up once or twice and squinted at the signal intended for him.

Replacing the book with a start he blurted: "Tell that swab of a first engineer to turn on more juice. The destroyer reports U-boats in the regular Atlantic lanes. Says we're to join the fleet with circumstance and dispatch. Don't 'e know we're steamin' to the limit of our ability—which is considerable?"

The mate picked up the speaking tube and held discourse with Mike Monkey. He dropped the tube as if it were hot. He turned toward the dancing skipper, who had already acquainted the two gun crews that Diesel-Fische were to be expected.

"Mike says Ditmar has disconnected a part of the switchboard. He says anything is liable to happen." The mate blinked and stared at the speaking tube.

Micky gulped. He strode to the lee rail and hauled in on the log line. Drawing a silver watch from his pocket he timed one hundred revolutions. He checked this timing with the tail-shaft indicator.

"We're doin' well enough," he said to Red Landyard. "'Ere's 'opin' we always do as good. That electrician has cut out everything but speed. I figure 'e knows 'is business. If anything's wrong hit's that damn cinder-savin' Mike Monkey. 'E's husbandin' on steam—that's what 'e's doin'!"

The freighter wallowed through a cross sea of harrowed waves. The bow dipped and lifted. The gun crews coiled about the guns in the manner of men who know their position. Lookouts swarmed up the standing rigging, which was of steel wire rope, and searched the surface of the ocean. No periscope or white water showed.

Nearing the collected fleet out of Halifax and other Atlantic ports the Blue Pigeon rounded, sheered off thirty degrees and awaited orders as the screw died slowly to headway and fifty revolutions.

A plume of white smoke shot up from the farthermost destroyer. An answer came from the sausage balloon, which was hovering above the fleet like a hawk over a brood of chickens

Micky reached for the engine-room telegraph as a gun was fired from a black-and-white camouflaged cruiser of the Berwick class.

"We're off!" he said, ringing for full speed. "They've set twelve knots all the woiy across the western ocean. I 'ope we can stay with the bunch to blighty. It'll be a test for Ditmar and his lightning juice. 'Ear the screw thrashing. She's modern—she is!"

(Continued on Page 28)

Their Ugly Snouts, Their Belching Guns, Their Sea-Gray Conning Towers—All Drove the Spike of Despair Into the Little Skipper's Heart

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

LET us confess our debt of gratitude to the Government.

Working for America has been the finest thing that ever happened to the Cadillac.

It has inspired us to guard more jealously than ever the scrupulous character of Cadillac construction.

It has quickened our zeal to build a motor car worthy of the highest and most honorable traditions of the nation.

When fine motor cars are thought of after the war, we want America and the Cadillac to be forever linked together the world over.

Our ambition is that no motor car as fine as the Cadillac shall pass under the supervision of this or any of the allied governments.

We are vastly more interested, now, in continuing to deserve the approval of our Government, than in any new business that could possibly come to the Cadillac Company.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from Page 26)

Nightfall and a velvet void through which the freighter glided like a shadow within a shadow found the turbine engine and the motor dynamo of the Blue Pigeon working into harmony and musical perfection. The soft whine of the brushes from the direct-current driving unit called across the water. It was like a pæan to progress and invention.

The convoyed group of ships consisted of nine freighters, two transports and a supply collier with derrick masts. Its formation was such as to offer the smallest mark for lurking U-boats. The outer fringe of destroyers resembled the firing line of a Flanders trench. The inner resistance to attack would be the supplementary destroyers, cruisers and the well-manned guns on the freighters.

Micky had opened his orders received from the British Admiralty by wireless. He was to proceed with the fleet until such time as a determined assault should justify full speed ahead and a fan formation for the entire fleet. In this event each ship was to take care of itself and proceed to its port of call unconvoyed.

Leaden sky and gray-surfaced ocean gave place to bright days and a sparkling sea, over which the great fleet proceeded in much the same manner the India boats had avoided Napoleon's attempts to reduce the sea power of Great Britain.

Mid-Atlantic was reached. Mike had widened the barrier between himself and Ditmar by a general air of superiority and a strutting glide that was crusted with ego. The first engineer declared that the electric propulsion was an open book to him. He went further and confided to his second engineer that Ditmar was only an apprentice from a big shop, and as useless as a grease cup on a fire box.

Micky was far too busy obeying his instructions and avoiding the other ships of the fleet to realize that a hate had been sown within the engine-room staff which might lead to dire results. Mike was in charge of the engines. Ditmar had no power to give orders. He held the precarious position of a supercargo who kept stock of amperes and volts and kilowatts, and who made many heat tests as to the rise in temperature of armature coils and compound-wound fields when under fifty per cent overload over long periods of time.

The deep peace that had brooded over the freighter and the western ocean was broken as a bubble bursts in calm air. Mid-Atlantic had been passed on the northern, or summer, route. A leading destroyer had poked her sharp, straight bow three leagues ahead of the fleet. This destroyer suddenly changed from a gliding gray shadow to a leaping thing of steel and crimson flame. It flung its signals to the bridge halyards as it wirelessed the warning.

No less than five supersubs of a new construction, mounting seven-inch guns fore and aft, had risen from the surface of the sea and taken observations which were calculated to prove serious to the advancing fleet.

Micky had caught the scurrying flurry that had struck within the armada. He had acted as instructed. The wheel of the Blue Pigeon was brought up fully twenty degrees. This maneuver swung the wooden stem of the freighter toward the south. She barely missed the long overhang of a Great Lakes boat which was loaded to the Plimsoll mark with copper ingots. The torrent of anathema that descended from the demibridge of the freighter was followed by the warning calls and shouts from the derrick-masted collier, across whose bows Micky had sheered.

Thrusting his fist out over the lee rail of the Blue Pigeon the little skipper let loose a volcano of choice Rotherhithe and Billingsgate as he straightened the course sufficient to pass the collier and at the same time take the opening that offered for safety and sea room.

He rang for all speeds. He danced on the bridge as he snatched for his decrepit telescope.

He turned and shouted to the Hartford ensign: "Load and fire! Fire at anything! There's five subs on the port quarter! Five bloomin' Hun fishes; and they're all hafter hour cargo of Para rubber!"

Red Landyard, the Yankee mate, stripped off his pea-jacket and joined the crew of the forward gun. The freighter plowed southward with a belching funnel and her turbine whining across the waters as Mike and the stokehold gang built the fires in the Scotch boilers.

Above the whine of the turbine sounded the humming dynamo, which was doing its best to answer the call for more current to the driving motor. This motor had its field coils multiplied and all its resistance cut out at the rheostat. Ditmar, with stogie extended and eyes brightened, hovered about the big inclosed drum and listened for warning sounds. He adjusted the brushes with the hand control. He worked in the gloom like a spirit to electricity. He tested the bearings and poured two gallons of lubricating oil into the ring oilers where they opened on the top of the supporting blocks.

The speed of the Blue Pigeon reached thirteen-point-eight knots. Beyond this it would not go. Micky danced upon the bridge and hurled choice cockney oaths down through the speaking tube. Now and then the little skipper shot a swift glance astern. His eyes were narrowed to the lurking possibilities. The fleet had scattered like wild geese before a hunter's gun.

A supersub emerged a scant three miles to windward of the freighter and let fly a seven-inch projectile, which soared over the Blue Pigeon's funnel and kept going with a noise like a window shade flying up. A second sub emerged and joined in the pursuit. They gained slowly. Their ugly snouts, their belching guns, their sea-gray conning towers with sparlike periscopes—all drove the spike of despair into the little skipper's heart. He held on grimly. He saw scant hope. The surface speed of the U-boats, with their high-powered Diesel engines, was all of fifteen knots. They had been designed to run down and destroy the middle-speed war bottoms which America was launching in ever-increasing numbers.

The Designer and Electrician Was Taking Notes Every So Often

The stern of the fast-flying freighter as she bored her way toward the south and east was a fair mark. A raking shot cleared the jackstaff, smashed the after-gun platform and burst full and square beneath the forward-gun platform, after shearing some of the stays of the funnel and carrying away two of the stanchions of the bridge.

This shot was followed by a deluge of shrapnel, which was designed to clear the upper works of the freighter and otherwise trim her speed. The Diesel-Fische had the range and they used it. There was no avoiding the hurricane of Krupp steel which avalanched upon the American ship. The final and finishing salvo was aimed just above the water line. One shell of this salvo reached its mark. It exploded in the shaft alley of the freighter, sheared two of the upper casing's holding bolts and otherwise wrecked the motor which drove the ship.

Mike Monkey and the most of his crew reached the deck by way of the iron ladders which extended upward through the engine-room gratings. Micky and Red Landyard, who had survived the bursting shell forward, joined the irate engineer at the companion. The cloud of steam and smoke, the odor and fumes from burning insulation, the final result of being hulled astern and having a seven-inch projectile explode in a closed compartment, were discouraging in the extreme.

Micky leaned one singed ear and listened. He heard the last whine of the turbine. He detected the grating of smashed brushes on a short-circuited commutator. He blinked and sniffed the air. He wheeled and leaned over the rail of the freighter. The fleet had vanished with the destroyers. Two very determined U-boats, with a commander in the conning tower of each, and a dungaree-clad crew of Hun pirates swarming the flush decks, were advancing like timber wolves to pluck a fat lamb.

The Hartford ensign attempted to repair his naval rifle for a final shot. He was seeing red. Micky realizing the odds against them shouted a warning. Four seven-inch guns loaded, and with lanyards taut, were more than a match for the smashed gun of the freighter.

"They want our damn rubber!" sobbed Micky with clenched fists. "The snakes 'ave the drop on us! We'll fight it out another woiy. All hands get below in the engine room. There's a chance in a million we can 'old the ship from there."

The lieutenant who climbed to the forepeak of the freighter by way of the chains signaled the nearest U-boat that the ship was far from being in their possession. He had seen the determined end of a Lee-Enfield rifle protruding from the engine-room hatchway. He had taken in the details of a hastily erected barricade aft the shattered funnel and deckhouse. More than these things, however, he had fired the shot that had exploded in the shaft alley of the Blue Pigeon. It had most certainly wrecked everything connected with the motive power. The cloud of steam, the stench of burning rubber and insulation were the causes of the freighter's inaction even in the face of capture.

"I dank we tow!" he shouted through cupped hands. "I dank you send a hawser aboard. Dis shib is oud of commission."

Micky and Mike Monkey nodded at this sage conclusion on the part of the German lieutenant. There was little doubt that towing would be necessary in order to secure the cargo of rubber.

"And while they're danking they'll tow," whispered Mike, "I'll hunt up Ditmar and look round a wee bit. It'll be dark as a pocket down below. It'll be blacker than that on deck. I've an idea there's much left ov the engines. Th' cast-iron casing ov the motor is cracked—but what ov that!"

"Make your report," Micky whispered grimly. "We'll 'old the bloody after-deck till they yank us into Wilhelmshaven—if they can."

Mike descended the ladders and searched about in the gloom of the wrecked engine room for some sign of the electrician. He was forced to blink his eyes twice before he detected Ditmar's form aft of the cracked casing of the driving motor.

The electrician was making a careful inventory of the damage done by the German seven-inch shell. He had out a steel rule and a notebook. A pencil instead of the usual stogie extended from his mouth. His polished glasses gleamed in the half light from the deck companion like two white eyes of burnished hate. He glared at Mike Monkey, and then went on with his scrutiny.

"Wot happened?" asked the first engineer. "I heard a wee noise when the shell exploded. I climbed to the deck, after shuttin' off the main steam leader—according to instructions which are down on my papers. Wot happened?"

Ditmar laid his steel scale on the starboard lug of the motor, removed his glasses, polished them with a small handkerchief, then said cuttingly: "Much has happened. The carbon brushes have been driven from the commutating point; the casing is cracked in three distinct places; the field windings are exposed, and two coils at least have been short-circuited by flying particles of steel from the projectile."

Mike gasped and rimmed a greasy fist round his right eye socket. He stooped and peered into the shaft alley. The stout timbering of the ship was exposed through the sheathing. Two ribs hung by treenails. The propeller shaft, however, was intact.

"We can get up some sort ov speed?" he asked hopefully. "We are not entirely at the mercy ov the Hun?"

Ditmar stared upward. "It is now night," he said with a voice of precision. "By three o'clock in the morning I can repair part if not all of the damage done to the motor. Notify Mr. McMasters."

Mike bristled. "Notify him yourself," he said. "I have my own work. Like as not ye will be running a power plant in a German prison before a week is by. They're goin' to tow us into Kiel."

Ditmar reached and secured his steel rule. He felt of its edge. His bushy brows thatched forward over his eyes. They touched the metal bows of his spectacles. His mouth hardened. He glanced upward for a second time. The crack of a rifle sounded as Red Landyard tried a pot shot at the Germans swarming up over the fo'castle head.

The companionway darkened with marines and the remnant of the Blue Pigeon's crew, who were still fighting mad. An oiler paused on an upper grating and brandished a Stillson wrench.

Mike shouted. He repeated his demand. The oiler swung downward and advanced through the gloom to the first engineer's side.

"Call the crew wot's left," rasped Mike. "We're goin' to repair this motor. We'll take orders from this four-eyed designer who got us in all ov this trouble. But for his damn electric drive an' high-speed turbine we'd ov escaped the Hun. There's too many kinks in his machinery to work. That seven-inch shell would have gone clear through the ship from stern to stem if his motor hadn't stopped it."

"You are insulting!" This came from Ditmar.

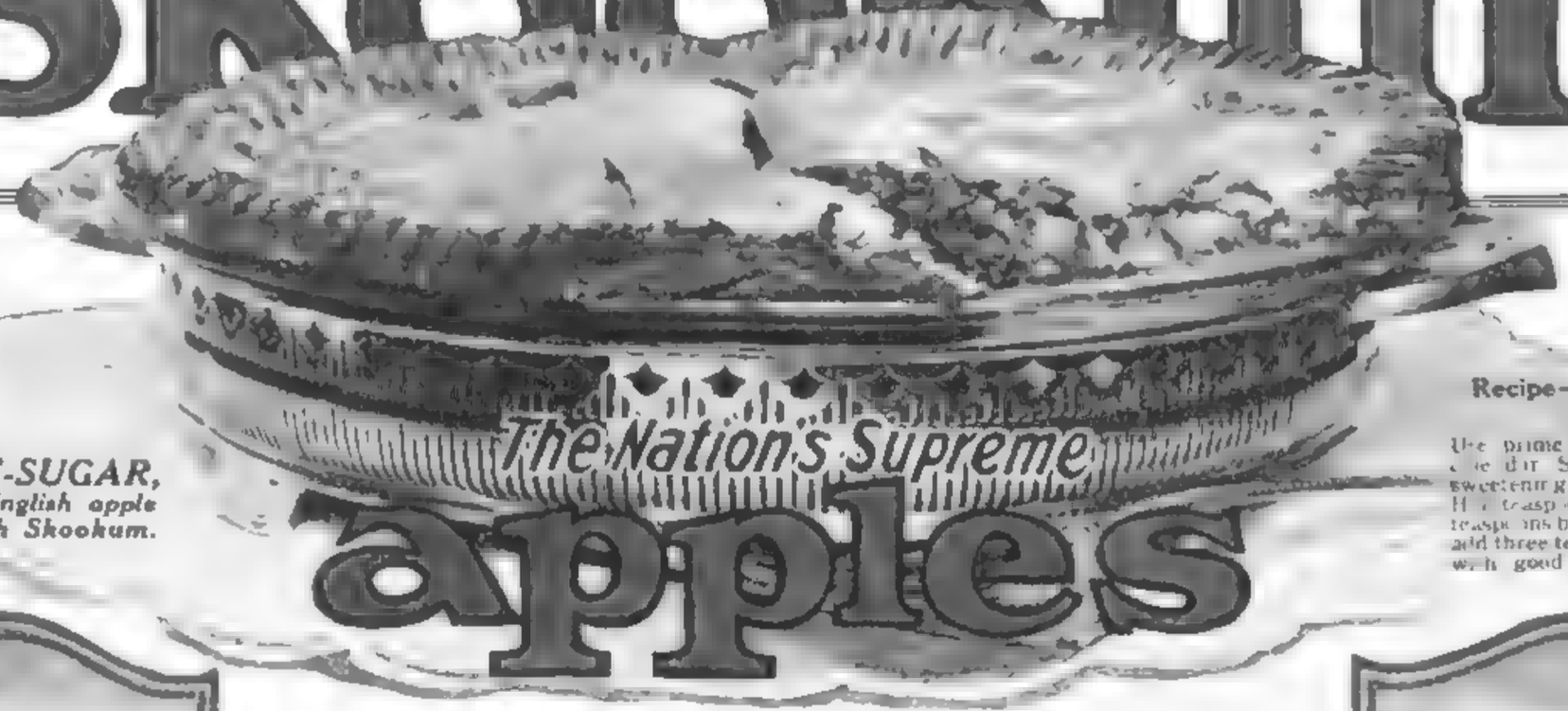
"Sure."

"You have no conception of the merits of electricity."

"Juice ain't in my line!"

(Concluded on Page 30)

Skookum



The Nation's Supreme apples

The SAVE-THE-SUGAR, single crust, deep English apple pie. Delicious with Skookum.

Recipe—the Save-the-Sugar Apple Pie

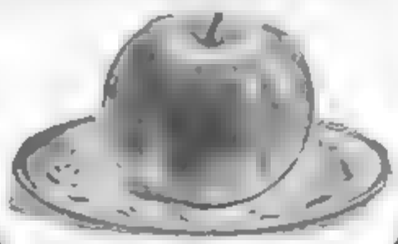
Use prime Skookum apples as per slicer (or Slice thinish. Use minimum sweetening, see Sugar Notice below). Half teaspoon salt, little nutmeg, two teaspoons butter in bits all over apples, add three teaspoons cold water. Cover with good paste. Bake 40 minutes.

An Apple Empire in an Alpine Wonderland

EVERY Skookum apple is grown within sight of a Pacific Northwest mountain peak.

In a altitude the remarkable volcanic-ash soil, unquestionably develop sturdy trees and rich apples. It is pure Science that Skookum apples are thus not only luscious but vigorous fruit.

Every apple a cup of Nature's supreme vintage!



—the magnificent Skookum dessert. Serve on a doily with a bit of red, white and blue!

Millions may Measure the Riches in Apples

THE family history is the fundamental of the 100-per-cent baby of perfection. The bed-rock basis of the good apple is the stock.

Two loaves may look alike. The difference may be chalk and cheese. Two apples may look plump, yet one is only "4 to 5" in the "Pomological Scale of 10"; low in nutrition, low in *vitality*. The other is "9 to 10" in the scale, and the microscope of Science finds this apple's cells are swollen with juices rich in sugar and in nutritive minerals, and high in *vitality*.

All the thirteen Skookum varieties of apples are at the top of the "Pomological Scale of 10." Many of them *are* "10." They are Science's apples of *class*. The same resourcefulness which has made American industry lead the world has made possible these magnificent Skookum apple orchards devoted exclusively to varieties the grandest Science knows.

Skookum apples stand for an important *National Best Apple Service*. The fundamental of this service, namely, "grandest varieties," is certified by Science. The significance of the scientific formula is thus simple as a yardstick, and just as true: Science measures by the "Pomological Scale of 10"; desiring to obtain the greatest possible deliciousness and value in your apples, *you* may measure by the name of the best apples that Nature and intensive American industrialism have to offer: "*Skookum*."

Buy by the box—cost is much lower

Save the Country. Save the candy—big, luscious, Sugary Skookum EATING Apples INSTEAD. Always!

The save-the-sugar big Skookum baked apple—it is supreme.

Skookum Applecraft Calendar

IT is important, to enjoy their supreme riches at their best, to use the varieties during the months of their prime and to discriminate between culinary and dessert (eating raw) varieties.

Calendar shows varieties months during which they are prime and uses. "C D" means used for both Culinary and Dessert. "D" means for Dessert only. "C" means for Culinary only. Notes at end of line are just little suggestions.

OCT. NOV.

1. Grimes (C D) fine eating and baking
2. Jonathan (C D) excellent eating

OCT. NOV. - DEC.

3. Winter Banana (C D) golden sauce

NOV. - DEC.

4. Delicious (D) wonderful eater
5. Wagener (C D) good all around

NOV. - DEC. - JAN

6. Spitzenberg (C D) liquid (vitriolic)
7. Ortley (C D) good baker

DEC. JAN. - FEB.

8. Stayman (C D) good all around

DEC. - JAN. - FEB. - MAR.

9. Rome Beauty (C D) for roasting, baking

JAN. FEB. - MAR.

10. White Winter Pearmain (C D) fine for cooking

FEB. - MAR. APR.

11. Winesap (D) premier eater

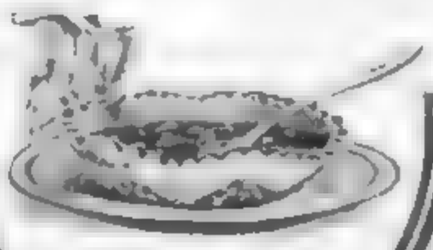
FEB. MAR. APR. - MAY

12. Arkansas Black (C) long keeper

MAR. - APR. - MAY

13. Newtown (C D) grand eater

GO BY THE CALENDAR
and you will not blame the apple



—apple sauce like a dish of gold. Try with a Skookum Winter Banana.

SUGAR NOTICE!

Save-the-Sugar Apple Recipes — Skookum apples are rich with sugar (go by the calendar). Baking in pies or pan whole brings out the sweetness, they form largely their own syrup. You may therefore use minimum sugar, corn syrup or molasses. Corn syrup's sweetness is more multiplied by adding two tablespoons sugar to one cup syrup.

Skookum Apple Butter

adds enticing flavor to unsatisfactory war breads. You'll like the fruity, spicy flavor. Sealed jars protect its goodness. Try it and save half the cost of creamery butter. At all first-class grocers.

Two Grades of Skookum Apples: "*Dessert*" grade, in wrapper, with trademark, supreme quality, color and form. "*Utility*" grade, in plain wrapper, lower in cost. Same as "Dessert," except as to color and form.

WHOLESALERS, RETAILERS: You can take Skookum into your business and grow up with it year after year. Our helps tie you directly to our publicity. Retailers, ask your jobbers. Jobbers, ask the North American Fruit Exchange, your city, or write us.

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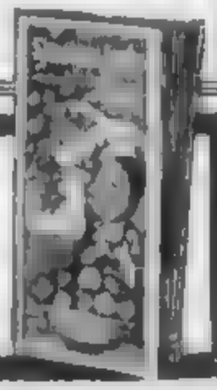

(Concluded from Page 28)

"It is the business of every engineer who takes pride in himself to learn a little about electricity and magnetism."

Mike Monkey gulped. "I'll put that in my pipe an' draw on it," he said, gripping the elbow of the oiler. "Just now we are too beset to worry about the idiosyncrasies an' ramifications ov juice. Ye can have my crew to make the necessary repairs. I'll see McMasters myself."

The desperateness of the situation dawned upon Mike Monkey's thrifty brain as he reached the deck and crouched down beside the little skipper's side.

The fore part of the freighter swarmed with Germans, who had by tacit agreement drawn a dead line aft the wrecked funnel and deckhouse. They had attempted to advance upon the determined crew, but had been met at point-blank range by a shot from Red Landyard's rifle. The Yankee mate had been reading of the latest exploits of his brothers in France, and was determined to sell his life to the highest bidder.

Mike wormed round and stared through a crack in the barricade. He saw the lurking flush deck of a venomous-looking U-boat, which had the freighter under its guns in a manner that caused the first engineer to blink and keep his eyes closed over the period of ten seconds.

He turned toward McMasters and pressed his lips to the skipper's right ear.

"We can fix the motive power."

"'Ow soon?"

"I can have it all ready by three—by six bells in the mornin' watch. D'ye think there is a chance ov a rescue by then?"

"The wireless is gone. The convoy 'as scattered to the four winds. The destroyers 'ave taken charge of the troopships and left us to our fate with the 'Un!"

"Wot are they goin' to do?"

"They're takin' overside a steel hawser. I 'eard the order given, not a bell ago. See, we're 'eading into the wind. A big sub is shackled up to us. They'll try the far northern route round Ireland. It's a whacking shyme—with all our work."

Mike lay back and stared up at the yellow stars. They rocked across a velvet void as the ship swung and surged slowly to windward.

Red Landyard, with his rifle under his arm, crawled forward from the wreckage of the after deckhouse. He pressed to Mike Monkey's side and gripped the engineer with fingers of steel.

"What's the situation below?" he asked.

"There ain't no situation. There's a weepin' wreck ov a direct-connected motor what's cracked. We can't move the propeller until it is repaired."

"How long will that take?"

"Ditmar—I'll have it done by six bells in the morning watch—if I go to work."

"What's to prevent you going to work?" The mate's voice held a Down East rasp that troubled Mike.

"Nothing," he answered truthfully. "There's naught save wot's the use. We're bein' towed to prison."

Red Landyard cocked the rifle, moved it round and pressed it against the engineer's side.

"Go now, damn you!" he drawled. "Get below and get that motor fixed. Slide, you cinder rat. Slide! Hear me? Slide!"

Mike twisted away from the rifle's muzzle and squirmed down the engine-room companion. The mate reached over and touched McMasters with the butt of the rifle.

"Can you see?" he asked.

"Sure! I see too bloomin' much. The Germans are thicker than flies about a tart. They've shackled a steel hawser to the capstan. The other end is aboard the U-boat. They're towing us at the reduced speed of three knots an hour. They're headin' for the Pole. They're gettin' out of the Atlantic lanes."

"Can't we cut the hawser and rush the prize crew?"

Micky stared at the Yankee. "If we do that," he said after thought—"if we try that we will be fired upon by the U-boat what's towin', to say nothin' of the one what's 'angin' round."

"The other one is gone. I've been searching for it over the watch. It started out to lee'ard. We ought to handle the bunch on the forepeak."

"We could do that—at a pinch. The U-boat ahead is the trouble. She's blym well awake. She's snak n' us along toward the submarine trust at Wilhelmshaven."

The Yankee thought deeply. He was very serious and very wide awake. He had resolved not to be taken into Germany as a prisoner. The coming dawn would reveal a lonely stretch of water upon which almost anything in the way of a surprise might be carried out.

Raising his head above the barricade he sniffed the air. He turned and stared aft. He listened and pressed his fingers to his forehead.

"There'll be fog," he said. "Fog or a murky dawn. Mike says the engine force can repair the motor by six bells. Suppose we leave the problem of cutting the hawser until then."

"It's our cable!" blurted Micky, now thoroughly roused. "They broke it out of the chain locker forward. Part of it's still in the locker. They only used a cable's length of it."

"Is that a fact, gentlemen?"

Red Landyard and Micky wheeled like two quick cats. Ditmar's head showed above the engine-room companion. His great bifocal glasses gleamed in the half light. His expression was one of intent curiosity.

"It's a fact!" said the Yankee.

"Then it will be possible to sever the cable without the Germans' knowledge. I take it that there is a way through the ship from aft forward—without being seen on the deck?"

"There is!" the mate declared. "There's bulkhead doors and a run below the forehold which could be used by a small man."

Ditmar rubbed his hands dryly. "The capstan to which the cable is fastened?" he began, then paused.

"Sure—the capstan," said Micky, nudging the Yankee.

"This capstan is set on the forepeak, or raised deck, forward?"

"Look and see."

The electrician nodded toward Micky. "I will take your word. I am a socialist and believe in all men—save the Vandals. I have a plan which may be of use to you. There is only one objection to the operation of this plan."

"What is it?" asked Micky.

"The first engineer of this ship must take my orders. I must have sole charge of the engine room and the repairs. You two shall arrange a little surprise party for the Germans when I give the word. You are expected to capture the fore part of the ship after the steel cable is severed. It is my opinion that the plan will work—particularly if there is a light fog at three o'clock or later in the morning."

The electrician's voice had taken on new power. Micky glanced at the intent face and fanatic eyes. He caught the shimmer of hate which lurked there for the Hun. It brooded ill for those forward of the Blue Pigeon's waist.

"Go ahead!" consented the little skipper. "You 'ave the ship—below the deck. Tell Mike Monkey to come to me. I'll give 'im 'is walkin' papers and a whackin' piece of my mind. 'E's the pest of the western ocean. 'E's got no ideas like you 'ave—though I'm blym sure I don't know what you're goin' to do. Send 'im to me!"

Micky's interview with the first engineer was short and bitter. He finished by leveling a revolver at Mike Monkey's greasy head as that disciple of Watt ducked below to assist Ditmar at his plan.

The sounds that resounded below the engine-room companion as the freighter was dragged across the sea from south to north denoted considerable activity of a constructive order. Mike Monkey's voice was conspicuous by its silence. Now and then the incisive tones of Ditmar struck up through the gratings. That electrician had charge of things, and was making the necessary repairs to the motor with the feeble aid of the stokehold and engine-room crews.

It was sometime after midnight when other sounds came up to Red Landyard and Micky McMasters. These sounds were farther forward. They concerned the fire room and the getting up of steam. Doors were softly opened and closed. Shovels scraped. Pinch bars and slice bars grated. Men cursed with lurid strength.

The prize crew of Germans forward took scant interest in the affairs of the after part of the ship. Three marines guarded the steel hawser, which was wound about the capstan, and whose loose end disappeared down through the chain locker's hawse hole.

The towing sub had all it could do to jerk the ship along at a scant three knots. The long steel cable dipped and rose from the surface of the sea. It was shackled to an after wet gun on the flush deck of the submarine.

Ditmar sent up word finally. This word was terse and to the point. "Be ready to take possession of the ship at seven bells," communicated an oiler in a gritty whisper. "He says at three-thirty, Mr. McMasters."

Red Landyard gathered together his crew. He arranged the marines at vantage points within the wreckage of the after-gun platform and under the shelter of the rails. They all had side arms or brass belaying pins. They were American marines, who also had been reading of the exploits of their brothers across the sea.

The mist that rose from the sea was hardly thick enough to screen all observations. Red was forced to work with caution. He squinted forward now and then and studied the huddled forms of the Germans on the forepeak.

They had already taken notice of the smudge of smoke that crowned the Blue Pigeon's broken funnel. They were helpless, however, to prevent the after guard of the freighter from doing anything with the fires or engines.

A long, gliding descent down an oily mound of water, a slow, steady pull from the supersub, a winding shroud of damp sea mist—all marked the hour for the attempt to save the freighter for the Allies.

Ditmar appeared like a singed jack-in-the-box. He rimmed the companionway with his eyes. He crawled forward and gripped McMasters' arm. He raised his voice so that Red Landyard could hear him.

"We're ready," he said. "I've connected up everything. We had trouble crawling from the stokehold to the hatch under the chain locker. There's a foot or two of bilge water in the lower part of this ship. I managed to do it."

Micky glanced at Ditmar's knees and trousers. They were black with muck and grime.

"I managed to do it," continued the electrician, polishing his glasses and glaring forward. "All's ready. The first engineer has orders to close the switch leading from the dynamo to the conduit I've laid along the holds and up into the chain locker. This conduit is directly coupled with the steel rope by which the submarine is towing the ship."

Micky braced himself and stared at the electrician. He furrowed his brow. He was searching for a light in the mystery.

"She's coupled!" continued Ditmar with pride. "The towing cable is part of the circuit leading from the fifteen-hundred kilowatt dynamo, through the metal skin of the U-boat, back by the sea water and into this ship by the sea plate which is connected to the opposite brush holders of the generating unit."

Red Landyard nodded. "I don't see all of it," he admitted, "but it sounds promising. What's going to happen?"

Ditmar stared forward. "There's enough fog," he said. "Are you ready to rush the prize crew?"

"We've been ready for three hours!" Micky McMasters bristled like a dog that had been waiting for a bone.

"Then I shall notify the first engineer to close the switch. The turbine is racing under no load."

Marines stiffened and crouched. Red Landyard cocked his rifle. The ensign from Hartford crawled out upon the dark deck. The crew gathered up timbers and belaying pins. They clustered about the companion to the engine room.

A grind of work being done rasped upward. The soft whine of the high-speed turbine changed to a long grunt as it took the short-circuiting load when Mike Monkey closed the switch. A hush was on the waters of the deep. Men gripped their weapons and crouched for a spring.

Ditmar appeared and pointed forward. "Watch the cable," he told McMasters. "Keep watching it. There's eighteen or nineteen hundred kilowatts of electricity going through it. Its resistance is great. Watch it!"

At first the little skipper of the Blue Pigeon saw nothing save a thin line that vanished in the direction of the gray submarine. This cable sagged into the sea. It raised and strained to bowstring straightness. It dipped again. It came out from the waves; and this time steam lifted from its strands. A soft glow ran along its length. Dark red changed to cherry red. It dipped and hissed. It straightened. The U-boat was swallowed in a fog's bank. The coupling link between this boat and the freighter grew incandescent.

Micky stood erect and stared forward with open mouth and wild eyes. The cable became white-hot. It flared the night. It stretched under the strain. The U-boat appeared, then was swallowed up in driving mist. The prize crew of three had noticed the phenomenon. They backed away from the smoking capstan. One leaned and called down the fo'castle hatch.

Ditmar gripped McMasters' arm. "Now's your time," he said. "She'll stretch a little more, then she'll pull apart at the whitest place. You see," he added with pride, "that the resistance offered by the towing cable to the electricity we are generating in the turbo-dynamo is too great for it to stand. In other words the cable is like the filament of an electric lamp. It will do the same thing a filament would do if exposed to air—burn out!"

"Come on!" shouted Micky to Red Landyard. "At the Hun, boys! Don't make any bleedin' bones about it—either!"

Ditmar held out a restraining arm. "Wait," he cautioned. "The cable hasn't burned out yet. See! It is going! It is—it is—gone!"

The ship's bow swung a degree. The steel hawser, drawn to pencil thinness, fell hissing into the brine. Red Landyard, Micky McMasters, the Hartford ensign, and a determined squad of wild-eyed marines and American seamen crept over the wreckage of the quarter-deck and dashed forward. One shot was fired. The rest was a blur and a savage attack which was not to be resisted for any length of time.

Micky staggered back and grasped the broken spokes of the wheel. "Can you give me full speed?" he shot between his teeth toward Ditmar.

"Certainly. Your engine-room indicator is working. Mr. Monkey is waiting—at the switch that will start the driving motor. I attended to all that. Also to Mr. Monkey."

Micky reached and rang for full speed. He swung up the wheel and peered ahead and over the fo'castle, where Red Landyard and the marines were mopping up the last of the Germans.

A dense bank of fog lifted slightly. The sub showed, broadside to the seas. She had missed her tow. Micky swore as a ranging seven-inch shell hurtled over the freighter. He felt the grip of the propeller as Mike Monkey closed the switch and started the driving motor. The fog closed down.

Driving south by east, with all fires roaring and the propeller gripping deep within the following seas, the Blue Pigeon escaped her blinded pursuer. The last salvo from the wet guns of the U-boat had been very wild. They were aimed at nothing more fixed than wet sea mist.

It was graying dawn when Micky turned the wheel over to a quartermaster and dropped down through the engine-room companion.

"We're hout of hit!" he shouted to the oilers and stokers. "We're clear from pursuit! Where's Ditmar?"

An under engineer pointed toward the ditty-box forward the ladder. Micky turned and hurried across the plates. He peered inside. He widened his eyes to the sight.

Mike Monkey was sitting on a deck stool. In Mike's hand was a book which he was carefully scanning. Over the engineer's shoulder Ditmar leaned. The electrician was saying in pedantic tones:

"You see the ship is wood; therefore it was insulated from the cable. The circular mills of the cable were not enough to carry the heavy amperage, or current, we sent through them. The circuit from one pole of the dynamo to the other was through the conduit, thence through the towing hawser, thence through the U-boat and back to the other pole of the dynamo by way of the sea and the sea plate. It's very simple ——"

Micky leaned forward. The book in Mike Monkey's hands was an elementary treatise on electricity and magnetism.

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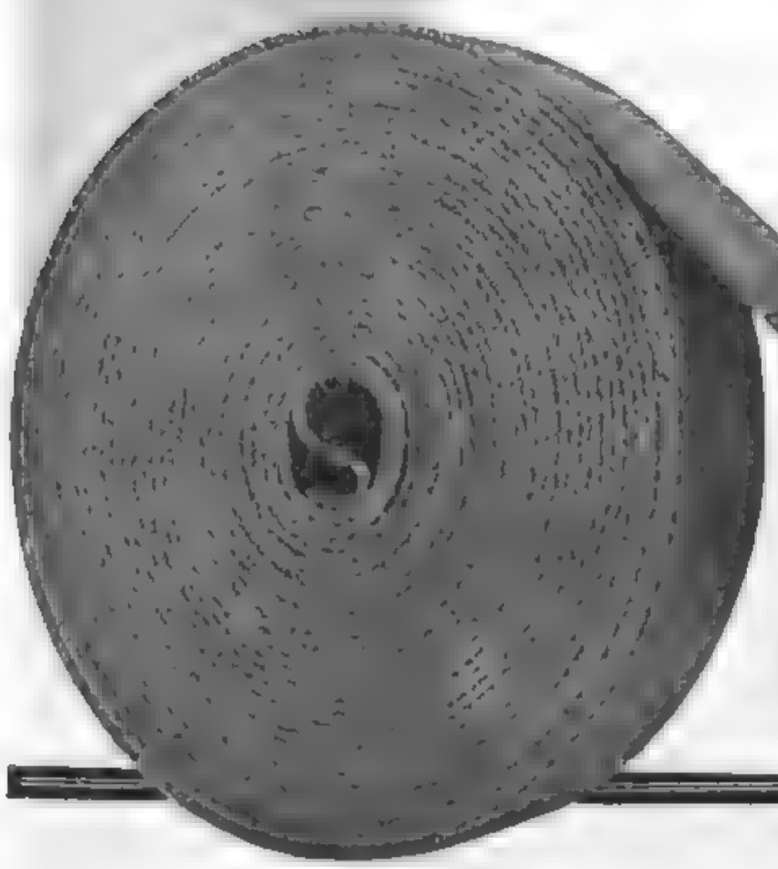

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THE MISSING CLINK

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY L. M. GARTLAND

"HONEY?"

"Yeh?"

"That white lady what owed you them fo' dollars; she didn't happen to pay you to-day, did she now?"

"How for that interest you?" inquired the woman suspiciously.

Cæsar Godfrey hastened to camouflage. He crossed the immaculate crease of his right trouser leg over the equally immaculate crease of the other, inscribed ellipses in the air with the polished point of the projecting light-tan shoe, carefully inspected his dusky hands and injected all the wealth of a perturbed good nature into an affectionate smile.

"Just int'rested—that's all."

"Hmph!" sniffed his radiantly plumaged wife. "You-all ain't broke again?"

Cæsar nodded violently in the affirmative. "That's me."

Pearl Godfrey placed large competent hands on her slender hips and surveyed her spouse contemptuously. "You ain't never nothin' but broke, is you?"

"My health ain't so good ——"

"Shsh! Yo're as husky as any man in this neighborhood. They ain't nothin' the matter with yo' health. It's all in yo're pants pockets. Money don't stay in there no longer'n water. What you done with them week's wages?"

"Lost 'em."

"Craps?"

"Hawses. Honest, hon, I had a sure thing up at Latonia—chancet to make nearly a hunderd dollars."

"Sure thing!" she snorted. "The only sure thing in this world, Cæsar Godfrey, is that you-all ain't got the sense of a new-born jackass. You an' money wasn't never no more meant to be frien's than you an' work. What happen to that horse you bet on?"

"He done fall down," proclaimed Cæsar sadly as he rescued a cigarette from a tin, glass-jeweled case and tapped it gently on his finger nail.

"Fall down flat in the home stretch when he been leadin' the field. He would of won hands down. That's why I broke."

"Any horse would of fell down prospecting he knew you bet on him."

"'Bout that money the white lady was goin' to give you ——"

"Yo' ain't talkin' to me at all. I works mornin's an' afternoon's fo' fo'-fifty a week an' yo' makes eight dollars. I don't see what call you got comin' to me ——"

"I'll give it back Sat'day—sure. Mebbe"—slyly—"we mought go downtown an' buy that silk dress you been lookin' at."

Pearl's eyes gleamed. Cæsar had opposed the purchase of that dress for a month. Said her wages as cook were necessary to the proper maintenance of their own ménage, and Pearl stood too profoundly in awe of her stylish, strapping husband to have dared make the purchase without his consent.

"You mean that?" she questioned eagerly.

He nodded. "Yeh—sure do. Always mean what I says."

Pearl was skeptical. "You go down with me now an' pay the first dollar down?"

It was good strategy on Pearl's part, and for the moment Cæsar was nonplused. A dollar down—the payment of the ensuing dollars became imperative. So, even though he had entertained no idea of allowing Pearl the dress, Cæsar made the best of a lost dollar.

"If you gotta have it thataway."

The dollar was duly paid in at the Paris Style Shop, the flagrant dress carefully selected and reverently laid aside, and three dollars passed over to the eager Cæsar. Whereupon Pearl returned to the home of her white folks to cook the evening meal—and Cæsar got busy.

Hiring a small one-horse dray he went with it to his three-room cottage on Fifteenth Street and loaded thereon one phonograph, several dozen records, a brazenly gilded electrolier, an imitation-leather easy-chair and his wife's evening gown—a salmon-pink satin creation, gift from a former employer of his wife. These he took to a loan shark and borrowed the sum of twenty dollars, with interest at the rate of twenty per cent a month. He pocketed the twenty, folding it carefully over the three secured that day from his wife and placing the whole in a wallet which contained something more than one hundred dollars.

He Had Strategically Made the Acquaintance of an Alarmingly Portly and Intransigently Black Washlady

Fortune had smiled upon Cæsar Godfrey that day. His Latonia sure thing had proved a sure thing indeed, and his two two-dollar mutual tickets had netted him a trifle more than ninety dollars.

The temptation was too much. Money is money and made for spending, and the feel of so great a quantity put the virus of wanderlust in Cæsar's blood. His assets now consisted of one well-packed straw suitcase carefully checked at the Louisville & Nashville Depot, one hundred and twenty-three dollars in cash, and a determination forcibly to break the bonds of matrimony.

His employer stood for a touch of two dollars and a half, which happened to be the exact amount due Cæsar on the week's wages. Cæsar's employer was wise beyond his generation.

So was Cæsar.

He visited a labor agent from Cincinnati and was ordered to sign a labor contract. That easily forgotten formality attended to, Cæsar agreed to report at the Louisville & Nashville Depot at six-fifty-three to catch the northbound express.

He was on time. To be exact, he was two hours ahead of time, hidden behind a warehouse across the railroad yards watching apprehensively for the crimson hat, the yellow waist and the blue skirt which would betoken his wife's proximity. With the whistle of the locomotive as it groaned into the yards two things became apparent to Cæsar: First that his wife had not yet discovered the looting of her home by its lord and master; and second—that if she had she did not yet suspect the enormity of his planning.

Precisely five minutes before leaving time for the train a perspiring Cæsar Godfrey secured a long green ticket from the waiting labor agent, and when the train pulled out he was seated as inconspicuously as possible in a dirty velvet chair, white eyes roving first to the right and then to the left. It was not until the city's sky line had disappeared behind the serried line of Northern Alabama's hills that Cæsar Godfrey breathed a wholly comfortable breath.

But with the coming of that breath he commenced to enjoy life as it had not been his pleasure in years. He surveyed his fellow travelers, ranging in hue from ebony to a light aristocratic cream. More than one damosel on the Jim Crow car smiled approvingly upon Cæsar's glaring pulchritude and commented favorably upon the undeniably ultra cut of his clothes.

At eight-fifteen the following morning Cæsar Godfrey arrived in Cincinnati. He had strategically made the acquaintance of an alarmingly portly and intransigently black washlady, and much to her astonishment insisted on carrying her suitcase to the street. It marked an epoch in the colored lady's life. To Cæsar Godfrey it was merely a clever move. For he was quite sure that his device would effectively fool the Cincinnati representative of his labor man's concern—a slant-eyed individual who was gazing with all eyes in search of a good-looking, well-dressed, able-bodied single young negro.

That night at eleven o'clock, happier for a few drinks and the knowledge that he had traveled thus far without expense to himself, Cæsar Godfrey boarded a train for New York.

The train pulled out. Cæsar Godfrey leaned back in his seat and slept. And as he slept he smiled the smile of contentment in the knowledge of good work well done.

When Pearl Godfrey returned home from the house where she held rank as culinary empress she switched on the electric lights and carefully placed on the center table an old shirtwaist which contained half of a fried chicken, an exceedingly generous portion of choice bacon, three fresh eggs and four pears—estovers for her adored consort.

"That electrolier!" snapped Pearl impatiently, noticing that the illumination in the front room was not what it should have been. Then she realized that the electrolier had disappeared.

But it was not until she had gone over the house with infinite care that she realized that something was radically wrong, and that her Cæsar, and not a burglar, was at the bottom of it. Even then she had no hint that he had deserted her. It was not until she emerged from her home and faced a gossipy neighbor.

"Evenin', Missus Godfrey."

"Evenin', Missus Sampson."

"I ain't seen Cæsar round this evenin'."

"That so?"

"Yeh. I ain't seen him sence he was here this afternoon with that wagon."

A cold chill crept slowly down Pearl's spine, but her face remained impassive. "Ain't it so?"

"I sure thought you-alls was movin'."

"No, we ain't movin'."

"Peter 'lows he seen Cæsar takin' that stuff to the loan man."

"Is it so, now?"

"That's so. He was sayin' to me t'night, was Peter, that he been knowin' you-alls for a heap of years an' ef you needed money seems as ef you would of come to him."

"We ain't needin' money, thank you, Missus Sampson. We was just sellin' that ol' stuff because we didn't think it was good enough for us. We're 'lowin' to get a outfit of Queen William an' Mary furniture. Ef there was any of that we sold you might like fo' yo' place maybe I could arrange it so's you could get it cheap. I was sayin' last night to Cæsar that maybe we ought to give you-alls a chance to buy it."

A half hour later she presented herself before the loan shark

"Yes, Cæsar pawned that stuff," he snapped. "What about it?"

"Nothin'," she returned dazedly. "Jes' wanted to know—that's all."

"You ain't trying to pull the old gag about it not belonging to him, are you? Because I warn you right now ——"

"No," she returned wearily. "It was all right for him to pawn it, on'y—it is mine."

She reached her home via the alley which intersects the block, turned out the light and seated herself in the decrepit easy-chair which her departed husband had not considered worthy of carting to the loan shark. She understood now. Pearl was miserable. Her pride had received its death-blow. In an hour, a minute, she had irrecoverably lost caste. In the twinkling of an eye she had been precipitated from the eminence of social leader to the nethermost depths of social oblivion. Worse, she knew that from this hour forth she was the accepted butt of Darktown's humor and poisoned darts of innuendo.

It hurt, hurt all the way through. She knew that her scourging would be mercilessly conducted. Cæsar Godfrey had committed the unpardonable sin; and she speculated on his ingratitude.

Two years before, at the time of Cæsar's advent, Pearl had been a very wise and very popular virgin. Full blown, blessed with a rich chocolate complexion and a figure that caused many an Ethiopian eye to glisten, a "cemetery" graduate, soprano lead in the Baptist church choir—she had never even admitted the presence of a social rival. Colored society bowed down before her as its unmarried chocolate queen.

Cæsar had appeared on the scene, "just up from Mobile," and Pearl's hitherto impregnable heart had leaped. Nor was she alone in the instantaneous attraction toward the flashing young blood from the Gulf.

Cæsar was a knight-errant both ways from his neck. His clothes were always immaculate and cut in the latest mode of Darktown fashion; he boasted an education which displayed itself in an alarming vocabulary and a truly startling familiarity with out-of-the-way places of the world. He was a stentorian and profound speaker, with ideas of his own. The social graces were at his finger tips. He danced divinely, courted exquisitely, and sent the hearts of dozens of amorous swains scuttling to their long broad-toed boots.

Cæsar, to use the vernacular, was Pearl's meat. Aside from the real affection in the matter it was strictly up to her to cut him out from the herd; and to that end she planned a campaign which for sheer strategy will long live in the history of the city's black belt.

Cæsar didn't have a chance from the moment that he realized that Pearl, of all the girls in the set, sneered at him and his graces. He set out to tame her, to bring from her an admission that he assayed a hundred per cent. And the deadly virus of proximity did the rest.

Their wedding marked an epoch. It reached new heights in elegance, heights that have never since been even remotely approached. Pearl's trousseau, collected from various former employers—for Pearl was exceedingly well liked among the city's white folks—was a shimmering sheen of silk and satin and crêpe de Chine and Georgette. Pink, blue, green, yellow—even unto a lavender negligée, which disappeared from the home where she was then employed as nurse. The mistress, discovering its loss, accused Pearl, and the bride-to-be affected astonishment.

"Take it? Law', Missus Robinson, of course I took it! Didn't you done give it to me?"

"Give it to you! You must be out of your senses, Pearl. I haven't had that negligée four months, and it cost more than twenty dollars."

"Didn't I ast you for it las' week?"

"Yes."

"An' when I done that didn't you say 'Oh, of course I'll give it to you'?"

The mistress of the house shook her head exasperatedly: "Certainly I said that—sarcastically. And you knew I didn't mean a word of it."

"But yo' said I could have it, Missus Robinson, an' yo' cain't be blamin' me when I didn't know yo' was jokin'. I never took nothin' in my life didn't belong to me. 'Course ef 'twas a mistake I'll bring it back, an' take out the alteration what I done."

Pearl kept the negligée. She married Cæsar. And for a month he was her abject slave. More—the reigning queen of the married set was promptly and effectively displaced, and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey became the social mentors. There was an elegance about Cæsar which could not be denied. The other negroes stood in profound awe of it. As for Pearl—she blossomed superbly and drew the lines of social demarkation so that all might see and heed.

But after a delirious month Cæsar's ardor cooled. His wife was a radiant beauty, but she was his wife, and Cæsar had not been given to wasting his manifold charms upon any one person of the feminine gender. It irked him to know that his gallant days were over. He commenced to fidget in the traces.

"Nigger, I'm Warnin' Yo' Now, Yo'd Better Steer Clear of My Gal"

Pearl saw the handwriting on the wall. And she knew that above all things she must hold Cæsar. To that end she indulged him. She never quarreled, she loaned him money, she refrained from nagging when he lost job after job and complained that it was due to the condition of his health.

True, her affection for him waned a trifle and she found it in her heart to wish that she had not flaunted Simeon Broughton with her capture—for Simeon made eighteen dollars a week, every week—but the fact remained that the loss of Cæsar would spell social disaster.

Simeon Broughton was all that Cæsar was not. He was about seven shades darker—and proud of the fact. He had none of Cæsar's elegance. In fact, as Simeon put it: "Ise jes' plain nigger, wivout none of de sassiety airs yo' swell coons put on."

By profession Simeon was community gardener in summer and community janitor in winter—that is, he chaperoned lawns and gardens in the warm weather and nursed furnaces in the winter for the white folks of a certain neighborhood. He was greatly in demand, but confined his patrons to eighteen. On eighteen dollars, he figured, he could live extremely well and put eight in the bank every Monday morning.

He was a huge man, deep-chested and ham-fisted. He lived in an alley a half block from the Godfrey cottage, and thereby automatically removed himself from the socially elect, for the handicap of living in an alley may not be overcome in the war for social recognition among city negroes. But at that it was estimated by the statistically inclined that Simeon had more than three thousand dollars in the bank, and more than one butterfly would have cheerfully lost caste for the sake of casting her matrimonial lot with him.

Early in the game, however, Simeon had cast covetous eyes on the classic lines of Pearl's face and figure. "Ef 'twasn't fo' dat soshul ambition of hern," quoth Simeon, "she'd make a pow'ful fine wife."

Simeon tried to convert his lady fair to a realization of the worth-whileness of things material as against the ephemeral. And he was on the fair road to success when Cæsar Godfrey appeared on the scene and took her from under his very nose.

Simeon's first impulse was primal. He experienced an almost uncontrollable desire to reach out one muscular arm and squash "dat no-'count Bo Brum'l," a phrase taken bodily from a former employer of Cæsar's.

After the marriage of Cæsar and Pearl, Simeon settled grimly into the slough of despond. He became a hopeless recluse. As though to spite Fate he changed his mode of living, took on two extra patrons and put twelve dollars every week in the bank. With gossipy exaggeration it became bruited round that he was saving twenty dollars a week; and occasionally, when Cæsar had been unlucky with the dice and unable to hold a job, Pearl laboring over a kitchen stove on the Highlands would think longingly of the comforts which might have been hers had she resisted the temptation of social position.

With the defection of the wanderlusty Cæsar her position became unbearable. Social rivals making large capital from her position stepped above her head, and she was accorded the scant sympathy ever given a woman whose charms have been unable to hold a husband. The fact that Pearl bore her cross with smiling indifference fooled no one. And as time went on her hurt pride turned gradually into hatred for Cæsar and for his actions in robbing her of the only thing it had been in his power to give—unassailable social eminence.

In his two-room shack up the alley Simeon Broughton watched and said nothing. At first he was unable to grasp the full potentialities of the situation. His love for Pearl had developed in geometric progression to her unattainability. And now that she had been left flat and friendless, without even the dignity of grass widowhood, he waited for her to turn to him. And eventually she did.

Simeon was consideration itself. Pearl saw him through new eyes. Though no word of the grand passion was spoken between them she saw that his affection for her flamed more fiercely than ever, and her philosophy experienced drastic changes. If she could only divorce Cæsar, marry Simeon and have the material things of life she'd be content to eschew frivolity, demanding only one thing—that Simeon depart from his alley home and live on an avenue. Pearl was becoming daily more firmly convinced of the fact that she had been dazzled by the immaculate Cæsar. She knew now that she would be infinitely better off as Simeon's petted darling than as Cæsar's hard-worked slave. She became almost glad—now that the verbal barbs of the neighborhood did not sting so sharply as they had at first—that Cæsar had departed from her life.

At the end of six months Pearl visited a lawyer and laid the case before him. Three months later her decree was granted, and Mrs. Pearl Godfrey blossomed forth once more as a single woman.

That night Simeon appeared at her home in a new gray suit and a gray felt hat. His number-eleven shoes scintillated. His copper complexion was burnished. And he proposed.

Pearl accepted him—on condition that he move from alley to street.

"It ain't that I don't love yo', Simeon; but 'tis that I couldn't live in no alley."

"Yo'—yo'—ain't gwine want me to trot round sassiety wid yo', is it, honey?"

"I'm sick an' ti'ed of sassiety!" she snapped viciously. "It ain't get nobody nowhere. Nothin' but a lot of fumadiddle. On'y—I'd hate to live in the alley if you wouldn't mind taking a house on Fifteenth Street or maybe 'Leventh Avenue."

Simeon promised. In the rapturous delirium of his new-found happiness he would have promised almost anything. And the following day, splendid in her grass widowhood and in the achievement in engaging herself to the wealthiest man in the neighborhood, Pearl regained much of the social caste that she had lost.

She insisted on a long engagement. She had learned by sad experience that love fulfilled is love anæsthetized, and she wished to flaunt her good fortune in the faces of the proletariat.

Simeon played up to her beyond fondest expectations. One of his dollar-a-week employers, for whom Simeon had done several favors, allowed Simeon the use of his two-seated work car on Sundays, and Pearl was initiated into the joys of plutocracy. Simeon took her to vaudeville, where she sat regally in boxes, and to the best negro moving-picture shows. He showered her with candy and flowers and two rings which were fourteen carat and

(Concluded on Page 37)

By Profession Simeon Was Community Gardener in Summer and Community Janitor in Winter—That is, He Chaperoned Lawns and Gardens in the Warm Weather and Nursed Furnaces in the Winter

War—The Supreme Test

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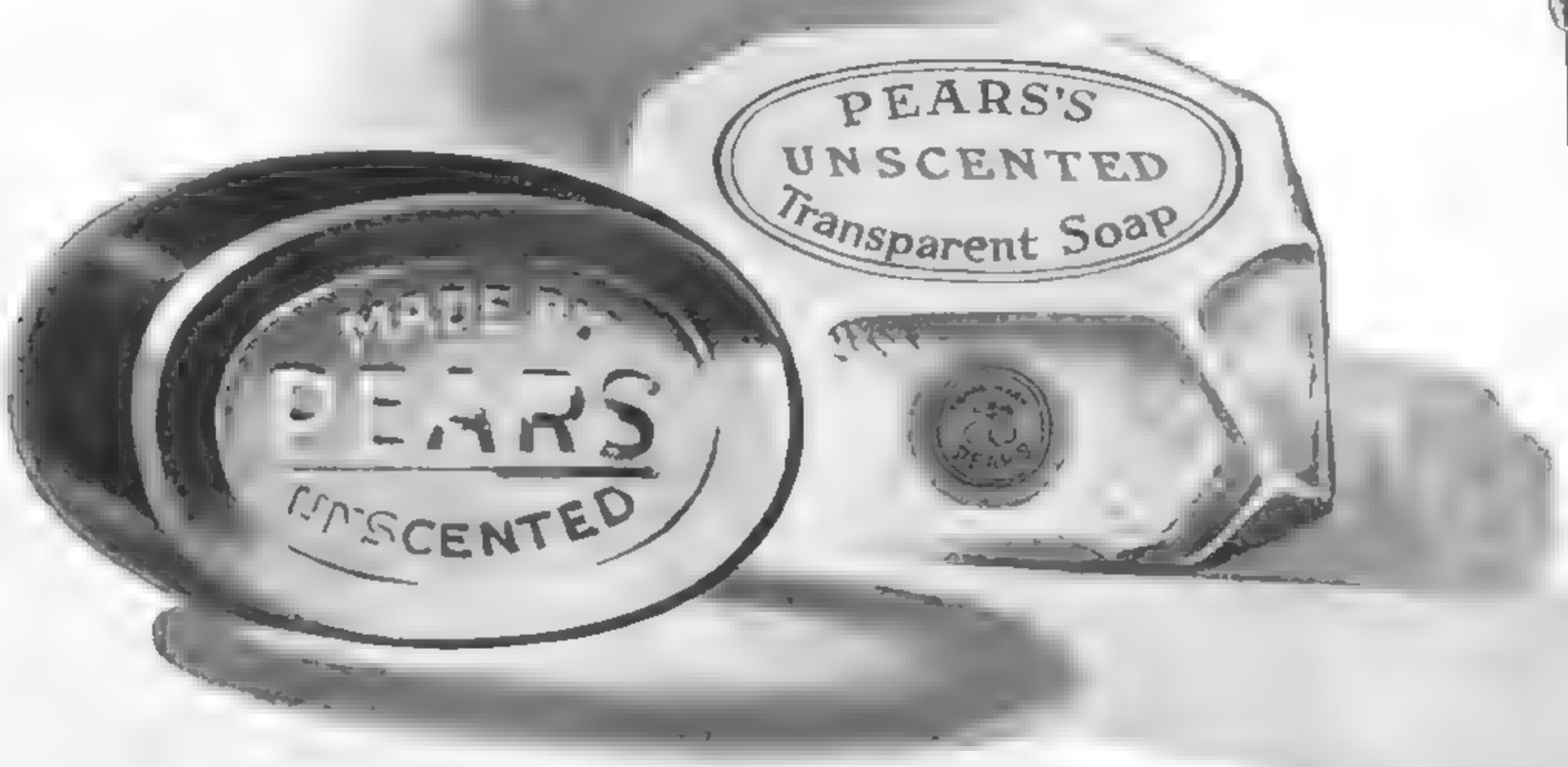

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PEARS' SOAP

BEAUTY AND COMMON SENSE

INHERENT in the nature of every sensible woman is the desire to keep herself wholesome and dainty and charming.

And there is likewise inherent in her a certain rugged common sense as to the things she will *do* and the things she will *use* in keeping herself so.

The beauty that is worth striving for blooms from health and self-respect and cleanliness, and your sensible American woman knows it.

When it is a matter of selecting toilet soap, she is very properly concerned as to the purity and wholesomeness of the materials out of which it is made.

In selecting the materials that go into Pears' Soap we are ever mindful of the fact that its mission is to cleanse the human skin, and that it is to be used by men and women of sense and self-respect.

The choicest of materials are blended with the utmost care and skill, and ripened like a rare wine by many months in storage.

Free moisture is eliminated by this aging process. A cake of Pears' has the brittleness of a delicate piece of china. It is *all soap*. It combines *economy* with surpassing excellence.

Pears' cleanses delicately but surely, giving off a rich sparkling lather and leaving the skin refreshed and glowing.

The natural, deep, transparent amber hue of Pears' invites a test of its smooth and thorough cleansing.

There is enough in a sample of Pears' Soap to last for several days. Try it and see for yourself how pleasant it is to wash with Pears'.

Unscented—For those who prefer the elemental sweetness of perfect purity.

Scented—A glycerine soap, scented with the delicate fragrance of genuine flower perfumes.

Cake and sample are illustrated in actual size.

Let us show you how pleasant it is to wash with PEARS'

FOUR CENTS

This usable sample of Pears' Soap (unscented) sent anywhere in the United States for 4c in stamps. It will tell you quicker than any words, how pleasant it is to use Pears'. Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York, U. S. Agent for A. & F. Pears, Ltd.

(Concluded from Page 34)

contained genuine stones. Society he shunned. Dances he hated. And save for the consuming desire to regain her lost social position and thus "show them niggers a thing or two" Pearl Godfrey was blissfully happy for nearly five months, until, less than a month before the nuptial date, Cæsar Godfrey returned to the city!

His recrudescence created a furore. If he had been a fashion plate before he visited New York he was a sartorial epic now. He wore a Panama hat, horn-rimmed spectacles, a blue-serge coat, silk shirt, white-flannel trousers and white shoes and socks. He carried a Malacca stick and boasted that his trunk contained the latest from Fifth Avenue tailors. His accent was bewildering to the Southern darkies. It smacked of English and had been acquired from his West Indian negro friends in New York. In an hour he had been placed on a social pedestal far higher than any he had ever attained during his former tenure of office.

His meeting with his ex-wife took place a half hour after he reached the city. He met her on the street, and after her first shock of stunned surprise she tried to pass him haughtily. But he would have none of that. Pearl, too, was dressed in the latest fashion and she seemed prosperous, and though she did not suspect it Cæsar was none too plentifully supplied with money.

"Hello, hon," said he wheedlingly.

"I ain't yo' hon."

"If that's the way yo' treat yo're husband ——"

It was her moment of triumph. "Whose husband?"

"Yo'rea."

"Hmph! I don't hardly think so. I'se been divo'ced f'um you most six months."

"Divo'ced? Hon ——"

"Yes"—viciously—"an' in less'n a month I'se goin' to marry Simeon Broughton. So the farther yo' keep yo' wuthless self away f'um me the better off yo'll be."

Followed a working out of the Tantalus fable. Removed from him Pearl Godfrey was more desirable than ever. Cæsar recalled his long residence on luxury's lap, his wife providing the majority of the dollars necessary to the maintenance of their establishment. Those had been the gloriously happy days—for, after all, Pearl was as pulchritudinous as any girl Cæsar had ever met, North, South or East. And she was cultured and refined to a degree.

The New York sojourn had dissipated much of the wanderlust, and Cæsar found himself longing for the home he had forsaken and which was now closed to him. More—he resented the fact that his wife had engaged herself to the man who was everything that he, Cæsar, was not. Wherefore he proceeded to pay court to Pearl once again. And Pearl was raised to a seventh heaven of delight at the triumph thus accorded her.

She had no intention of remarrying Cæsar—not at first. But she was flattered beyond words, and when a woman is sufficiently flattered by a man she may tend toward thoughtlessness. So she saw a great deal of her ex-husband and allowed the gracious charm of his sunny personality to weave its way once more into her soul, while she made big bluff Simeon Broughton miserable. So much so that Simeon carried the war direct to his rival. They met in a soft-drink stand and over ginger ale Simeon broached the subject in his customary unpolished manner.

"Nigger, I'm warnin' yo' now, yo'd better steer clear of my gal."

"Yo' gal? She's my wife."

"Yo' mean she was yo' wife."

"Yeh—an' that ain't sayin' she won't be again."

"Yo' mean yo' 'tentions is serious?"

"I reckon that's up to me an' her."

"I got a speshul reason fo' wantin' to know thatabout." Cæsar's eyes narrowed. He was secretly afraid of his rival's brawn. "Yo' ain't thinkin' of gettin' rough?"

"Dat ain't it, a-tall."

"Then what?"

Simeon glanced about apprehensively. "Yo' sho' yo' wants to marry Pearl?"

"Yeh."

"Den listen to whut I'se sayin': I don't!"

"Huh?" Cæsar straightened. This was a new angle altogether, and temporarily destroyed his mental equilibrium.

"Here's de how of it, Cæsar. Maybe yo' ain't hear'n tell of a 'oman here in town name' Livonia Paisley, eh?"

"That vodavil girl?"

"Yeh."

"How come you to know her?"

"Nev' min' how come I know her. I know her, an' da's all. An' I'm a-tootin' dat she's the all-firedest best-lookin' gal I ev' sot eyes on! I'm here to admit dat she got my number goin' an' a-comin'. She's done got stranded here an' I sorter been helpin' her, which is de how of she an' I become good friends. I was sorter figgerin' ef you was anxious to marry Pearl mebbe I wouldn't hab no trouble gettin' rid of her an' tyin' up wid dis here Livonia 'oman; an' I jes' wanted to know fust off ef yo' was serious, an' second off how much yo'd take to go ahead wid Pearl so's she wouldn't have no soot against me fo' britch of promise."

Cæsar's eyes glittered. "Yo' mean yo'd pay me to co't Pearl?"

"Da's it—an' hab her break off wid me."

"So's yo' can marry dis here vodavil gal?"

"Perzactly."

Cæsar cleared his throat. "'Bout twenty-five dollars?" he hazarded, amazed at his own temerity.

"Make it twenty."

"Cash?"

Simeon produced a wallet stuffed with much-thumbed bills and flipped three fives and five ones across the table. "How 'bout dat?"

Cæsar grabbed them eagerly. "It's a bargain."

Cæsar redoubled his attentions to his ex-wife, and at the same time Simeon saw only enough of her to satisfy Madam Grundy. Darktown's tongue wagged, but not too avidly. The situation in itself was intriguing and the injection of the stranded actress into the domestic affairs of the Godfreys was not to be overlooked.

Whereupon Cæsar's vanity and his weakness where the fair sex was concerned proved Cæsar's undoing. He could not resist making the acquaintance of the luxurious Livonia Paisley, then resident at an exclusive colored hotel on Fifteenth Street.

From the moment he bowed low over her hand and discovered that she was originally from New York and that she was delighted with and impressed by his familiarity with Ninth Avenue, Pearl was out of the race.

Livonia was to him all that a woman should be. Further, Livonia was beautiful in an elegantly yellow way, and she was of the stage.

Cæsar had long since harbored the belief that the footlights were his forte. He danced well, had a not unpleasing baritone and a smile which Livonia delightedly declared should net him forty dollars a week once he got a line of patter and a chance to exhibit before the booking agent of the North. She opened new vistas to Cæsar, and of a sudden Pearl and her possession became very small fry indeed. Pearl, compared with Livonia, was a bit of polished glass beside the Koh-i-Noor. As suddenly as he had recommenced his courtship of his ex-wife Cæsar Godfrey dropped her and threw himself, literally and figuratively, at the feet of the exotic Livonia.

She received his attentions graciously—and frequently. She let it be distinctly understood that the man who courted her must be anything but a piker. And she meant too much to Cæsar. He took her automobile riding; he even held a job for two weeks that she might have the luxuries she craved. He gave her a ring and much candy. He even bought her a Georgette waist which cost six dollars. And when he was flat broke he borrowed twenty-five dollars more from Simeon Broughton, who seemed ignorant of Cæsar's attentions to Livonia and a bit bewildered that Pearl did not extend to him the icy mitten forthwith.

So under the very eyes of the blind Simeon the courtship of Cæsar and Livonia progressed apace. Within a month Cæsar's credit was exhausted, and he went to Simeon for more money.

A kind neighbor had that day gone to Simeon with the story of Cæsar's treachery. The neighbor in question had no love for Cæsar and secretly hoped that the mighty Simeon would proceed to exterminate his fiancée's ex-husband. So it was that Cæsar found his erstwhile friend quaking with righteous anger.

"Nigger!" thundered Simeon, "what all dis t'ing I been hearin'?"

"What thing?" countered Cæsar shakily.

"'Bout you trottin' round wid my gal?"

"Somebody been lyin' to yo'," maintained Cæsar craftily.

"'E ain't been lyin', an' yo' knows it. I ain't so blind I cain't see a moon in de darkness. I'm a-tellin' yo' dis, yo' ace o' spades, ef yo' should ever pull any traipsin' wid dat Livonia gal yo' take my advice an' never let me sot eyes on yo' no more. I ain't neber been no bad man, but mebbe yo' ain't know I carry dis ——" He produced a small, wicked automatic and laid it between them on the table. Cæsar felt the cold perspiration start out on his forehead and trickle down the sides of his nose. "Da's my little pe-suader, Cæsar, an' I ain't in de habit ob missin'. All I'm sayin' is dat if yo' an' Livonia gets too thick wid one another yo' better not heave to wind'ard ob me. Not a-tall, 'cause ef you do dere'll be a-plenty soft music an' flowers, an' yo' won't know nothin' 'bout it."

Cæsar was terrified as terror comes to few men. All his latent fear of the giant opposite flooded to the surface. With a charming display of true oratorical and political prowess he explained convincingly that it was all a part of his campaign for Pearl—that she had been too indifferent to him and so, in his loyalty to Simeon, his benefactor, he had seized upon the impregnably virtuous Livonia to rouse Pearl's jealousy and her love. Simeon heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Da's diffrunt," he said happily. "Da's absotively an' ontirely diffrunt."

With which Cæsar borrowed another twenty-five dollars and rose hastily. At the door Simeon gave a last hint of menace. "Ise sorry I mesjudge' yo', Cæsar. 'Cause Ise tellin' yo' right now dat ef any man cut up fool wid dat Livonia an' I eber sot eyes on him again they wouldn't be enuf ob him lef' to make a fust-class sieve."

And that night Cæsar Godfrey eloped with Livonia Paisley. They left the city at six-forty for Knoxville.

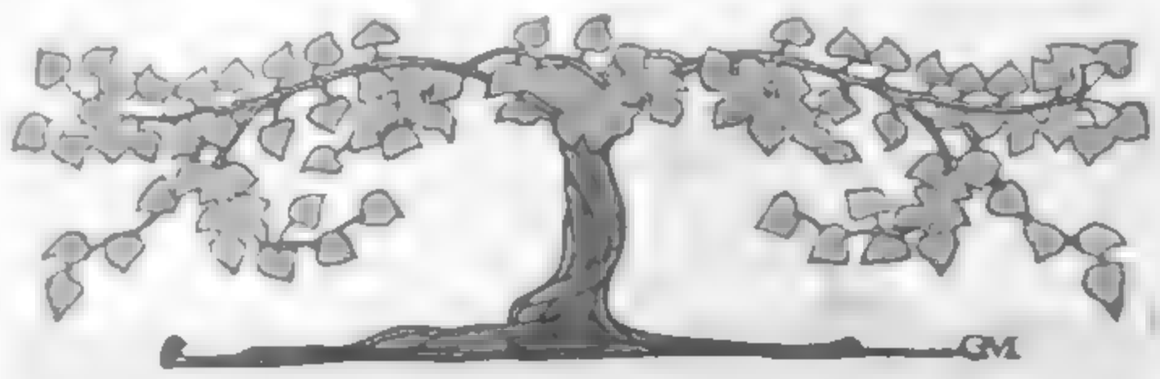
Darktown hummed with speculation. But Simeon did not glower. He presented himself before Pearl, a marriage license in his pocket, and suggested an immediate marriage. And Pearl, considerably bewildered by the recent love tangles, grabbed the bird in the hand, and evening found them man and wife.

Cæsar Godfrey and Livonia Paisley sat up all night in the day coach and arrived in Knoxville very early the following morning. At the depot she excused herself, promised to meet Cæsar there in an hour and a half, sent him out to look over the city, and proceeded to purchase a ticket to New York.

When Cæsar returned she had gone. Even then he did not suspect that she was on a fast train approaching Johnson City en route for the metropolis, nor that she was at that moment thumbing over with great gusto thirty crisp, new five-dollar bills.

Those thirty five-dollar bills represented payment in full for vampire services rendered to one Simeon Broughton, husband to Pearl Godfrey-Broughton.

And Simeon, busy in his community gardening with the luscious sweetness of Pearl's kisses still fragrant on his lips, talked to himself as he worked: "It ain't cost but two hundred an' fifty dollars," he muttered happily; "an' as it got me a fine wife an' skeered dat yaller Cæsar so's he'll neber come widin a hundred miles ob dis town again—I guess it been cheap at de price!"



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THE WILDCAT

(Concluded from Page 12)

A little to Cash's aggrieved surprise, neither the captain nor the colonel seemed interested in his prowess as a sharpshooter or in his ill-treatment at the hands of his own Army. Instead, they asked an interminable series of questions that seemed to have no bearing at all on his case.

They wanted, for instance, to know the name of his regiment; its quota of men; how long they had been in France; what sea route they had taken in crossing the ocean; from what port they had sailed; and the approximate size of the convoy. They wanted to know what regiments lay to either side of Cash's in the American trenches; how many men per month America was sending overseas and where they usually landed. They wanted to know a thousand things more, of the same general nature.

Cash saw no reason why he should not satisfy their silly curiosity. And he proceeded to do so to the best of his ability. But as he did not know so much as the name of the port whence he had shipped to France, and as the rest of his tactical knowledge was on the same plane, the fast-barked queries presently took on a tone of exasperation.

This did not bother Cash. He was doing his best. If these people did not like his answers that was no affair of his. He was here to fight, not to talk. His attention wandered.

Presently he interrupted the colonel's most searching questions to ask: "You-all don't happen to be the Kaiser, do you? I s'pose not though. I'll bet that old Kaiser must weigh ——"

A thundered oath brought him back to the subject in hand, and the cross-questioning went on. But all the queries elicited nothing more than a mass of misinformation, delivered with such palpable genuineness of purpose that even Colonel von Scheurer could not doubt the man's good faith.

And at last the two officers began to have a very fair estimate of the mountaineer's character and of the reasons that had brought him thither.

Still it was the colonel's mission in life to suspect—to take nothing for granted. And after all, this yokel and his queer story were no more bizarre than was many a spy trick played by Germany upon her foes. Spies were bound to be good actors. And this lantern-jawed fellow might possibly be a character actor of high ability. Colonel von Scheurer sat for a moment in silence, peering up at Cash from beneath a thatch of stiff-haired brows. Then he ordered the captain and the others to leave the dugout.

Alone with Wyble the colonel still maintained his pose of majestic surveillance.

Then with no warning he spat forth the question: *"Wer bist du?"*

Not the best character actor unhung could have simulated the owlish ignorance in Cash's face. Not the shrewdest spy could have had time to mask a knowledge of German. And, as Colonel von Scheurer well knew, no spy who did not understand German would have been sent to enlist in the German Army.

The colonel at once was satisfied that the newcomer was not a spy. Yet to make doubly certain of the recruit's willingness to serve against his own country Von Scheurer sought another test. Pulling toward him a scratch pad he picked up a pencil from the table before him and proceeded to make a rapid sketch. When the sketch was complete he detached the top sheet and showed it to Cash. On it was drawn a rough likeness of the American flag.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Old Glory," answered Cash after a leisurely survey of the picture; adding in friendly patronage: "And not bad drawed, at that."

"It is the United States flag," pursued the colonel, "as you say. It is the national emblem of the country where you were born; the country you are renouncing, to become a subject of the All Highest."

"Meanin' Gawd?" asked Cash.

He wanted to be sure of every step. While he did not at all know the meaning of "renounce," yet his attendance at mountain camp-meeting revivals had given him a possible inkling as to what "All Highest" meant.

"What?" inquired the puzzled colonel, not catching his drift.

"The 'All Highest' is Gawd, ain't it?" said Cash.

"It is His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser," sharply retorted the scandalized colonel.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cash, much interested. "I see. In Wes' V'ginny we call Him 'Gawd.' An' over in this neck of the woods your Dutch name for Him is 'Kaiser.' What a ninny I am! I'd allers had the idee the Kaiser was jes' a man, with somethin' the same sort of job as Pres'dent Wilson's. But ——"

"This picture represents the flag of the United States," resumed the impatient Von Scheurer, waiving the subject of theology for the point in hand. "You have renounced it. You have declared your wish to fight against it. Prove that. Prove it by tearing that sketch in two—and spitting upon it!"

"Hold on!" interposed Cash, speaking with tolerant kindness as to a somewhat stupid child. "Hold on, Cap! You got me wrong. Or maybe I didn't make it so very clear. I didn't ever say I wanted to fight Old Glory. All I said I wanted to do was to fight that crowd of smart Alecks over yonder who jail me all the time an' won't let me fight in my own way. I've got nothin' agin th' old flag. Why, that 'ere's the flag I was borned under! Me an' pop an' gran'ther an' the hull b'ilin' of us—as fur back as there was any 'Merica, I reckon. I don't go 'round wavin' it none. That ain't my way. But I sure ain't goin' to tear it up. And I most gawdamighty sure ain't goin' to spit on it. I ——"

He checked himself. Not that he had no more to say, but because to his astonishment he found he was beginning to lose his temper. This phenomenon halted his speech and turned his wondering thoughts inward.

Cash could not understand his own strange surge of choler. He had not been aware of any special interest in the American flag. A little bunting representation of the Stars and Stripes—now faded close to whiteness—hung on the wall of his shack at home, where his grandmother, a rabid Unionist, had hung it nearly sixty years earlier, when West Virginia had refused to join the Confederacy. Every day of his life Cash had seen it there; had seen without noting or caring.

Camp Lee, too, had been ablaze with American flags. And after he had learned the rules as to the flag salute Cash had never given the banners a second thought. The regimental flags, too, here in France, had seemed to him but a natural part of the Army's equipment, and no more to be venerated than the twin bars on his captain's tunic.

Thus he could not in the very least account for the fiery flare of rebellion that gripped him at this ramrodlike Prussian's command to defile the emblem. Yet grip him it did. And it held him there, quivering and purple, the strange emotion waxing more and more overpoweringly potent at each passing fraction of a second. Dumb and shaking he glowered down at the amused colonel.

Von Scheurer watched him placidly for a few moments; then with a short laugh he advanced the test. Reaching for the sheet of paper whereon he had sketched the flag the colonel held it lightly between the fingers of his outstretched hands.

"It is really a very simple thing to do," he said carelessly, yet keeping a covert watch upon the mountaineer. "And it is a thing that every loyal German subject should rejoice to do. All I required was that you first tear the emblem in two and then spit upon it—as I do now."

But the colonel did not suit action to words. As his fingers tightened on the sheet of paper the dugout echoed to a low snarl that would have done credit to a Cumberland catamount.

And with the snarl six feet of lean and wiry bulk shot through the air across the narrow table that separated Cash from the colonel.

Von Scheurer with admirable presence of mind snatched his pistol from its temporary resting place in his lap. With the speed of the wind he seized the weapon. But with the speed of the whirlwind Cash Wyble was upon him, his clawlike fingers deep in the colonel's full throat, his hundred and sixty pounds of bone and gristle smiting Von Scheurer on chest and shoulder.

Cash had literally risen in air and pounced on the Prussian. Under the impact Von Scheurer's chair collapsed. Both men shot to earth, the colonel undermost and the pistol flying unheeded from his grasp. Over, too, went the table, and the electric light upon it. And the dugout was in pitch blackness.

There in the dark Cash Wyble deliriously tackled his prey, making queer and hideous little worrying sounds now and then far down in his throat, like a dog that mangles its meat.

And there the sentry from the earthen passageway found them when he rushed in with an electric torch, and followed by a rabble of fellow soldiers.

Cash at sound of the running footsteps jumped to his feet. The man he had attacked was lying very still, in a crumpled and yet sprawling heap—in a posture never designed by Nature.

With one wild sweep of his windmill arms Cash grabbed up the sheet of paper on which Von Scheurer had made his life's last sketch. With a simultaneous sweep he knocked the glass-bulbed torch from the sentinel, just as a rifle or two were centering their aim toward him; and, head down, he tore into the group of men who blocked the dugout entrance.

Cash had a faintly conscious sense of dashing down one passageway and up another, following by forestry instinct the course he had noted when he was led into the colonel's presence.

He collided with a sentinel; he butted another from his flying path. He heard yells and shots—especially shots. Once something hit him on the shoulder, whirling him half round without breaking his stride. Again something hot whipped him across the cheek. And at last he was out, under the foggy stars, with excited Germans firing in his general direction and loosing off star shells.

Again instinct and scout skill came to the rescue as he plunged into a bramble thicket and wriggled through long grass on his heaving stomach.

An hour before dawn Cash Wyble was led before his sleepy and unloving company commander. The returned wanderer was caked with dirt and blood. His face was scored by briers. Across one cheek ran the red wale of a bullet. A very creditable flesh wound adorned his left shoulder. His clothes were in ribbons.

Before the captain could frame the first of a thousand scathing words Cash broke out pantingly: "Stick me in the hoosgow if you're a mind to, Cap! Stick me there for life. Or wish me onto a kitchen-police job forever! I'm not kickin'. It's comin' to me, all right, arter what I done.

"I git the drift of the hull thing now. I'm onter what it means. It—it means Old Glory! It means—*this!*"

He stuck out one muddy hand wherein was clutched a wad of scratch-pad paper.

Then the company commander did a thing that stamped him as a genius. Instead of administering the planned rebuke and following it by sending the wretch to the guardhouse he began to ask questions.

"What do you make of it all?" dazedly queried the captain of Top Sergeant Mahan when Cash had been taken to the trench hospital to have his shoulder dressed.

"Well, sir," reported Mahan meditatively, "for one thing, I take it, we've got a new soldier in the company. A soldier, not a varmint. For another thing, I take it, Uncle Sam's got a new American on his list of nephews. And—and, unless I'm wrong, Kaiser Bill is short one crackajack sniper and one perfectly good Prussian colonel too. War's a funny thing, sir."

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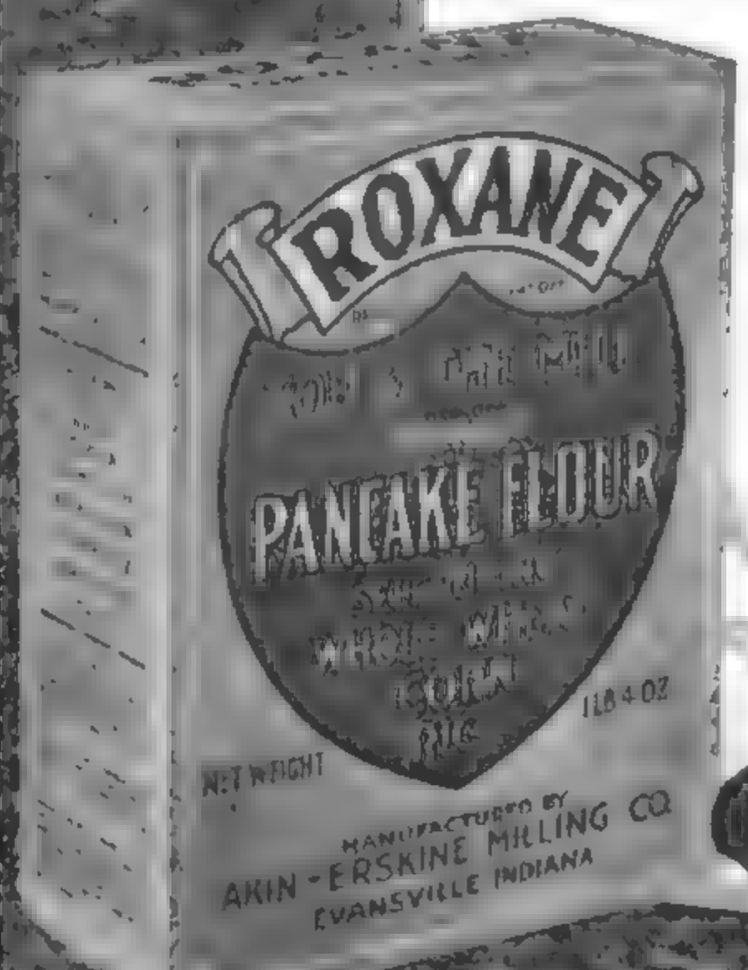

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FROM HIM WHO WAITS

By William H. Hamby

BECK had long since left the last trace of a road and the wheels of the sturdy little machine plowed valiantly into the desert sand. As the sun climbed higher and the heat grew more intense Beck's companion, a man with smooth pink lips and restless eyes, looked off to the south, where the Salton Sea glinted evilly in the glaring desert light, and then glanced back across that shimmering waste of sand and alkali and death

"I say, Berk"—the tone was a soft purr—"do we need to move that gold mine any farther back into the desert? Suppose this flivver bursts a blood vessel or loses a lung —— What then?"

"What then?" Beck was a large man, with a full face and prominent eyes. "It would probably be ten or fifteen years before they found our bones. Nobody ever comes this way, and no man on foot could live across eighty miles of that."

Latimer moistened his lips. The heat made even the skin thirsty.

"I don't see why one place is not as good for a gold mine as another."

He was manifestly uneasy. The big man at the wheel laughed.

"It is, when it comes to selling it. But it's my motto to put trouble as far off as I can. The more desert we get between us and the easy mark the sounder we shall sleep. By the way, did that widow make much of a howl yesterday when you relieved her of the responsibility of handling her insurance money?"

"No." Latimer passed a smooth, soft hand across his pink lips to wipe the sand away. "She blubbered a little, but directly gathered her kids up and beat it to an agency to look for a job. I don't mind that sort. It is the kind that hang round the hall for weeks at a time, and keep straining your intellect for new reasons why there are no dividends, that gets my goat."

"That is exactly why we are going to locate this claim far away from the busy haunts of men," grinned Beck. "I've bought up three hundred and twenty acres just south of the Salton Sea. It starts from that big hump yonder that looks like a camel's back. We'll sort of stake it off. Had to pay three hundred dollars for it—but it will make a dandy gold mine."

Latimer's restless eyes came back from the desert and smiled at his partner; his smile seemed Nature's very stamp of wistful sincerity.

"We won't sell stock—have not time; we'll sell the whole thing to a friend of mine back home. He has always looked up to me as a being of superior intelligence and I want to live up to my reputation. George would eat arsenic out of my hand if I told him it was sugar."

"How much is he good for?" The big man's prominent eyes were always greedy for more.

"Not a whole lot, I'm afraid," answered Latimer. "But we'll take it clean, whatever there is."

Opening a coal mine is hard work; and it is risky, both physically and financially. George Walters owned forty acres of land two miles north of Maltsville. All of the Maltsville country is underlaid by a vein of coal varying in thickness from twenty-two inches to four feet. The thinner is not profitable, but two companies were mining a thirty-eight-inch vein.

In boring a well Walters found four feet of coal at a depth of two hundred feet. There was no coal shortage in those days; it was before the war, or even a rumor of war, and coal mines were not especially profitable. Failing to interest any company in the development of his property, he mortgaged the forty acres for two thousand dollars, hired two men, and, by working sixteen hours a day himself, opened a small mine, with the crudest sort of machinery.

It was good coal and he started two wagons peddling it out to local users in Maltsville at two dollars and a quarter a ton. For four years he barely made a living out of it. Sometimes he was in debt, sometimes a little ahead; but it was hard work and a lot of worry. Then came the big war and the scarcity of coal—the price jumped from two and a quarter dollars to four and a half a ton.

Then one day, still grimed from head to foot with coal dust and with a miner's lamp on his cap, he stood at the top of the shaft holding a check for fifty-two thousand dollars in his hand. He had sold his coal mine at last.

That evening George sat on a porch screened by vines, shyly edging his chair nearer and nearer a sweet-voiced vision in white as he began to tell her, haltingly but exultantly, the story that had ached to be told for four long, hard years; and the girl was waiting with fluttering breath.

A light, breezy step was on the sidewalk. George paused until it should pass. But it turned in, instead, and George shifted his chair back a little and turned his head so he could see the caller in the moonlight.

"Well, I declare!" he said under his breath. "If it isn't Harold Latimer!"

II

"YES, sir." Latimer struck a match on his shoe, lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair. "I said to my partner: 'I've got enough—I've made my pile. I've got a friend back in Missouri I am going to let in on this.'"

The girl looked at George with a shy, fond pride. For an hour the two of them had listened in eager fascination to the colorful romance of Latimer's life in the Far West.

"We had not gone two hundred feet in this desert mine," continued Latimer lazily, "when we saw it was the richest thing we had struck. It was then I said to my partner: 'What is the use? I've got more than I need—more than an honest man can spend in a lifetime. I'm going back to old Mizzoo.' That evening I rang for one of my chauffeurs—I keep three cars, you know—and ordered him to drive to the station. I said to him: 'My man, if you had a friend that gave you his last marble when you were boys together—and, when there was only twenty-five cents between you for a circus ticket, he made you take it, while he stayed out—my man,' I says, 'would you go on rolling in wealth and leave him to plug along at hard work?' 'I don't know, sir,' he replied, 'what I would do; but I know what you will do.'" Latimer laughed appreciatively. "They all know what a soft heart I've got.

"So here I am!" He rose. "But I must go. Come over to the hotel and take lunch with me to-morrow, George, and I'll fix you up with a gold mine that will make you dream of the golden streets. Good night!"

He squeezed the girl's hand and shook hands warmly with Walters.

Most men are very sure that if they had ten thousand or forty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars they would salt it down and be sure of a living for the rest of their lives. George Walters had thought that; but he saw now how small fifty thousand dollars was compared to wealth like Latimer's. The interest on that would be only three thousand a year; and Elsie —— Why, Elsie ought to have everything lovely that could be bought! He wanted to give her more than any girl in Maltsville ever had. If there was a fortune out there in the desert by the Salton Sea for him he would be foolish not to take it.

III

"EASY?" Latimer leaned forward in one of the leather chairs of the West Promoting Company and smiled at Beck. "Why, eating strawberries and cream is manual labor compared to it. He'll be here to-morrow with his whole roll; and it is some roll, for he just sold a coal mine!"

"That is sure good talk," said Beck. "The Children of Israel never needed manna after a holiday any worse than we need dough right now. We've got to beat it inside of a week—and nothing to go on. That old patriarch with the whiskers and the palsy that talks about—my—my—starving grandchildren!"—Beck mimicked him perfectly—"is about to bring on the deluge."

"Don't worry," reassured Latimer. "My friend George to the rescue!"

But it was three days before George Walters arrived, which did not at all decrease his welcome. Latimer almost hugged him—did pat him on the shoulders half a dozen times—and Beck gripped his hand crushingly.

"We have the deed all ready," said Latimer, glancing George over to see whether there was a bulge in any of his pockets that looked like fifty-two thousand dollars.

"All right," said Walters. "I'm glad everything is all ready." His mild blue eyes glanced toward Beck and he asked Latimer apologetically: "Harold, could I see you alone a few minutes before we sign up?"

"Sure! Sure! Come right in here." He immediately led the way into a private office.

"I didn't hesitate, Harold"—George still spoke with soft-voiced apology—"about turning over the money to you in Maltsville because I didn't trust you."

"Oh, I know that, George." Latimer reached over and patted his knee. "Don't I know you, good old George?"

"Of course I'm taking your word for this," Walters hesitated, "because you have had so much more experience than I have. Now—I don't mean the least bit of doubt—but, Harold, you are sure this is a good investment?"

"The best; absolutely the best I have ever seen!" replied Latimer warmly—and truthfully from his standpoint.

"And there is a two-hundred-foot shaft already down?"

"If there isn't," smiled Latimer, "I'll dig it."

Walters fumbled in his pocket for a pencil and scribbled on the back of an old envelope.

"Would you mind to sign this?"

Latimer had such a strong impulse to laugh as he read it that he bit his lip: "If the mine ain't as represented I agree to refund the money."

This was too good to keep. He got up and took it out to Beck. They choked and gurgled and punched each other in the ribs.

Latimer came back directly with both their names signed to the agreement.

Walters unbuttoned his vest, took a check book and pen from the inside pocket, and began to write.

"I told you to bring the price in currency." Latimer spoke a little sharply. "They won't take your check here."

George's blue eyes looked surprised, hurt.

"Why not? My check is good—I've got the money in the Maltsville bank."

Latimer was disappointed, but dared not show it; anyway, they could have the check guaranteed by wire.

"All right; that will be all right. I'll cash it myself."

"I reckon," Walters remarked as he held the check in his fingers a moment to dry, "it would have been more businesslike to have gone and seen the mine first; but I'm taking your word for it, Harold. I'm trusting you."

"You can trust me, George, with your last dollar."

"I am," said Walters. "But we'll go and see the mine now."

"All right." Latimer took the check and stuck it in his pocket. "We'll go out to-morrow."

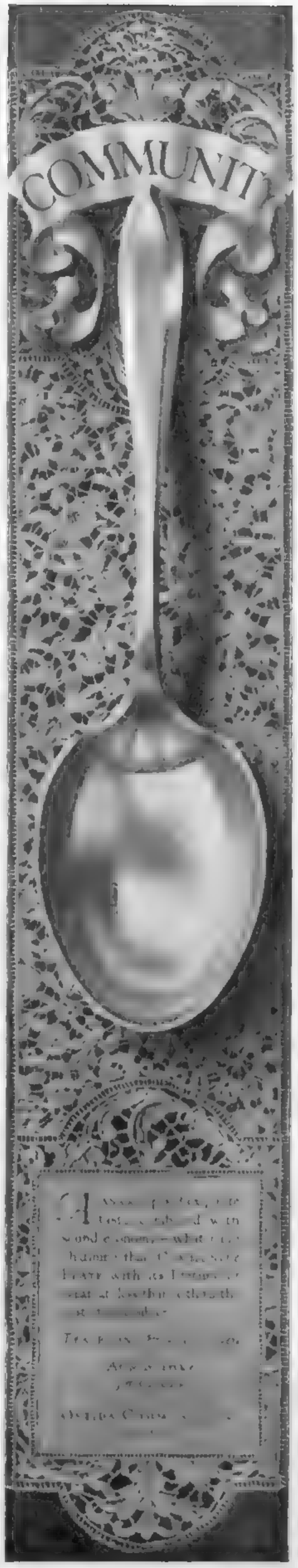
"No," said Walters; "I've got to see it right away—I can't wait. I want you and Mr. Beck to go along with me and show me all you can about the country. I've got a machine hired down there, waitin' for us."

Latimer and Beck had a chance for only a brief word aside. They had to do it or create suspicion in Walter's mind, and until this check was cashed suspicion was to be avoided.

"We'll show him the old Smelldon Mine," said Latimer in an undertone. "Don't worry! I can convince Old George that posies grow in hell."

They acceded cheerfully to Walter's insistence and went down on the elevator to the street, where they found a battered but serviceable flivver, with a long, lank, sunburned driver, waiting for them.

"I'll stop at San Bernardino," said Latimer aside to Beck, "and wire about this check."



Funny thing happened

the other morning in the Pullman dressing room. You know there is always one youth who tries to conceal that it's his first Pullman trip by getting dressed before six and then sitting in the dressing room for two hours, smoking, and taking up room needed for bags and suit cases.

One of these pests recently added light conversation to his other offences.

"I see you use Mennen's Shaving Cream," he said to me. "I was reading an ad about it yesterday, written by a wise guy named Jim Henry. He's a hot-air artist aw'right. Is the stuff any good?"

Then he caught sight of my name engraved on my bag, and the dressing room became less crowded immediately.

Since the Boss made me start writing these ads, over a million men have become addicts to Mennen's, and I suppose ten million have become familiar with my name from seeing it so often; yet I doubt if a hundred people, outside of my customers, know that I am Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman.

It's a big satisfaction, though, to know that each morning a million men build up a creamy Mennen lather without rubbing in with fingers; using cold water if they like—and lots of it; and then enjoy the sort of shave that gives one a hunch that it's going to be a pretty good day after all.

"Jim Henry" may not mean much to you, but Mennen's Shaving Cream will mean pleasant shaves for the rest of your life if you will send 12c. for one of my demonstrator tubes.

Jim Henry

(*Mennen Salesman*)

JIM HENRY,
House of Mennen,
42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

[illegible] shaving [illegible] doubt if a trial tube can be [illegible] and Proof [illegible] here's 12c.

Name _____

Address _____

The old Smelldon Mine, one of the many desert ventures, was forty miles north of the Salton Sea tract they had deeded to Walters.

"Turn here," Beck directed the driver. "Our mine is by that butte yonder."

But the lank driver, instead, turned the machine southeast and plunged the kicking wheels into the deep sand.

"Nope!" he said briefly. "The land in that deed ain't up there. It's forty miles south of here. I know this country like a book—used to be a government surveyor."

IV

LATIMER was distinctly nervous. This was not from the slight embarrassment he might feel over the absence of improvements on the mine they had sold Walters. He could explain that all right. He remembered how he had worked George fifty times when they were boys and always got away with it. There was no end to the yarns and plausible explanations that gullible old George would swallow. It was really George's quarter that time they went to the circus. He had asked George to let him look at it—and then slipped off and went into the circus himself, afterward persuading George it was best, for he could tell about it so much better.

No; he could manage George all right. He would tell him he had hired that shaft sunk and thought it had been done. What worried Latimer was the desert. He was afraid of the desert. He hated it. There were too many stories, verified by bleached bones, of men who had gone out and never had come back.

He kept thinking now, as he sat silent or nervously glib beside Walters: "Suppose this old trap does break now?"

Beck rode with the driver and they seemed to find little to talk about. From time to time Beck glanced back at Latimer with an accusing question in his eye: "What have you let us in for?"

It was five o'clock when the plucky little machine plowed its way toward the camel-like hump south of Salton Sea.

Beck turned and gave Latimer a most significant look; and Latimer glanced ahead to see what was the matter. There, near the center of the patch of desert they had deeded to Walters, stood two tents, their very newness and whiteness looking more bizarre than the desert itself.

"What is that?" Latimer turned to Walters.

"Merely your construction camp, I suppose," replied George matter-of-factly.

"Oh, yes." Latimer caught at this explanation glibly. "I remember now we told Jensen to send a couple of men out and finish up some assay work."

"We'll stop here," Walters said to the driver when they were two hundred yards from the tents. Beck and Latimer got out, giving each other telepathic glances of inquiry and warning. "Take the machine on to the camp," Walters directed. "I want Mr. Latimer and Mr. Beck to give me some idea of the lines here."

Latimer took the lead. His tongue had returned to its cunning. He began to talk glibly of the vast wealth in these sands—picked up a handful and showed Walters how it fairly glittered with desert gold. He led the way through the sand and heat—it was still over a hundred at five o'clock—along what he described as the direction of the main vein. He broke off suddenly and whirled about.

"Where is that car going?" The little machine was plowing away from the camp toward the south.

"Going to El Centro for supplies, I guess," remarked Walters. "Let's go down to the camp and look at the shaft," he suggested, and dropped in behind the two.

"Beck," said Latimer, "Jensen told you they were down two hundred feet on the shaft, didn't he?"

Beck caught the import.

"Well, he said they would be down two hundred feet by to-day if nothing happened; but I have not seen him since you went East. I hope he hasn't laid down on us."

There were two tents. In front of one was a small oil stove, and just inside the door a keg of water, a box of crackers and another of canned goods. On a cot was stretched a leathery-looking old-timer—a typical prospector - reading a week-old paper. Nowhere in sight was there a sign that a shovel had ever been stuck in the sand.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck. "If Jensen hasn't laid down on us! He has not sunk that shaft at all. Hey, you!" He turned to the man in the tent. "Are you working for Jensen?"

The old-timer never lowered his paper; never even looked toward him.

"Not as anybody can notice."

"We can have some supper pretty soon, can't we?" Walters asked.

The miner sat up on the bed and yawned.

"Yep—as soon as the sun is down. Don't want to sunburn my neck cooking over that thing in daylight."

Directly after sundown they sat in front of the tent and ate off a dry-goods box. The food was rough but sufficient. Beck and Latimer were more and more puzzled, but had not been able to get aside for a discussion of this amazing situation. Whatever it meant, they must keep this greenhorn mollified and deceived until they could get returns on the check.

"It will be pleasanter riding back after dark," remarked Latimer, lighting a cigar after they had finished supper. "How soon do you expect your chauffeur back?"

"Not very soon," replied Walters.

He was sitting facing the west. A little light yet lingered and his face looked sort of sad and disappointed; but something in his mild blue eyes puzzled Latimer. Old George had never looked like that before.

"Pete," Walters turned to the leathery cook, "bring out the picks and shovels."

A forty-volt shock could not have startled Beck and Latimer more than this sudden tone of command. Two picks and two shovels were brought from the tent and thrown down beside them.

"Latimer"—somehow George's blue eyes no longer looked mild; they held smoldering danger as he turned upon him—"you have lied to me once too often. You and your partner are going to sink a shaft there two hundred feet deep."

V

THEY were exceedingly indignant. They stormed and swore and threatened.

"Why, you poor boob," said Latimer, "we'll have you sent to the penitentiary for this."

But George merely grinned slowly and pushed the hair up from his forehead.

"What for?"

"For trying to intimidate us—force us to work against our will."

"I'm not," remarked George. "I merely came out with you to see my mine. And I'm going to stay with you. I don't intend to try to force you to work or force you to stay. You are as free as two coyotes. But ——" He turned to the leathery man. "Pete, provisions and water are too scarce to waste on bums. For every four hours' work give these gents one meal and a pint of water. They don't eat again until they have dug four hours. And, as you slept this afternoon, I'll turn in now and let you boss the work until midnight. I've had rather a trying day of it. You have your gun? Or do you want mine?"

"I've got it," said the old miner cheerfully; "and don't you worry. I'll see that these frisky gents get in a good night's work."

George turned on the two and grinned slowly as he remarked:

"Pete is a brother of the widow whose insurance you invested. And my chauffeur, who will bring us up provisions once or twice a week, is a nephew of the old man with the palsy whose grandchildren are destitute. Good night, gentlemen!"

There was sullen rebellion in camp for two hours after Walters had gone to sleep. Beck and Latimer walked off into the dark, discussing their plight, swearing at each other, cursing George, the desert, and the God who made them. Pete, the old miner, merely sat in front of the tent and smoked, a most serviceable gun across his knee. He made no effort to restrain them—only chuckled at the thought of their trying to escape. At ten o'clock they came back and sullenly picked up the shovels. Pete told them where and how to work. After they had dug four hours he allowed them to go to bed.

Sore and blistered already, they awoke next morning as the blasting sun came up over the desert. In an hour the heat was over a hundred. By noon it had gone to one hundred and twenty-six. The wind off that shimmering dead expanse was like a breath of hell. They were choking for a drink; but they had had their pint of water at breakfast.

They stuck it out until three o'clock; then, despite the terrific heat, they took pick and shovel and went back to the job. They were dirty now and the sweat ran down their faces until it blinded them. Their hands were raw with blisters; they cursed with every lick. But at seven o'clock they had earned another meal and another drink.

Days followed, all alike. They thought of their soft beds and hard drinks back in Los Angeles; they thought of rich food and cool sea winds; they thought of that fifty-thousand-dollar check, still in Latimer's pocket.

"Do you suppose the fool knows enough to stop payment?" asked Beck, mopping his grimy forehead on a dirty sleeve.

"I doubt it," replied Latimer. "Let's hope for the best."

Twice a week the machine came with water and provisions, but there was no danger of the two getting a ride out.

Two weeks passed and the shaft was going down. Walters and Pete rigged up a sort of windlass, with a rope and bucket, and made Beck work it while Latimer dug below. They were down only fifty feet and the two diggers began to despair.

"Somehow," whined Latimer one day as they stood at the mouth of the shaft and looked over the glittering desert, "I had a hunch the first time we came out here that it would get me. We'll never get out alive."

"Let's tackle 'em with the picks, then," proposed Beck savagely.

"Not much!" said Latimer. "The devils never sleep, and they've always got their hands on the guns."

VI

THEY were back at work.

"I wonder," said Latimer, "what this layer of stuff is? That boob keeps watching it and testing it. He's doing something to it every time I'm up there. He was down measurin' how thick it is this morning. Heard him talking to that hack driver that brings the provisions as though it is something he has been reading and studying about."

"He probably thinks it's melted silver," said Beck, too weary to even swear any more. "I got it figured out how he had all this outfit up here. He stopped off at El Centro and came up here, and discovered you were stringing him before he went on to Los Angeles."

The next trip the machine made, George left the driver to help Pete guard the provisions while he went to town. He was gone four days. When he came back he called the two diggers up. As he looked them over that slow grin covered his face.

"I'm ashamed to have as tough-looking hobos as you working for me," he said in his mild, good-natured tone. "I'm going to fire you. Clark will let you ride in with us if you will make good that twenty thousand insurance you stole from his uncle and the thirty thousand you stole from Pete's sister."

The two battered, crushed and desperate specimens gulped and looked furtively across the desert. To be left here meant sure death by torture!

"We ain't got it. We are broke. Honest to God, we are!"

"You've got that check of mine," said George. "Indorse that over to them."

Two days later Beck and Latimer met in the back room of a downtown saloon. Their office had been closed and they were in hiding.

"Do you suppose that check was good?" asked Beck, fishing up a quarter for the drinks.

"I know it was," said Latimer. "I telegraphed just to find out; he hadn't had sense enough to stop payment."

As they sipped their drinks slowly, to make them last, Latimer reached down and picked up a three-days-old paper someone had dropped.

"Good Lord!" he said, shaking. "Look here!"

He shoved the paper under Beck's nose.

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Latimer's and Beck's eyes met and held for a long sad minute.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck.

"I have been, already," replied Latimer. "And we dug up a million for him while working in hell! Ain't this a rotten world?"

Oakland

Practical and patriotic considerations today dictate that in the purchase of an automobile, you select the car which provides all the needed qualities with the least use of valuable materials. Scientific, light-weight construction makes the Oakland Sensible Six Sedan from 300 to 500 pounds lighter than other cars of similar wheel base and completeness. This valuable saving of steel and other materials not only serves the national purpose, but gives to Oakland owners important economies in fuel, oil and tires, and in general upkeep expense. Along with this high utility, this Sensible Sedan possesses features of real comfort and convenience. Unusual roominess, permanent pillars, large doors, an efficient heater, and the substantial character of all fittings and finish, make this Sedan especially appropriate to purchase and use at the present time.

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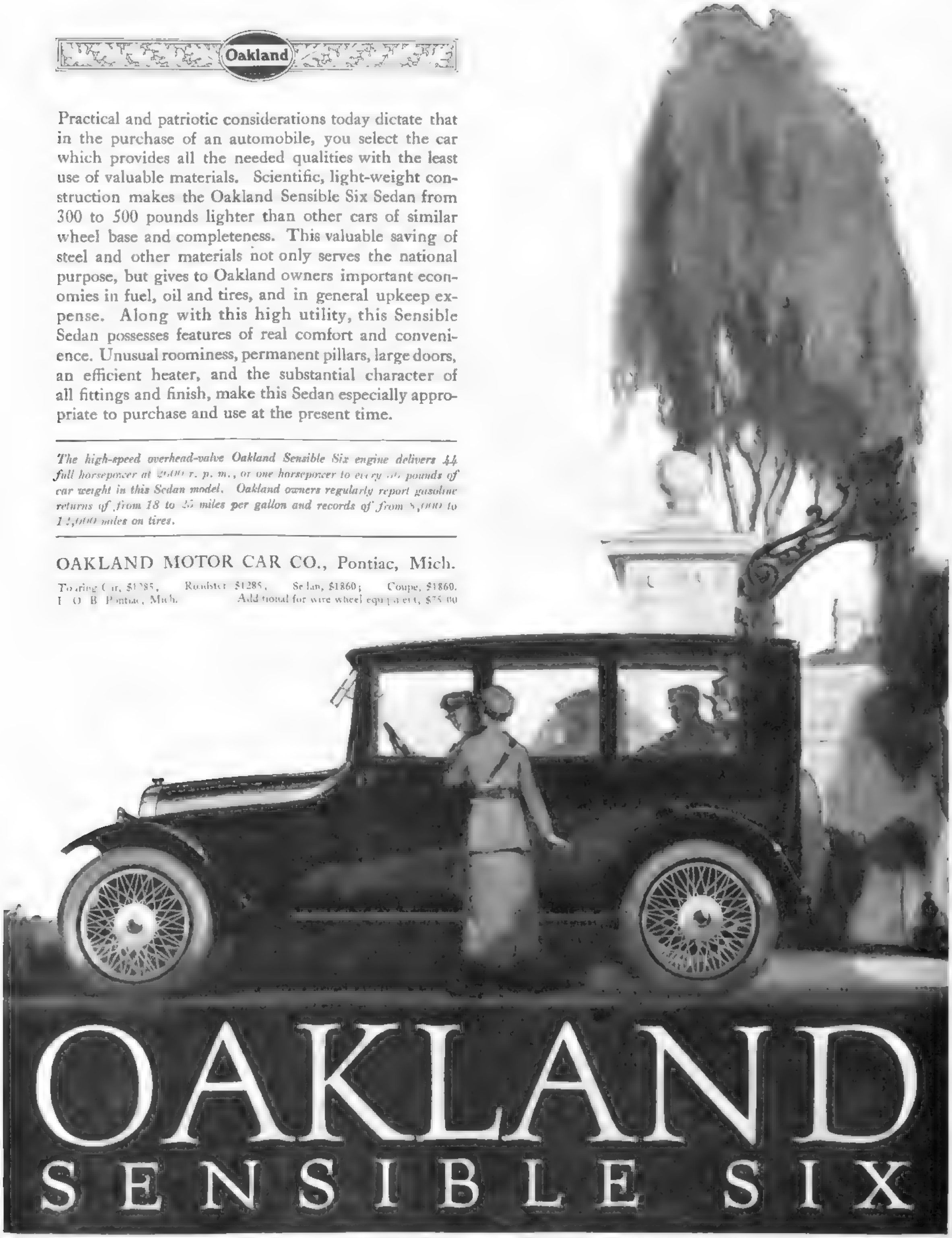

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DU PONT

OUT-OF-DOORS

Odds and Ends of Sport

CONSIDER the sturgeon and her ways. She is not much to look at, but Solomon in all his glory never got a hundred and fifty dollars a barrel for caviar in the best Jerusalem market. Genuine Russian caviar made in Sandusky, Ohio, used to be eight dollars a barrel. Sturgeon used to be three cents a pound. Now I presume one would be lucky to get it at six bits a pound, and very likely it would be made out of catfish at that, just as most sturgeon roe is made to-day.

The two best American fresh-water fishes, from a food viewpoint, in the opinion of many are the whitefish and the wall-eyed pike or pike perch. The table price of these fishes has more than doubled in the last two years. Even the bullhead is chirking up nowadays. Twenty to thirty cents a pound for fish on the hoof is nothing to jar a housewife these days.

Some Americans are restless over certain of the governmental regulations that now are being put out. For instance, the ladies rebel at the thought of shoes not more than eight inches in height, which must be either white or black or one of the two ordained shades of tan. The ladies ought not to complain, because the gentlemen are now told just how long their sack coats may be, and how many pockets they may have.

A great deal of waste attaches to careless handling of sporting gear. Angling material is especially perishable, and should be well looked after, not only with the view of preventing waste but in the way of increasing efficiency.

Does your casting line kink and curl up when you cast? Is it hard to keep the line straight on the water? If so the truth probably is one of two things—either at some time in the history of that line you used a spinner on it or else you left it rolled up tight on the reel all winter long. Either of these practices will ruin a good fly-casting line, and a good fly-casting line costs about seven and a half dollars to-day.

Of the fly-casting lines there are two types, the enameled and the vacuum dressed, each of which has its adherents. It does not do an enameled line much good, if any, to use grease on it, and some dealers think that it hurts the enameled line. These lines cast smoothly after they are worn smooth by use. Some of the long-distance casters employ them, but use on them graphite, powdered very fine, which makes them dirty and untidy in use in actual fishing.

Winter Quarters for Lines

A vacuum-dressed line is soft and should lie straight on the water. It does good to keep this sort of line well greased with deer fat—that is the same as saying mutton fat in this country—and, indeed, such a line ought to be treated in that way frequently. You can apply the deer fat, which any good sporting-goods store will sell you, by filling in the belt leaves of a little leather pad and running this up and down your line. Don't be afraid to get the line very greasy. Then run it through your hands to smooth off the grease. If you do this at least once a week, or even once a day in your actual fishing season, and then lay away the line, either well greased or put down in a jar and covered with grease, you will be using your line in the way that is approved by most of the angling sharks.

It is especially important to do what most of us forget to do when we have come in from a fishing trip, and that is to take the fly-casting line off the reel altogether. Most casting reels have the barrel entirely too small, and if you wind a line, especially a fine tapered line, on such a reel it is bound to get kinks, crimps and curls in it. These will be almost permanent if you leave the line on its reel all winter. The next season will mean that your line will not be straight, and you will have your own troubles in getting it straight.

Therefore, always when you are through for the time with your fly line take it off, grease it, if it is vacuum-dressed, and throw it into a large loose loop which you can hold in your left hand, say a foot or a foot and a half in size across. Tie this loop loosely together with a bit of string, and either hang the line on a nail or throw it loosely in a drawer.

Attention has been called, perhaps, in these columns very long ago to the efficacy of an old bicycle wheel rim, which is hollow and will hold a line nicely. A line stored away on such a base is not going to curl next year.

For the bait-casting line not so much can be done. Being of soft silk it is not damaged so much by being left on a reel, but as a good many of these lines have a little paraffin put in them in spite of all, even they are very likely to get kinks. Also, they have an annoying disposition to rot when left tight coiled. The better a bait-casting line is the more perishable it is. Raw silk needs drying.

No one can tell how many good fly rods have been ruined by failure to keep up the lashings and wrappings, failure to revarnish every year and failure to keep the rod dry. A good fly rod to-day may cost forty dollars up—that is, if of the most expensive type. Such a rod ought not to be left out-of-doors overnight. At the close of each day's fishing it ought to be taken apart and wiped dry: it is especially desirable to take your handkerchief and wipe the tip dry when you have finished fishing. When you go home with your rod don't leave it in the case and don't stand it up in the closet on end. If the rod is in a canvas case don't tie it tight, but let it lie in the case loose. Then take the top strings of the case and form a loop and hang your rod with all the others over a nail in your gun closet. This will have a tendency to keep it in better condition. The resiliency of a fly rod is all there is to it. Once the varnish is gone the rod is gone, and each year a man ought to go over his fly rods before the fishing season begins.

Care of Reels and Guides

Your fly-casting reel often is smaller of barrel than your bait-casting reel. The best types have large barrels—I think that the English make better fly reels than we do in America, though as to bait reels the situation is entirely different. Even a rather high-priced fly-casting reel may weaken in the click or get sand in the plates. It is not a bad idea each winter to take down your fly reel and go over it, cleaning it and oiling it.

The cleaning of a bait-casting reel is a different proposition. Nine men out of ten who undertake to dismount a high-priced, well-made bait-casting reel will find that when they put it together it does not run quite so freely as it did before. In all likelihood this is because too much oil has been left on the plates or bearings. If you find it necessary after very heavy casting to oil your bait-casting reel, first clean it absolutely clean and then put on the very least little bit of the thinnest oil you have. Wipe off this oil so that you can hardly see there is any left. Then in screwing the plates and other parts of your reel together be sure that you do not make the plates too tight, and also be sure that they are screwed down equally on all sides—that is, a little at one screw and a little at each of the others—don't screw down one side of the reel plate and then the other. If you do you will not leave the bearings flat and parallel.

It is worth while to look at the guides on all your rods. The guides on the short modern bait-casting rod are very often made of agate, and are about as sure not to fray a line as anything can be. On a fly rod, however, the guides usually are of wire, and one of these may get worn so that it will cut or fray your line in casting. This is especially true of a tip guide that has been in use for some time. Some fly rods are built with agate tip guides, and with the hand guide or the one nearest to the reel also of agate. This material, however, is apt to get cracked or broken or to be knocked out of place. There is a very fine tip guide obtainable made of extremely hard steel. This guide will not wear like the soft-metal ones that we used to have on our fly rods.

How do you keep your flies? A screw-top mason jar is about as good a receptacle as any to keep out the moths; but, of course, if you pour your flies in and let them jell

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater

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Safe. The burners are doubly protected—by an inner "core" and an outer steel jacket. No open flame—no fire danger. No extinguished jets—no escaping gas. But a fine-feeling, enveloping warmth from the "glowing heart," a deep red glow of cheerful hospitality—and Health!

Powerful. The Lawson takes up little space, yet gives out more heat than ordinary stoves of larger size and higher price. There's an economical size for the largest to the smallest room.

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Insist on the genuine—look for the name Lawson. Write for folder.

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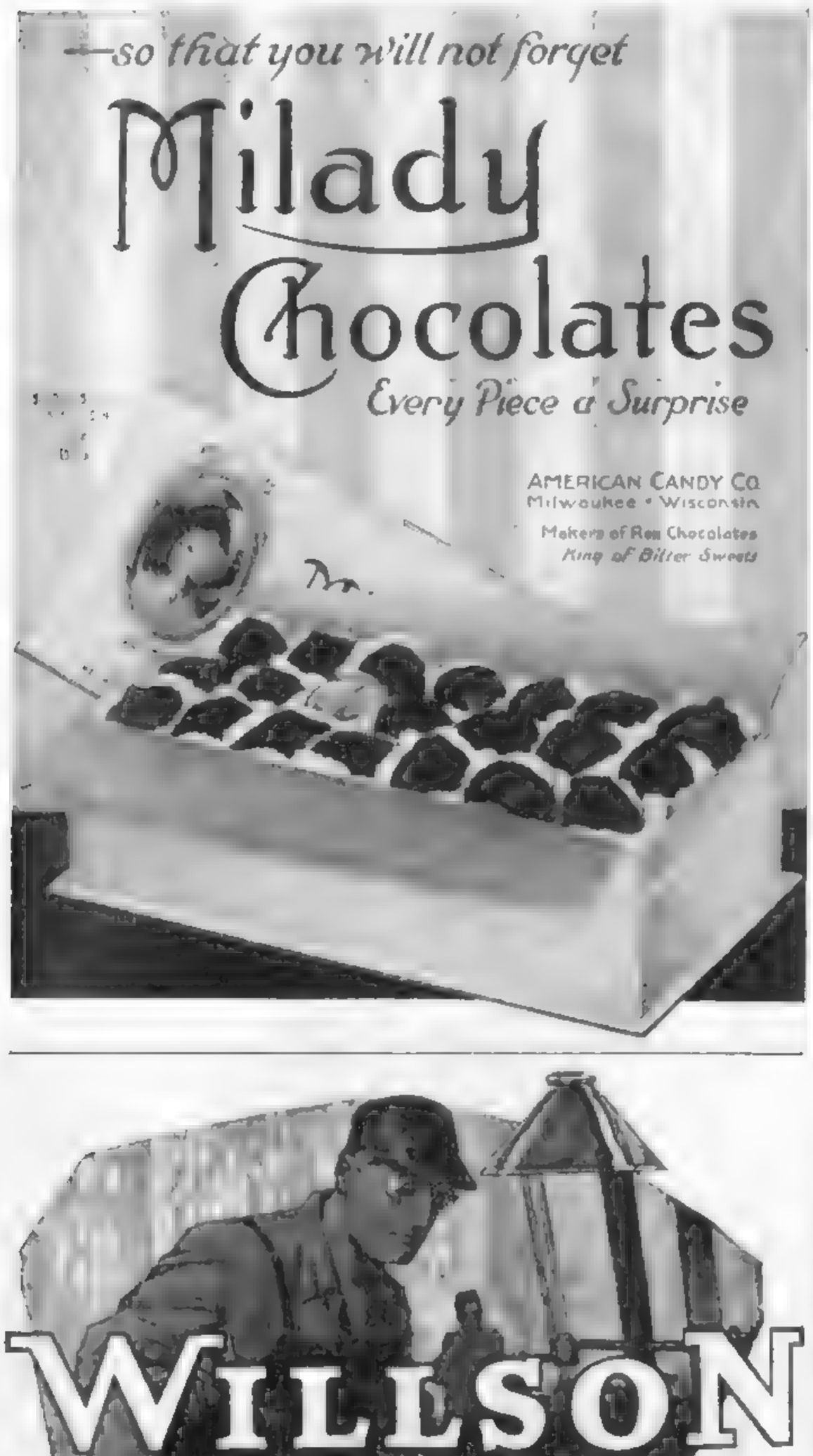

NOT everyone works at a lathe. But there are hundreds of other occupations and pursuits where eye protection is fully as essential—where glare, dust or flying particles will work serious injury unless prevented by some protective measures.

Willson Goggles afford this protection wherever there is need for it—and afford it *with comfort*.

Every Willson Goggle is scientifically right—designed and made for a particular purpose.

The safety model for industrial workers, for instance, is constructed with a *safety flange* so that if the glass by any chance should be broken by a flying particle the fragments will not fly toward the face.

Other models are made with the same care and skill.

A special service department is maintained here at the Willson factory to investigate industrial requirements and without obligation to suggest the most efficient type of goggle to meet particular needs.

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.

Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870

Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play

in the winter you will have your own troubles sorting them out in the spring. That method is better for the large flies, such as bass flies.

The use of snelled flies is decreasing every year, and perhaps will decrease more rapidly now that all angling goods are getting higher priced and more difficult to obtain. Some men like to fish with more than one fly, and I presume there will always be a certain amount of use for the snelled fly, though, with many others, personally I have not used the snelled fly for many years. More than one fly is apt to get tangled up more readily in actual fishing, especially on a brushy stream. The eyed fly is a better investment, as the snell is not there to break off at the head after two or three years, as so often occurs in the snelled patterns. You can carry more eyed flies in the same space of tackle box than you can of snelled, and they are less apt to get entangled. They are distinctly better for keeping, because they may be stowed away in compact form.

Most eyed flies are kept in the metal tackle boxes, where they come in under the little clips. These boxes are practical, though a trifle heavy to carry on the stream if one has a very large assortment of flies. They are good when it comes to keeping out moths in the winter time after the angler is done fishing. None the less and notwithstanding, these boxes do sometimes get a little bent or sprung when one has carried them together in his pockets or his angling bag, so sometimes the edges of the lids do not come tight together. I went to Europe on a trip one time, and when I came back found that I had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of flies. Just a little carelessness in putting away the fly box had allowed a tiny crevice, into which some busy moths had forced their way.

At different times one has spoken of the value of bicycle tape, or, better yet, of the Z. O. surgeon's tape, which can be obtained at retail, and which is about as indispensable an item in the sporting outfit as anything you can think of. For instance, just the other day in a sporting paper I was reading of a woman's notion about keeping condensed milk in camp—you know how that stuff is going to ooze out after you have punched a couple of holes in the top of the tin. This lady said it was the custom in her camp just to stick a piece of surgeon's tape over these two perforations in the top of the can. It worked perfectly. This is a mighty good thing to remember.

But in regard to metal fly boxes, the tape may also be useful, and I am putting it in use this winter in my boudoir in the following fashion: I paste round all the edges of my metal fly books a strip of this tape. It holds the lid down and absolutely keeps out all moths. Therefore the heathen moth may rage. Worth remembering, very likely.

Waders in Cold Storage

Rubber goods are getting higher and higher in price all the time. How do you keep your wading stockings or trousers? A good many city anglers live in apartments, which usually are steam-heated. A pair of rubber waders may have cost twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five or forty dollars. Two or three winters in a hot closet is apt to kill the life of the rubber and leave them worthless. If you have a cold-storage room or a locker room that is not heated, always keep your rubber boots and waders there and not in a heated apartment. It will add several hundredfold to the length of their lives. Heat and grease are the worst enemies that rubber has.

In these times of high-priced sporting goods perhaps you will want to tie your own leaders. If so you will want to know how to buy high-class gut. The tests of this are fairly well known. A strand of the gut should feel round between the fingers. If you hold it up between your two thumbs and fingers and look along it toward the light it will reflect the light evenly if it is round, otherwise not. It is best to soak gut, especially fine gut, overnight before you begin to tie your leaders. Always test your leaders as soon as they are tied. Not one of them is stronger than its weakest point, and quite often the double leader knot which you have executed so carefully will cut when you put on strain. Keep on retying the broken leader until you know it is sufficiently strong throughout. Don't trust to anything at all except the actual test.

Do you tie your own flies? It is a beautiful art, but one which it were not profitable to undertake to describe here, even with illustrations. I don't know that anyone can learn to tie a fly from reading a book, though a few general ideas may be had therefrom.

Watch some man do it who knows how—that is the easiest way to learn, precisely as it is the easiest way to learn how to cast a fly.

It is very simple to tie the bucktail fly, of which much has been written, but the making of even the standard patterns, such as you see sold commercially, is a far more difficult art. Not one amateur fly-tier in a hundred ever becomes really proficient. I have one friend who weighs two hundred-odd pounds and has a hand on him of very adequate dimensions, yet he ties the most delicate flies I have ever seen and absolutely true to pattern. The art of fly-tying is handed down in Scotland and England from generation to generation. It is wonderful how some of the girls and women in the factories in the old country will tie gross after gross of the most delicate midge patterns, and will have each one absolutely true to the pattern, and therefore each like the other.

Of late the so-called bass-bug or cork-bodied bass fly with feather or bucktail wings and tail has come into rapid vogue. I presume that almost anyone ties flies well enough to make this lure in practical form. A study of it not long ago put the notion in my own mind that this thing would do for trout as well as bass, and I began experimenting, invoking also the aid of all my friends.

It was obvious early in the experiments that when you build a fly which absolutely will float all the time the cork body is too large to be true to the average pattern of the artificial trout fly—that is to say, to the standard idea of how such a fly should look.

We learned also that when you wrap this cork tightly under tinsel or silk it seems to lose a lot of its floating power—it is the size or displacement of the cork body which tends to float the fly, and I believe you will find this for yourself.

Hints on Tying Flies

Curiously enough, it was in far-off California that I got the most help in these experiments. Mr. Charles E. Van Horn, of California, wrote something which may be of interest to others of the craft:

"I could not resist the temptation to monkey a little with the cork proposition. It was like a resurrection. I experimented with a lot of those things many years ago when the cocked-tail and scale-wing flies had their little run. Made them of cork, straw, quills and gut, with rabbit and squirrel whiskers for tails. Also, played with scale wings from my own tarpon; tried the shaded body, three or four shades from belly to back. Had the midge-fly fad all one summer—Numbers sixteen, eighteen and twenty hooks. Found I was covering clumsy casting by using overlight stuff.

"Then came the Halford Up-eyed floater. Fell for that also—one of the first Americans, I think, to play them in American waters. Plenty of opportunity to do the real thing in the New England meadow and Adirondack streams. Then my spread wing bumped me, and I went back nearly to first principles, except for the wing, and am satisfied with it on most of the streams of the country, as it is a good type to float, and can be sunk if necessary.

"As you say, our streams are, most of them and especially our Western ones, too rough for the orthodox dry-fly work, and we Americans are too energetic to follow correct form when other methods get the fish. I work now on the principle that old Doctor Prime laid down, that the fly should not be 'a tame imitation of Nature, but an artistic suggestion of it,' and think now that in rapid water and with a continually moving fly the fish should be offered a fly of general form and color that will suggest some insect that is food, and I think that fully as much depends on the light cast and simulated struggle of a shipwrecked fly done by an experienced hand, as on the pattern, shape or size of the fly, allowing that the fly is seasonable. Of course, the Royal Coachman never has been nor probably ever will be accounted for."

So there was another new notion in flies, where the subject seemed to have been

(Concluded on Page 49)

How you, too, can always have that well-dressed feeling

To be properly dressed, and comfortably dressed, are manly desires. They are essential to success socially, in business, in any and every activity. Men who win *look* well and *feel* right.

"High Grade"—a new one—

President Suspenders

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The "High Grade" President is as necessary to proper dress and bodily comfort as a dress suit is to a full dress function. And if *comfort* counts for anything in life—and you know it does—Presidents are as necessary as well-made, properly fitting clothes are necessary. Presidents are different from ordinary suspenders. You don't *feel* them. And they drape and hold the trousers right always.

This new "High Grade" Suspender suits the good-looks taste of discriminating men. They are made of Silk-Faced and Mercerized-Lisle Webbing. The trimmings are brass, gilt plated, and guaranteed not to rust. Both the "High Grade" President and the Regular President are the *standards* of suspender quality, service and comfort. The President is *the* suspender—the American man's universal favorite.

Get a pair for each pair of trousers. You will find this plan so convenient. Make your purchase today. Best dealers, everywhere, sell Presidents. Every pair is guaranteed satisfactory, or *money back*. Until you have actually worn Presidents you cannot appreciate how *different* they are from all other suspenders made.

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Dealers who sell President Suspenders display them on their counters or in their windows. And in stores where President Suspenders are displayed [illegible]

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The Charm of Personality may be a hidden gift which acquaintance will reveal—but the Charm of Personal Beauty, such as a clear complexion, a clean, soft, velvety skin is immediately apparent.

CREMEOIL—The Cream of Olive Oil Soaps is the first aid to nature in achieving this coveted gift. This exquisite soap is a new delight for toilet and bath.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Concluded from Page 46)

exhausted. The so-called spread-wing style is done with a single feather tied on top by the rib at the head of the fly. It has a V cut out of the feather behind, the point of the V at the rib of the feather. Put this sort of wing on a cork-body fly, and dress it up with considerable hackles, and you have a fly which is pretty nearly dry—as near as any fly can be dry which is not very bulky in body. In use I thought these did very well, indeed, and when sometimes the body covering got soaked I found I could dry this fly more quickly than I could the average fly with the heavy hackles. I thought the general resemblance to the floating insect as good as most—perhaps better. But law! law! who knows what a trout wants!

Another Californian, an amateur of observing habits and long angling experience, adds some information about rods which may be worth keeping in mind by cognoscenti. He says:

"The rod you mention—seven-and-a-quarter ounce, ten feet three inches—would, I imagine, be too powerful for me. Anything over nine feet six inches I consider too long for fishing. My favorite rod weighs six ounces, and is nine feet six inches long There is a spear in the butt, a thing I would not be without on a rod, which weighs one ounce, and the three-and-three-quarter-ounce reel makes an almost perfect balance. I find I can cast as long a line with this as I can fish properly. I am not a spectacular long-distance man. I imagine if I ever attended a tournament I would have to have a handicap of at least thirty feet to get into the also-ran division."

Some Fine Points

"If one would cast a dry fly accurately at one hundred and ten feet, which is not near the record, the odds are about five to one against hooking a fish if one rose to fly, for the reason that there would be a lot of slack lying on the water, and it would be very difficult to keep a tight line on the fish. Of course, fishing downstream with a wet fly the line is much straighter between the tip and the fly, and there is much better chance of landing a trout with a long line out.

"For dry fly work anything over seventy-five feet is taking chances of pricking the fish and not doing anything else besides scaring him."

The foregoing are words of a fisherman and not a tournament man, and they are very much in accord with the experience of most anglers. As the foregoing writer is an engineer, perhaps we may value also his statements in regard to certain rather technical details as to rods.

Comparing a high-class English rod with a high-class American rod, he finds the center of gravity of the English rod sixteen and a half inches above the upper end of the handle, eighteen inches in the American rod, and has this comment:

"If we allow a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the upper end of the handle to the ball of the thumb, we find that with a five-and-a-half-ounce rod the distance from the ball of the thumb to the balancing point is ten and five-eighths inches for the American, seven and a quarter inches for the English rod. On my rod I used a reel which, together with the line, etc., weighs eight ounces. With this combination I bring the center of gravity, or balancing point, about four inches from the ball of the thumb, which is about right. From the two sets of figures it is easy to realize that unless a fairly heavy reel was used the average tournament rod would be top-heavy.

"The factor of the number of vibrations per minute is one which will tell more about the casting qualities of a rod than any other. A rod with one hundred and five vibrations per minute will be full of pep, but when the vibrations are only ninety to ninety-five you have one of the willowy wands that bend on a graceful curve all the way up, but are not worth a curse for dry-fly work."

The general conclusions derivable from the foregoing will have suggested themselves to the average angler who has taken several degrees in fly fishing. I have myself put about three ounces of lead wire on the inside of my fly-casting reel which I use on one of my more powerful rods. In actual fishing this summer I found that I was hooking trout quite as well as—and it seemed to me better than—was the case ten or fifteen years ago, when my sight was better. I believe that is attributable to the fact that I followed the tip of the above-quoted gentleman, and put this wire in the reel—it makes the motion of the tip of the rod very much quicker, so that one hooks a fish very much more readily at the rise.

How far is top-hole in long-distance fly casting? I don't know. Do you? The records are changing all the time. With a six-ounce fly rod a man not long ago cast a fly one hundred and seventeen feet six inches. With the quarter-ounce bait two hundred and nine feet has been done. With a half-ounce bait, two hundred and seventy-eight feet. A salmon fly has been cast one hundred and forty-eight feet.

As to accuracy in light fly work, it is not in the least unusual to see club records of ninety-nine and fourteen-fifteenths—practically perfect work, so far as accuracy is concerned. Accuracy contests in park work or tournament work I should think more useful than the long-distance work. Long-distance competition has a tendency to dispose a man to use the stiffer rods and heavier tackle.

If you will go to a tournament and watch a man cast over one hundred feet of salmon line you will see a ripple of water ten feet long and six inches wide every time the line is lifted from the water at the end of the cast. That would scare a fish out into the high grass. Still, all this club work certainly does have the virtue of acquainting one with the tools he intends to use, just as the old specialized target range rifle, impossible as it would be as a military rifle, taught many a man how to be a good military shot.

A few records of a Western casting club may not be out of the way, though they are not offered in any way as final: Quarter-ounce accuracy, 99.8; dry fly accuracy, 99.9—also practically perfect casting with the bait rod. It would not be surprising to see a perfect score turned in at any time by some of these persistent practicers of the game.

We are hearing from abroad reports which seem to indicate that the marksmanship of the American soldiers is proving better than that of the European troops. It is not the case, of course, that we are to-day a nation of expert riflemen. There is no more reason for that supposition than for an equal number of men living in the Italian Alps or the Tyrol, where considerable practice is done with rifles on the range and in mountain work. But it is no doubt true that there is more amateur acquaintance with rifles and shotguns in America than in any European country, and perhaps our sport of trap shooting has done a great deal to familiarize the average American with the shotgun. It is absolutely astonishing, the degree of skill which has been attained by some of the high-class professional, and even high-class amateur users of the shotgun.

There are no official records of trap shooting prior to 1908, but for ten years the Interstate Trap Shooting Association has had available the records of a number of different shooters. Of three men whose records have been kept for ten years one has a combined average of .9652 on more than fifty thousand flying targets fired at. Only twice in ten years did this shooter drop below ninety-six per cent, and three times he bettered ninety-seven per cent. The nearest competitor to him has a ten years' average of .9632; and the third man averaged .9480. There is yet another shooter in America who on a nine years' average never has gone below ninety-six per cent, and twice has passed the ninety-seven per cent average. Yet another has done better than ninety-six per cent for seven years; still another has bettered that for six years; and another has bettered it for five years. One professional trap shooter has averaged ninety-eight per cent for an entire year. A one-armed trap shooter has averaged better than ninety-five per cent for six years. An amateur in five years averaged .9564. The highest point reached by amateurs was gained by a man who averaged better than ninety-seven per cent for three years, his average for four years being .9714.

These figures, which are given without names for obvious reasons, show a degree of skill little less than marvelous. We also have several professional rifle shots in this country, exhibition shots who use the .22 rifle, whose records run right along in the same classes. The excellence of the weapons and ammunition employed by these shooters is well-attested, and their steadiness of nerve and absolute accuracy of correlation show the care that they have taken of themselves, as well as it shows the possibilities of training of the human hand and eye. It is natural that a people which would produce such men as these, and which would be interested in their performances and which would compete with them in their performances, should turn out a great many men to whom rifle or shotgun shooting is a sort of instinct. General Pershing is said to lay great stress upon rifle fire. He knows his men.

A gentleman in British Columbia confirms the statement of an earlier contributor as to the color of a swan's bill in its first year: "On Sumas Prairie I saw a flock of geese, as I thought, on the borders of the lake, and when they started to fly was near enough to knock one over. Upon examination I found the bird of a dirty white, with red-colored legs and bill. A friend who was with me and who had lived on the prairie said that it was a bird that had been hatched that year, and that the legs and bill would be black the next year. That bird was shot in the month of January."

An interesting fact about leather is brought out by another man, an old-time woodsman: "What is said about telling pigskin reminds me that a deerskin, and I believe the skin of any animal that sheds its horns annually, is so porous that you can breathe through it. You can breathe through a buckskin glove or buck leather; or suck air through the same easily. It has been my test for my gloves, leggings and moccasins since I went into the Michigan woods in 1855. The deerskin tanned in the red coat or spring dress is finer, firmer and more durable than that tanned in the blue coat—the fall or winter dress of the deer."

Twelve-Pound Rainbows

Of course, everyone who has worn buckskin gloves or moccasins knows that very often he has sheepskin or horsehide put off on him. Most of the so-called moose moccasins are made out of horsehide, or even cow leather. Here is where we learn how to apply the buckskin test for the sake of the earnest young salesman. All old-timers know that the best buckskin is made from deer killed in the summer coat, but it is against the law in these times to kill deer at that season, so perhaps we shall have to take our buckskin made out of fall hides, or horsehides, or almost anything else.

I did not myself ever stop to think of the fact that every horn-shedding animal has a skin that is porous when made into leather. The finest of the old skin dresses I ever saw among the Indians were made of the skins of the bighorn and dressed by the Gros Ventre squaws—that tribe always had the best reputation among the old-time plainsmen for making good buckskin. I cannot recall that I ever saw any buckskin made from antelope hides—I should not want to see any, nowadays—but this certainly is an animal which sheds its horns every year. Scientists for some time denied the assertion of the old plainsmen to that effect, but it was long since well established. I have had the horn come off of an antelope in my hand, the pith below appearing covered with fine black specks like hair. This was late in May.

An earnest young angler of New York, by the name of Robert H. Davis, once mildly inquired of me whether there ever was such a thing as a twelve-pound rainbow trout. This morning's mail brings in from Dr. K. Christofferson, of Sault Sainte Marie, a photograph of the record rainbow of the Sault Rapids, nineteen and a half pounds—not, however, taken on the rod. The same gentleman writes that twenty-five thousand rainbow trout have been placed in the Sault Rapids this summer. This was the first time anglers had been permitted to see the rapids for two years, the Government having forbidden approach to the great locks to each and every person, no matter what his intentions might be.

"Believe me," writes this gentleman, "we feasted our eyes upon every detail, and it was with reluctance that we turned away, knowing that we would not see the rapids again until the war is over. There is a big change in them because of the dam across the river above the bridge. The water is very low, and one could wade almost to the center. This will surely make an ideal fly-fishing stream, as we believe there will be sufficient deep holes left to hold the big fellows. So far I have not caught a single trout, but the shad flies are on. Wish we could try the rapids."

Camping

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

QUEER — three old pals like you and Bill and me,
Who've camped so many summer moons together,
Should get our camping half the earth apart
This August weather.

Odd—when our tastes are very much alike,
We've picked such widely different situations—
Though Bill and I have hit the same old trail
Among the hills which seem like close relations.

You know the lake, the long low house of logs;
To every querying leaf you know the answer
In light and shadow on these forest walls;
You—off in France, sir!

You know the Allee Verte, the Golden Pool,
The sunny sand bar where your moose was standing;
You know the way the boats lie up the bank
Among the spruce and alders round the landing.

But Bill and I don't even know the town
Where "A. E. F." means *you*, across the billow;
Yet know it's home—because Old Glory waves
Over your pillow.

A gray old port that Julius Cæsar saw;
A thousand thousand brown-clad warriors, hailing
From shores that Cæsar never heard of; thus
It's all I know — imagination's failing.

I dream of lines of barracks on a hill—
Or is it in a valley?—horses tramping,
Mighty guns rumbling, regiments that drill,
Hoarse orders shouted — is that like your camping?

Ours is another sort; the peaceful days,
The quiet mountains; yet at any minute
We'd leave this heaven for that hell, to be
With you, and in it.

We two can't fight. Though Bill, at fifty-odd,
Hankers to be an ace, through clouds a-kiting;
But War Departments scorn the likes of us;
You'll do our fighting.

We think it safe with you; we think *you'll* win
The war, and personally nab the Kaiser;
Yet — only come back safe! We'll never ask
Medals and honors — just your lifted visor.

But if the Great Adventure calls you, lad,
Cutting you free of life's uncertain tether,
You'll wait a while, beyond, for Bill and me?
And then, sometime again, we'll camp together.

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THE SPITE ATTACK

(Continued from Page 4)

muzzle into my lap and licked my hand. And so we sat in mute companionship, the dog and I, and listened to the pounding of the guns. And it seemed to me that night that the dog had the best of it!

Presently a scream—or, to speak more exactly, a yell—pierced the quiet of the house and brought me, startled, to my feet. It was not a cry of terror or of anguish—nothing at all like that. It was the loud, chesty, rebellious roar of a lusty infant asserting his human rights. But this particular infant was well within the draft limits. Softly I crossed the hall, the dog tagging my footsteps, and opened the door of the operating room. In that brilliantly lighted little theater of healing and pain three tables were occupied, three teams of surgeons were working.

On the table nearest the door a big red-headed young colossus, with the chest and huge freckled arms of a Samson, was just going under ether. Or rather, he was not going to do any such thing if he could help himself. At the head of the table, behind him, sat the anæsthetist. With one hand she held the ether cone over his nose while with the other she poured the ether over the cotton. Perhaps the giant had taken fifteen or twenty whiffs—just enough to decide he didn't like the smell and that he was going to be boss of his nose! At the hot-water tap stood the major, soaping his hands for this new case while the nurse tied on a sterile apron.

As I opened the door the young giant, with a swift twist of his head—the only part of him that was free—whirled the offending cone to the floor. It was for all the world like the action of an obstreperous young colt refusing the bridle. The anæsthetist retrieved it, affixed it firmly to his nose and soaked it in ether.

Sounded a muffled roar: "Stop! Stop, I tell yah! Don't you know how to stop?" More ether. "Stop you!" By this time he was struggling violently. He had taken just enough to be rebellious, and he looked sufficiently strong to rise up and walk off with the table strapped to his back. "I want—I—wanta—wanta ——"

"Easy there, old man," counseled the major reassuringly. "Take it easy."

Redhead Has His Way

But Redhead did not intend to take it easy or any other way. Another whisk of the head. Off flew the ether cone. This time the major himself picked it up and took the anæsthetist's chair. But before he could readjust the cone the blue eyes in the crimson face beneath opened widely, the giant struggled determinedly and roared in strangled tones:

"I—I—wanta—I wantas-s-s—I wanta—spit!"

The major chuckled as he lifted the cone. "All right, old man, shoot! Now then—count. One — two — three. Louder! Breathe deep. Four—five—six. That's the stuff! Seven. Keep it up! Loud! Ten ——"

The breathing turned into a strong regular snore, and soon the giant had slid fathoms deep into the state of profound unconsciousness. Softly I closed the door.

Some of these men, strong husky youngsters, pulsing with life, hard as nails from their free out-of-door habits, are about as easy to put under ether as would be a wild steer off the range. Every atom of their physical nature rebels at surrendering consciousness. Others go under like lambs. It is largely a matter of temperament. Once a private laughed as they lifted him upon the table, and catching a whiff of ether he chuckled: "Hi! Give me my gas mask!" Then he cuddled the cone comfortably into place over his nose, settled down to snooze, and took the high dive into complete unconsciousness without a single kick.

The next morning broke into one of those exquisite soft mellow days for which this part of the country, called by the French the heart of France, seems celebrated. It was like a perfect rose, a day when Nature, by her clear sheer beauty, seems to shame man for his deeds of anger and blood. Still the ambulances climbed the hill, a steady stream, and vanished to the rear. At the moment, however, they were carrying more gassed than wounded. And thus the surgeons were snatching a rest. One or two of them appeared in the doorway for a moment, pale, with circles under the eyes and heavy lines from nostril to jaw. When they walked, it was slowly, and I had the impression that they might make it on a dead level, but that they would stumble over a pin.

When the major appeared he proposed a walk to the laundry plant. The change of linen on a thousand to fifteen hundred beds a night during a rush means a well-organized washing system—and this hospital had to depend on the village women. We strolled through one of the loveliest woods in France, the branches overhead interlacing into Gothic arches of lucid green, while far above, great white billowy clouds, like graceful schooners under full sail, bowled along through the deep uncharted blue of some unknown port. And as we strolled the major spoke of something extraordinary that had occurred the night before.

"It was a queer piece of psychology," he said, "and I don't know that I can get it over to you. It will probably sound unreal, exaggerated, in this calm morning sunshine. But you must try to realize the setting; try to comprehend the tensity, the strain of that operating room. We had been operating for twenty-four solid hours without a break, upon our men. Fine brave fellows, who went on the table without a groan. Men shot to pieces, horribly mangled, done to death. It's heartbreaking work, if one's got any heart to break. At the end of the night we all felt mighty blue. Then they brought in an American captain, a medical officer, already in a moribund condition. Well, to see one of our own corps in that state touched us pretty close. He was blown to pieces. He hadn't a chance, and he knew it. And the sight of his calm, his high fine courage, hit us hard. But we did what we could for him—which was just nothing at all. After that was over I called out: 'Fetch in the boches!'"

A Typical Case of Shell Shock

"And as they brought in the first German wounded I was aware of a peculiar atmosphere, a sense of strain, a clear antagonism in the room. It was like a live magnetic current. You cannot conceive—nobody can—the terrific night we'd been through trying to salvage our brave fellows. The emotional stress was stupendous. Well, now we were looking on those who had caused that ruin, and the revulsion of feeling ran high. As the anæsthetist fixed the ether cone in place on the Prussian he said to me: 'Sir, would you consider it a crime if I were just to go on pouring ether on this Hun's nose?'

"That brought a laugh and cleared the strained atmosphere. And we cleaned up their wounded exactly as if they had been our own. But I'll not deny we were glad when it was done!"

Returning to the château the major suddenly stopped and inquired: "Have you ever seen any cases of shell shock?"

I had not, though I had heard of them in the French and British armies.

"We don't know exactly what it is yet," continued the major. "Nobody does. But we have a special American hospital for its treatment. Look here: You see those two chaps crouching down by the steps? They both have it—hard."

I looked. I had noted those two hunched figures before, and had taken them for orderlies, dead with fatigue, snatching a few minutes' sleep. Now I looked closer. And looking closer I perceived it was not fatigue that caused them to squeeze themselves into the smallest possible space; it was not fatigue that caused them to hunch their shoulders and bow their backs as before a storm, draw their heads down into the curved hollow of their chests and try to hide themselves in the ground. It was fear—abject, ghastly, insane fear. They were obsessed, petrified, rendered deaf and dumb—by fear.

The major bent down to one, laid a hand on his shoulder, spoke a friendly word. The man's fixed gaze stared straight through him as if he had been composed of air. He was deaf to reason, deaf to human appeal—but not deaf to the roar of the cannon. For each time that an ambulance rolled by or distant thunder issued from the clouds banking in the western sky his head jerked in the direction of the sound as though pulled by invisible wires. But not one word would he utter. Only his eyes seemed alive,

(Continued on Page 53

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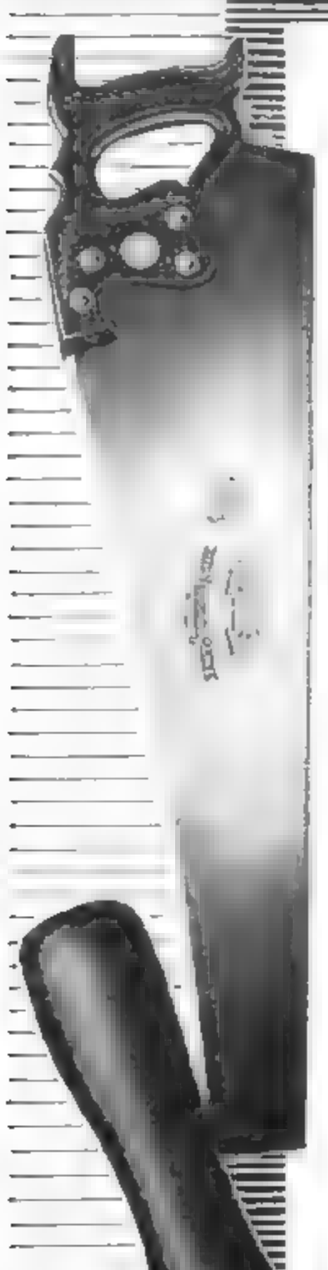

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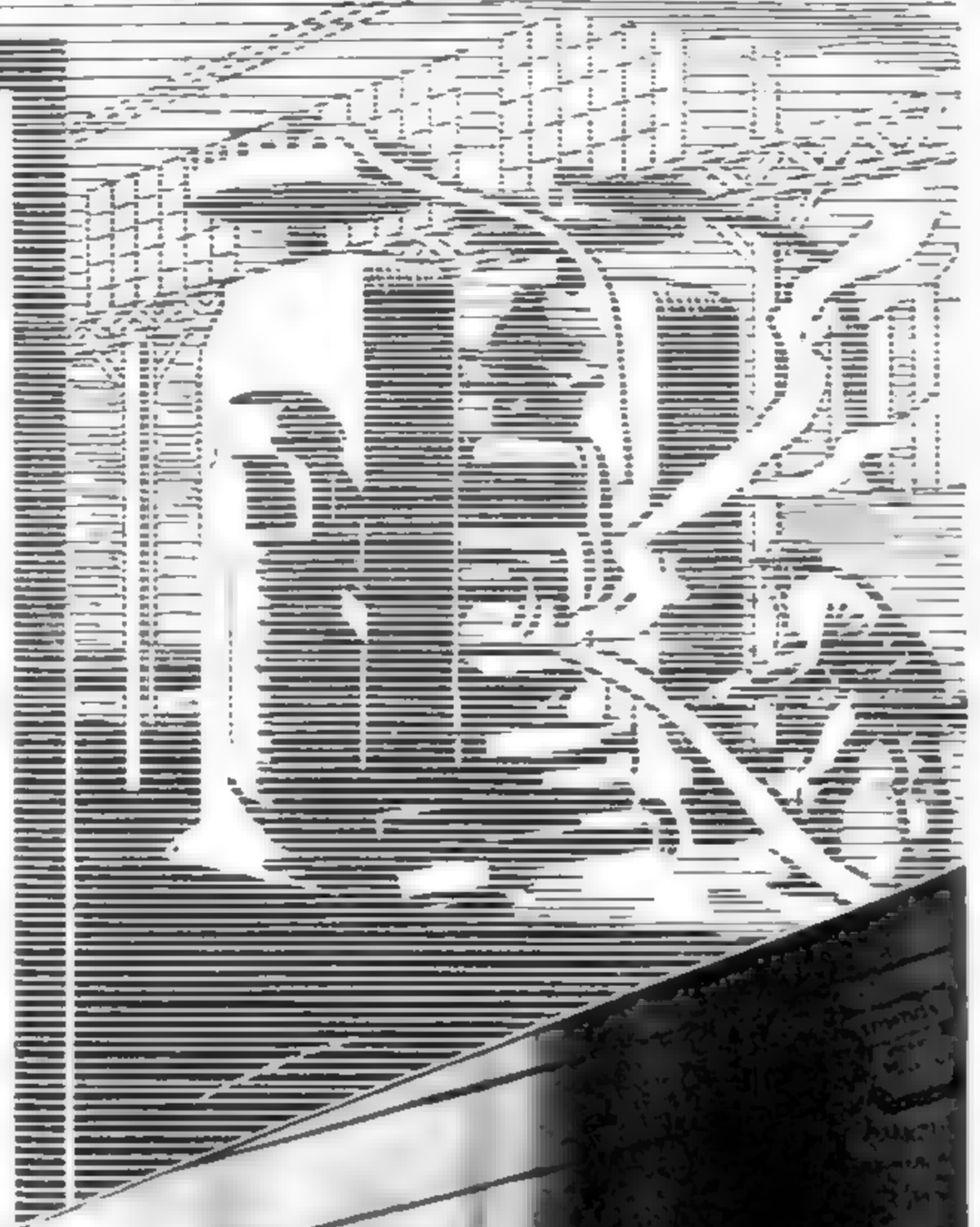

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(Continued from Page 50)

wild, dark, affrighted. For the moment he was not human, but an effigy galvanized by fear. The noise, the continuous shelling, with probably some additional culminating shock, had temporarily bereft him of reason. For both of these men were unwounded, unscathed.

Later, in the admission ward, with the help of an orderly I induced one of these men to eat. The other patients watched with indifference. They had long since become hardened to uglier sights than that of a man crazed in battle. It was like feeding an infant ostrich. The mouth opened methodically to receive the food, but not one move, not one sound would he make. One hand upheld in air, the index finger raised, marked the tensity of his strained attention. His blue eyes forever darted from side to side. At each distant volley his body trembled and shook. And those straining eyes, full of horror, and that raised index finger followed questing through the air for the sound. It was infinitely pitiful.

"Don't coddle him!" called the major, passing through. "It's the worst thing in the world you can do."

"May I see if I can get him to talk?"

"Certainly. But treat him like an ordinary individual."

"He's afraid to talk," said the orderly, pausing by the stretcher. "He's a nut. He thinks if he opens his mouth the Germans will hear him and send over a shell."

In taking his record I discovered his first name was Thomas.

"Why, Thomas," I said, "I've a brother by that name. What do they call you—Tom?" For the first time his eyes fixed themselves on mine. "No, no, don't point up there!" For now his index finger was lifted toward the canvas roof, upon which the first pattering drops of the storm were beginning to fall, and his wide blue eyes were straining after the sound. "It's raining, Tom," I explained. "Rain, rain, rain. You know what rain is! Now put that hand inside."

How Tom Came Back

With the faint, troubled smile of a child he obeyed. But the next instant that listening index finger was upraised again in the air. Resolutely I thrust his hand under the blanket.

"Look at me, Tom. Tom! Look!" He brought his strained gaze down from the roof. "Look round you and see where you are. Do you see those nurses? Do you see these beds? You're in a hospital. You're not fighting now. No shells can get you here. So you've got to buck up and feed yourself. We're all busy here. Take your spoon. Now! Can you find the road to your mouth?"

With another smile, infinitely pathetic, he managed to convey a very wabbly loaded spoon somewhere near the region of his face. The second one found the goal. But it was a prodigious effort. The sweat poured off him. His startled blue eyes lost their fixed glare. Still he had not spoken. When finally he finished the soup and started to haul the blanket up over his head I drew it back and tucked it firmly under his chin. And again those blue eyes smiled! And now for the first time he recognized I was a woman. Before then I had simply been a vague irritant which prevented his proper listening.

With hesitation he pointed to his shirt pocket. This was the first movement, unconnected with his obsession, he had made of his own initiative. Thomas was coming on! I drew forth a small worn black leather Testament and laid it in his hands. With trembling fingers, for at intervals he still quaked like a leaf, he opened to a photograph—most obviously himself and his young wife. At sight of this girl looking out at him with frank laughing eyes a ray of joy broke across his troubled countenance. He stared hard, his face working—and then he burst into sobs.

"Who is it, Tom? Your brother?"

He shook his head violently and pointed to himself. And now the fugitive smile reappeared.

"Not you!" I exclaimed in hearty surprise.

He nodded, fully absorbed. But still he would not commit himself to speech.

"Then tell me. Say it. Speak!"

He thumped on his chest to indicate it was himself; his face worked; his eyes begged, implored me not to insist, not to drag him forth from his cellule of silence.

"Who is that, Tom?"

He shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and with the sweat starting out on his forehead he pronounced huskily: "Me!"

The sound of his own voice seemed to terrify him utterly, and again he burst into tears.

"And who is this with you, Thomas—your grandmother?"

Again that ray of vivid joy. No need to ask Thomas' sentiments about his wife! That one look told it all. Again the violent head shake.

"Thomas, it's no use shaking your head at me. You've got to tell me who this lady is!"

And with a tremulous laugh and an effort that brought the tears into his eyes and mine Thomas responded proudly, brokenly: "My wife!"

The ice was broken. In stumbling accents, like a child, Thomas began to talk. And when an hour later he was evacuated back to a base which treats these mental breakdowns it was Thomas himself, from the dark interior of the ambulance where he lay on a stretcher, who called out weakly: "Good-by, miss! Good luck!"

Thus Thomas came back from the land of fear.

Later I went down through the wards searching for the man who had shot himself through the ankle.

"Oh, you mean the S. I. W.?" replied the nurse to my interrogation. "Well, he's keeping pretty quiet this morning. There he is."

"But he's not an S. I. W.," I protested rather faintheartedly. "He told me it was an accident."

"Maybe he did," she retorted with a significant smile.

"Well? Did he confess later?"

"No. Not consciously. But after the operation, while he was coming out from under ether, he gave the whole thing away. He blabbed the entire story before all the men. It seemed he had a grievance against some officer and took this way of getting out from under his command. Somebody," she finished humorously, "ought to tell those S. I. W.'s that they can't get away with those accidental-on-purpose self-inflicted wounds. Lie as they may, when they're put under ether out plumps the truth. All the ward hears it, and the poor devil, regaining consciousness, wonders why it is that all his comrades turn away their eyes or look him up and down with a cold, contemptuous stare. That chap down there is suffering agonies right now. You see he has pulled up the sheet over his head and is pretending to be asleep."

Cheerful Patients

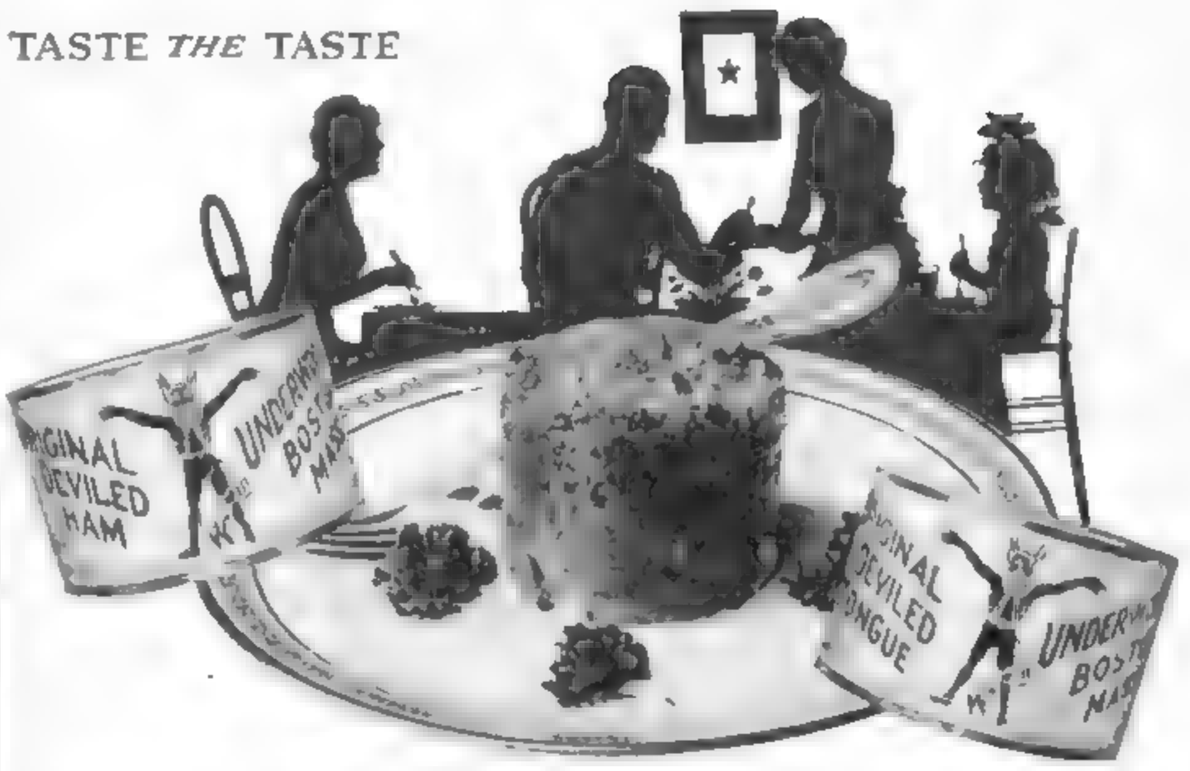
A word to the wise is sufficient. Those privates who try to take the law into their own hands and change the deal by means of a self-inflicted wound, heed the advice of this friendly nurse—and don't. You can't get away with it. Ether will find your guilty secret out. Fortunately, cases of this type are few and far between.

As the afternoon waned into evening and darkness fell the cannons resumed their bellowing, and the ambulances, which during the day had fallen off, began once more to climb the hill. And this time it was not only gassed that were flowing in but wounded as well. Despite the swiftness and the precision with which the hospital machinery moved the stretchers began to congest, to mass, to lie in the corridors, on the porch, and down on the moon-blanched grass. Men shattered and torn to pieces, patient, incomparably brave, with a smile or a joke for the orderlies who worked among them, lay in the open night under the stars awaiting their turn at the table.

Ah, those dark, silent, blanket-draped figures, lying so still under the moon! Those ghastly pale faces smudged with mud and blood, summoning a smile from their fainting souls as they look up into your eyes! All the papers were glowing with the magnificent deeds of the American heroes. Well, here they were, those heroes, lying before our eyes mangled, torn, bleeding to death with a smile. Somehow in the face of all this the glory and the bombast of those printed eulogies seemed tawdry and cheap.

One of the wounded men on a stretcher called attention to the night. And it was a night worthy of attention. The moon—large, lustrous, flat as an ancient golden plate of Babylon, chased with strange designs—was just appearing over the somber pine woods and drowning the fields and the hospital tents in a glimmering silver mist.

TASTE *THE* TASTE



Here's Something *New* for Luncheon

HAVE you tried this recipe—Underwood Deviled Tongue Timbales? It's easy to make. It's not expensive It fills out the menu completely and, much more, it's *delicious!* You use:

large can Underwood Deviled Tongue

Mix together thoroughly the tongue, crumbs and white sauce. Add egg, slightly beaten, [illegible]. Pour into buttered timbale moulds, or small cups. Place [illegible] in pan of boiling water and bake 20 minutes. Serve with drawn butter sauce

Underwood Deviled Tongue is made of selected beef tongues, cooked *en casserole*, then chopped fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices. You use it in as many ways as Underwood Deviled Ham is used. Send for the

Free Booklet "Good Dishes for Good Times" containing many delicious recipes. In writing please mention your grocer's name and if possible say whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham and Tongue. If he has not yet been supplied, send us 20c. for economical can to try—makes a dozen or more sandwiches.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 FULTON STREET BOSTON, MASS

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham *and* Deviled Tongue

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods"

TWO BIG SONG HITS!

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ANY FEIST SONG

Buddy's Songs—Sing 'em!

WAR isn't all battle, mud and devastation—there are rays of sunshine, smiles and good fellowship, too. If you could visit the trench, the dugout, and the billet Over There, you'd hear the boys singing—singing from reveille to taps. The songs they sing are the songs you'll love—learn them. Here are two new ones that are fast winning the heart of every American—try them out now!

Get them for your piano, player-piano and talking machine.

"Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip"

The name says it. It's a zip song! A zippy peppery melody—zippy funny words. Puts zip in the boys on the march—zip into the fol[illegible]—over and over again—a sure cure for gloom and grouch. Be [illegible] sing it. It'll put zip into your work and play.

Now on Sale at any music or department store or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, or Metropolitan Store, printed in the patriotic war size.

"If I'm Not At the Roll Call"

Not a doleful wail—but a wonderful song that reflects beautifully the thoughts of the doughboy just before he goes over the top. A monumental song dedicated to the pal of the doughboy's heart—his mother. Words and music by George L. Boyden.

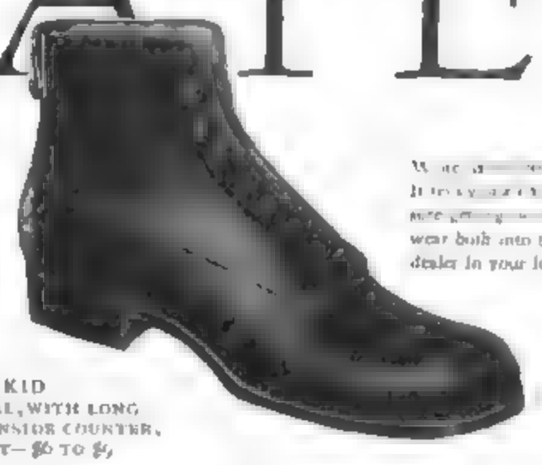
Other New Feist Hits

K K K Katy — My Belgian Rose
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
[illegible] Our Boys Over There
Over There — Dixieland in France
Some Lonesome Night
My American Baby — Everything Is Peaches Down In Georgia
I Ain't Got Wearly Yet
If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Good Night Germany

15c a copy, any seven for $1. Postpaid. Band or Orchestra, 25c each. Male Quartette, 10c each.

LEO FEIST, Inc. FEIST BUILDING NEW YORK, N.Y.

BATES



The Bates Shoe

VICI KID
DR. RODMAN BAL, WITH LONG ARCH SUPPORT, INSIDE COUNTER, WALKER LAST—$6 TO $7

COST of living up? Spirits down? Step into a pair of Bates Shoes and you will feel new confidence in the ability of quality to sell at moderate prices. Bates style marches right in step with Economy.

Ask the Bates dealer to introduce Bates Shoes to you. You will like them. He does, too. They sell on sight. Men *see* the value that is in them. You can judge the Bates on appearance and their wearing quality will prove the wisdom of your choice.

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WEBSTER ESTABLISHED 1855 MASSACHUSETTS
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SHOES

"THE SKYLINE OF NEW YORK"
From the Bow of a Liberty Street Ferry
From a "Paprograph"
By Mr. Lester Ralph

Conservation of Wool and Finer Tailoring

The elimination of belts, pleats and all superfluous cloth has increased the appreciation of better designing and better tailoring. The true values in Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes are more apparent than ever. Expert tailoring never had such an opportunity to prove its worth.

For over 60 years we have been building suits and overcoats of character, style and finish that give the wearer ease and comfort in mind and body. A good wool suit and overcoat mean conservation for war needs.

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A Set of Four Art Cards on Request

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But it was not the beauty that the private remarked.

"Fine night for a Hun raid!" he observed grimly; and raising himself with effort on one elbow he stared about him at the hospital tents and the château crowded with helpless men. But if this evacuation hospital was to be bombed—which at the moment I did not believe—it would be an act of sheer wanton brutality, of inhuman reprisal because our troops were winning at Château-Thierry. For on a night of brilliant moonshine like this those blanched tents and the huge white cross on the grass—insigne of mercy—were visible at a height of ten thousand feet. No, certainly the Germans would not bomb this hospital. They had bombed other hospitals before, it was true, but they would not bomb this one. Why, they had flown over it dozens of times! Thus we all argued.

The early hours of night passed, to the wounded mortally slow, each second packed to its full weight of agony. Down in the wards the cases already operated on were being settled into their cots and, according to how the ether took them, they were laughing, sobbing or reliving the grotesque scenes of the battlefield. No lights here, save the blanched moon rays which filtered in or the occasional gleam of an electric torch directing the movements of the brancardiers. On the beaten grassy sod of the tent floor their heavy tread fell noiselessly; their voices were hushed; and one sensed rather than saw many presences in that dark place. Some of the men were asleep; some, too ill to sleep, racked by anguish, by thirst or a mortal restlessness, called feebly for a drink. One there was, lying high on his pillows, passing in pain, who punctuated each gasping respiration with a long-drawn "O-o-o! O-o-o!"

A Plucky Lad's Letter

By his side another, obviously coming out of ether, babbled, babbled ceaselessly, in dull drugged tones. A nurse sat by him.

"Say," his voice, weak, dragging, half submerged in unconsciousness, came out of the dark, "are—are you—my mother?"

"No, boy. Go to sleep."

Again the submerged, dragging voice: "Don't seem—to have no appetite—for sleeping. . . . Fine appetite—for fighting. . . . No appetite—for sleep. . . . Haven't slept—I don't know when. . . . Shelling. Say, they murdered us—in that wood ——"

"Sh!" whispered the nurse. "There's a man in the next bed that's pretty bad who's trying to sleep. You wouldn't like to wake him, would you?"

"Sure not!" He caught hold of the soothing hand and held it fast with the instinctive tenacious grip of a drowsy baby. "Worse off than me, is he? . . . I've not got much the matter with —— Oh, God!" this in a high wrenched voice of clear agony—"what have you done to me? I can't—I can't move!"

"Sh! It's all right. But you mustn't try to move, boy! Lie right still."

"Awright! . . . Say, did you say you was my mother?"

"No."

"I knew you wasn't my mother! But you kind of sound—like her. . . . But she's far away from here—I know that. . . . Can't fool me! . . . I'm in a hospital. Say, are you my sister?"

"No. I'm the nurse. Try to sleep, old top."

"Awright—anything to please a lady. . . . Say, my mother'd hate to see me like this, wouldn't she? . . . Say, the folks at home don't know a damn thing about this war—what goes on up there. . . . I'm not going to write to my mother about being here. . . . What's the use? . . . Did you say that guy in the next bed was worse off than me?"

"Yes."

"Is that him making that noise in his throat?"

"Yes. Does it bother you?"

"Hell, no! Say, ask him what his outfit is. . . . Maybe he got his in that wood along with me." Suddenly, before the nurse could thwart him, he sprang to a sitting position and shouted in a strong, clear voice: "Say, are they any fellows here from my outfit?"

"What's your outfit?" came a husky voice from across the aisle.

"Blank machine guns. Battery C."

No reply.

"Wait until morning," soothed the nurse as she eased him gently back again.

"Then you can look up your comrades. And don't move quick like that again, sonny. It's bad for you. It might start you to bleeding. Lie still. Try to sleep."

"Don't want to sleep. . . . Any fool can sleep. . . . Say, do you know why they didn't answer when I called out to see if any of my outfit was here? . . . It's because there ain't any of the outfit left but me! . . . The whole blank division's gone—wiped out -shot to hell. They murdered us in that wood ——"

"Sh! Sh! There's lots left up there, boy! Don't you fret. They're cleaning the boches right out. We're so proud of you we can't see straight. Now go to sleep. Try. Just a little. Won't you try?"

"Awright! . . . Say, you sound an awful lot like my mother. . . . Can I have a drink? . . . More."

"It'll make you sick, boy. Now lie still . . . still . . . still . . . very . . . ve-ry ——"

"Say!"

"Sh!"

"No, but say—I want to say something. . . . Will you write a letter to my captain?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"No—right now. I want you to send it off right now—before they move out."

"All right, old man. What do you want to say?"

"Write this:" The voice was clear and smooth now.

"'*Dear Captain:* I'm so sorry I disappointed you that I can't sleep. I'm trying, but I can't. I'm here in the hospital. They've took off my leg, I think, but I'm not sure yet. But what I wanted to say was this: I gave the orders just as you told me. But the damn cooks ran away. I couldn't much blame them. The Huns would have shot them to hell if they'd stayed. But I gave the orders, exactly as you said. I wanted you to know.'

"That's all."

Still holding the nurse's hand he appeared to drowse. She breathed a sigh of relief, and gently, very gently, sought to disengage herself. Instantly the grip tightened. And the private's voice, quiet, utterly rational, sounded out of the dark:

"Say, you know my captain—he was killed. He was standing just a little way in front of me as I came up to give my report, and a shell busted straight in front of us and tore his whole ——"

"Sh! Sh!"

"My captain, he was a fine captain. . . . He—sure was kind to us—all ——"

Bombs Begin to Fall

The voice, weak, dragging, came to a halt, paused, died away. At last the boy slept.

And now the tremulous moaning sigh of the dying man was the only sound in the ward.

"O-o-o! O-o-o! O-o-o!" He was passing fast on his lonely road.

It drew on toward midnight. The moonlight, now at full strength, bathed the tents and the road in a radiant silvery flood. Down behind the wards a grove of somber pines seemed to draw all the darkness of the night into its own heart and leave the surrounding air clear and pale like a halo. One expected to see fairies with lustrous iridescent wings and morning-glory skirts come trooping out from that solemn enchanted wood to dance among the crimson poppies.

On the rear porch of the château the line of waiting stretchers had been moved inside. The stream trickled, man by man, through the X-ray room into the operating theater. There, under a brilliant concentrated light, the surgeons toiled, without ever glancing up, under a tremendous pressure. But they were catching up with the game.

Suddenly, between the moon and the blanched earth, whirled a monstrous black shape. Lower and lower it swooped. And now the air was filled with a terrible vibrating hum. The interrupted drone of twin motors chanted louder and louder. It became an enveloping, stupefying roar. Not continuous, but rhythmical, rising and falling, savage beating waves of sound.

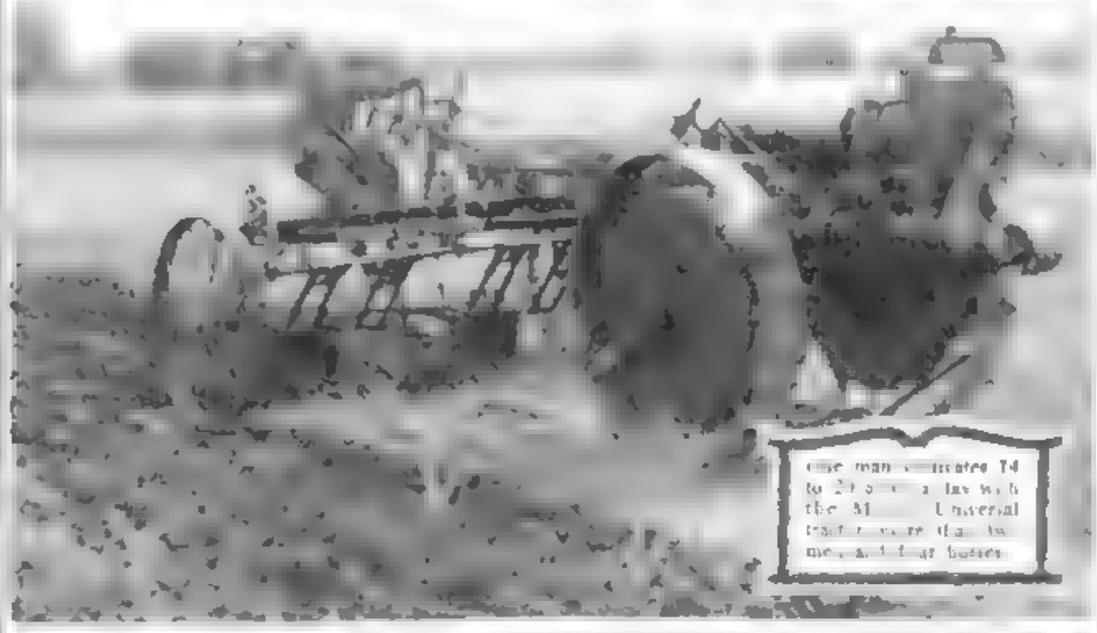
C-r-r—ash! A blinding flash. All creation seemed to go up in the earth-shaking roar of explosion. The air was black with acrid smoke.

C-r-r—ash! Again. A tent, struck squarely, was slit to ribbons. Terror insensate, blind, gripped one by the throat.

(Concluded on Page 56)

"It Solves the Farm Help Problem"

Moline tractor and 10-[illegible]. One man [illegible] miles a day more than two men and eight horses can do.



One man operates 14 to 20 [illegible] a day with the Moline Universal tractor—more than two men and four horses.

Plows 9 acres a day in average plowing, equal to the work of two men, two gang plows and ten horses.

THE Moline-Universal Tractor doubles a farmer's efficiency and reduces the use of horses to a minimum. Now when farms are drained of labor the Moline-Universal Tractor fills the breach and enables fewer men to produce more food. In Iowa, for instance, a corn farm of 400 acres is now operated with two men, two Moline-Universal Tractors and one team. Heretofore this farm required from 4 to 5 men and 8 to 10 teams. This instance is by no means exceptional, as many 160-acre farms are now operated by one man, a Moline-Universal Tractor and a single team. This is possible with the Moline-Universal Tractor because—

(1) It does all farm work, INCLUDING CULTIVATING.

(2) It attaches direct to the implement, forming one compact unit. ONE MAN controls both tractor and implement from the seat of the implement, where he should sit in order to do good work.

(3) It has PLENTY OF POWER for all heavy work, yet is light enough to run economically on light jobs. We rate it at 9 h. p. on the drawbar and 18 h.p. at the belt. Under official test at the National Tractor Demonstration at Salina, Kan., it developed 20.05 h.p. on the drawbar and 26.48 h.p. at the belt—1 h.p. on the drawbar for each 169 lbs. of weight, establishing a new record in tractor efficiency.

Far-sighted business men are recognizing the wonderful sales possibilities of the Moline-Universal Tractor and Moline power farming implements. Our new factory, which is the largest and best equipped exclusive tractor factory in the world, is working to full capacity, and we are now in position to add a limited number of progressive dealers.

Every person interested in increasing food production with less help will find our tractor catalog interesting. Send for it. Address Dept. D.

Moline Plow Co., Moline, Ill.

Manufacturers of Quality Farm Implements since 1865

Running threshing outfit with minimum labor and expense and getting the work done on time

MOLINE
UNIVERSAL TRACTOR

American Achievements
The British Tank and Johnston's T-H-A-T PACKAGE

New Power To Failing Feet

MUSCULAR pains in the back, legs and feet so frequently mean weak arches. Don't neglect them a minute.

The Coward Arch Support Shoe remolds the delicate bony span of the foot gently and gradually. It restores the relaxed muscles and tendons to their duties. It releases cramped toes and guides the renewal of every normal foot function. Comfortable from the first wearing. We are experienced in fitting by mail. Address Dept. G.

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich St. (Near Warren St.) New York
Sold Nowhere Else

The Coward Shoe

(Concluded from Page 54)

"The boches! They're bombing us! They're bombing the hospital!"

Screams, groans, horror indescribable. Men with broken arms and legs threw themselves out of their beds, sought refuge underneath. Wounds broke open. A shell-shock patient sprang from his cot with a crazy yell and ran out into the night. Down, down, he rushed, panting, down into the heart of those black pines. Another shell-shock case flew to a heap of army blankets in the corner and burrowed out of sight. He fancied he was in a dugout. An orderly who kept his head found time to bend down and tuck his feet in, saying: "Now they won't find you, old sport!"

A high shrill scream. Another. The wounded were being hit again. The dark air was filled with death. Pieces of shrapnel hurtled through the air like knives. The tent walls gaped with holes like a sieve. And still that deafening roar of twin motors, which seemed settling right on their heads. An orderly standing in the moon-blanched road scuttled like a rabbit to cover. He flung himself under the wheels of an ambulance. And there his destiny found him. A piece of shrapnel passed through his body. His soul took instant flight.

Up in the operating room the surgeons worked on, their faces the color of chalk. Whang! Whang! Pieces of metal bit into the iron shutters. The windows splintered into a million shards. One flying bit of shell whizzed through the air, less than four feet from Major M—— and lodged in the opposite wall. The orderly fled in blind panic.

"Hi! Go and stand in the corner for a dunce!" commanded the major sternly. Turning to his surgeons he said: "Come on, men. We can't let our patients suffer!" and faced back to the table. His cheerful sang-froid stiffened the nerve of them all. The orderly crawled out from his corner. The nurse handed round tin hats. Silent, they bent to their tasks.

And still overhead the terrific ear-splitting bourdon, the infernal interrupted drone of a machine swooping down to less than three hundred meters in order to make no mistake! C-r-r—ash! Another blind, earth-rocking roar. It was the third bomb. And again it hit the mark. Luckily it was the recreation tent—and nobody was playing just then! Good-by, phonograph. Good-by, comfortable easy-chairs! Screams from the adjoining tent as the whistling missiles flew.

But by now another blessed racket had set up. Crack! Crack! Crack-crack! The antiaircraft guns began to bellow from a dozen concealed points. Sparks of fire burst in the clear upper air. Would the boche plane drop its fourth bomb? One waited in anguished suspense. And now that infernal vibration began to lift; the savage rhythmical whir sounded less and less fierce, died down, faded away. The French guns had scared the intruder off.

The surgeons straightened backs, which despite themselves had humped beneath the iron hail, drew deep breaths, and smiled at each other with lips that were still a trifle stiff.

"Scared pea green!" admitted one.

"Thought it was going to roost on the rooftop all night."

"Gee! Some roar!"

Yes, it was over. It had lasted just six minutes! For six eternity-long minutes hell had yawned wide. Then, suddenly as it came, the danger had passed.

Major M—— settled his tin hat firmly on his head and, looking like a mandarin in his long white blouse, started forth to estimate the damage and collect the rewounded for operation. Fortunately one of the large tents which had been struck square amidships was empty. Here twisted beds, gutted mattresses, bits of uniforms and tatters of clothes were pasted over the landscape as if a degenerate monster had been at play. In another ward he discovered the patients down on all fours, just clambering out from under cover.

"What's all this? What are you doing under those beds?" demanded the major in mock severity.

An Irishman poked out his head from his refuge, but cautiously, like a tortoise emerging from its shell.

"We were blown here, sir!" he explained solemnly.

The burst of laughter that followed this mendacious sally cleared the atmosphere. With the aid of nurses and orderlies the patients were got back to bed; shattered nerves were soothed by sleeping potions; the rewounded victims carried up to the château; one shell-shock case was retrieved from his dugout and the other from the wood; the dead orderly was tenderly borne away; the wounded nurse, struck in the side by flying metal, brought in for operation—and a semblance of peace settled down once more over the hospital.

Up in the operating room Joe, one of the toughest little toughs that the Bowery ever reared, and one of the gamest sports, was being prepared for the table. He was one of the bomb victims. By a perverse freak of fate a second piece of shrapnel had reentered his old wound. He had been struck twice in exactly the same spot. And as that spot was a sizable hole in his back, and as he had already acquired pneumonia to boot, Joe was staggering under the envious darts and slings of a very adverse circumstance indeed. He had grim need for all of his toughness now!

"Them blanky dash boches," commented Joe weakly to the orderly who was stripping him, "they ain't no slouches when it comes to hittin' de mark. Look at me now. They had two shells wit' my name on, and both of 'em found me out. And I ain't no general, nor yet a colonel—dem big guys is easy to find. What's more, them two shells pinked me twice in de same spot—a double bull's-eye. Can youse beat it? If they got a toid shell wit' my name on it—it's good night, chicken, wit' Joe!"

"If they've got a third shell with your name on it, kiddo, you call an alibi," advised the orderly.

"I'm a-callin' one right now, friend, and don't you fergit it," retorted Joe earnestly. "I ain't takin' no chances wit' dem blanky dash boches!"

They lifted him onto the table.

Outside, the moon, high, pale, tranquil, drenched the dark earth with a silvery flood. The somber pines sucking the blackness from the surrounding air still seemed the abode of enchantment. It appeared incredible that a short half hour ago this quiet landscape had witnessed such an atrocious deed. The raid had been an act of wanton, inhuman brutality. In honest, open warfare the Americans were winning at Château-Thierry, and in revenge the Huns had wreaked their rage on helpless wounded men. It was a futile, insane act.

Nor did it achieve its end—to terrorize the enemy. On the contrary, that enemy, with a white flame of wrath burning high in its heart, kept steadfastly on with its appointed work. The surgeons, the nurses, the orderlies, the drivers—redoubled their vigilant care. The ambulances continued to rumble in, a steady stream. From their dark interiors stretchers were lifted gently out and deposited on the grass. Again it was a wave of gassed. Among them moved orderlies and nurses with food and soothing lotions for the burns. When the tents were filled the lighter cases lay out on their blankets under the moon. It was like a vast gypsy encampment. The men leaned on their elbows, drank hot coffee and talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones as if they were discussing the weather.

Up there the battle still raged with a ferocious violence unconceived of in far-away safe America. Overhead the sullen German cannon still boomed and boomed and boomed.

And still the Americans advanced—advanced—advanced!

OLD THRIFTY

(Continued from Page 15)

Morgan's pot? Why, it's Fritz Bender, the banker, the man who's got rich off your sweat. He can't get any favors from the big banks unless he does as Morgan tells him to, so he's blowing the bugle and waving the flag and shearing the sheep."

All of which furnished Mr. Penrose with food for thought. Returning to the hotel he found his fat, lazy and loquacious landlord comfortably disposed in an ancient rocking-chair under the wooden awning in front. He surmised that this landlord would be a reservoir of local history, so he drew a chair alongside. His surmise proved correct. All he had to do was turn the spigot and the landlord flowed copiously. Before the evening meal was announced Mr. Penrose knew practically all there was to be known about Fritz Bender—and incidentally about Karl Bopp, the socialist orator of the post-office steps.

While acquiring this information the cashier now and then combed down his shiny brown mustache with the ends of a thumb and forefinger, and now and then toyed with his curly beard. His mind was very busy indeed, for his situation was as unpromising as a man's could well be, and for a week, like a wild animal in a cage, he had been restlessly seeking a way out. He was very thoughtful during the evening meal and finally decided—on the principle of any port in a storm—to spend the evening in an attempt to form the acquaintance of Karl Bopp.

It proved even easier than he had expected. Sauntering up Main Street in the direction of a little tobacco shop and pool room that the landlord had mentioned he encountered the object of his particular interest sauntering down street and talking out of the corner of his mouth to the red cheeked, bespectacled, sternly frowning young man who had stood beside him on the post-office step. From listening to the landlord Mr. Penrose knew that this younger man was son of the cashier of Fritz Bender's bank, and noticeably attentive to Fritz Bender's granddaughter.

Mr. Penrose planted himself in front of the sauntering pair and addressed the older with a genial air:

"Excuse me, I'm a stranger here, but I heard you talking on the post-office step this afternoon and you said some things that interested me. I'd never heard them put that way before. I'm a business man and don't get time to read as much as I'd like to, but when I find anybody that I think I can get some useful information out of I like to take advantage of it. If you're not above talking with strangers and have a few minutes to spare I'd like to ask you a question. I'll walk back down street with you, if you don't object."

He was beaming broadly as he said it, like a soul as friendly and guileless as Santa Claus; and to the orator this was grateful as water to a thirsty traveler in the desert. This stranger was considerably older than himself; his clothing suggested a station in the world decidedly above that of haphazard Grundyville street-corner audiences. A deep gratification warmed the younger man. His receding face expanded widely in a flattered smile and he extended a bony hand, introducing himself and his companion by name.

As they started down the street, three abreast, Mr. Penrose began with the earnest manner of a man bracing his faculties to grapple with a difficult problem.

"You said that no matter how good crops were, or how high prices were, all the profits of farming were bound to go, in the end, to the big capitalists. Now I've noticed that it did generally work out that way more or less; but I'd like to know how you figure out a rule that makes it work out that way."

Karl was immediately and luxuriously at home—feeling a sort of gratitude to the stranger for bringing up that particular phase of the general subject, because, in fact, he had just read a book about it. He began with the introduction, and his little-emphasized talk flowed on. Now and then he repeated his habitual gesture—a loose-jointed outflung motion of the hand as of one easily disposing of a light object. The flow of language was scarcely interrupted as they sat down on the wooden bench in front of the hotel, to which Mr. Penrose had led the way.

Listening, the cashier now and then sagely nodded or looked round with an air of surprise and admiration as the force and novelty of an idea struck him. Now and then he asked a question. Young Otto Dorn, sitting on the other side of Karl Bopp—with his frown of intense determination—now and then threw in a remark. But largely it was a monologue. At times it gave Mr. Penrose the suggestion of perpetual motion.

As twilight began to thicken the young disciple exhibited signs of restlessness, and presently with a mumbled apology took himself away—for he was to see Mina that evening, and at twenty-one there are limits

(Continued on Page 59)

Half The Truck Tonnage Of America Is Carried On Firestone Tires

FIRESTONE built the first truck tires and has held leadership in this field ever since. Truck operators in all industries and commercial lines have learned that Firestones are the tires of Most Miles per Dollar. The result is that half the truck tonnage of the country is now carried on

Firestone

Truck Tires

The Firestone Giant Truck Tire shown here gives traction that puts trucks through snow-drifts, mud-holes and all the worst road conditions winter brings. The extra bulk of resilient rubber gives full protection to truck and saves gasoline.

There are many other types and sizes of Truck Tires in the complete Firestone line, including the Giant Pneumatic Cord. Consult a Firestone man on the right type for your needs. His judgment is unbiased. He has every type to offer.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO

BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Chili Con Carne—Juan

Cook a half pound of Italian Spaghetti in boiling water for twenty minutes, drain and thoroughly dry. Heat a container of Chili Con Carne in its own liquor, strain, and then pour the liquor over the spaghetti, add an ounce of grated cheese just before serving. Serve hot

Tonight—try Libby's Chili Con Carne

—Old Mexico's famous national dish at its best

The nutritious Mexican Chili bean—big and plump and "meaty," yet delicately thin-skinned, and cooked until it almost bursts with juicy tenderness! Choice beef—cut into savory morsels that fairly fall apart on the tongue!

And then a brown peppery sauce made of rich meat fats and highly seasoned with hot Mexican spices and sweet red peppers!

Such is Libby's Chili Con Carne—the exact recipe used by the old Spanish cooks years ago. Travelers who have sat at old Mexico's "finest tables" say it represents this famous national dish at its best.

When you serve Libby's Chili Con Carne you need not serve any other meat dish. It is so highly nourishing that it supplies all the nutrition that meat gives—and at much less cost.

Have Libby's Chili Con Carne for luncheon or dinner today—served piping hot with mashed potatoes, rice or spaghetti. You will find its "tangy" zest a welcome change from the ordinary menu.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 510 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Order a package of Libby's Chili Con Carne from your grocer today. He has it or will gladly get it for you

(Continued from Page 56

even to a Socialist's devotion to abstract ideas. That gave Mr. Penrose an opportunity to inquire about the youth, and Karl enlightened him in the manner of an indulgent master speaking of an apt pupil. Soon after, Mr. Penrose brought up the subject of banking, and for an hour Karl expounded the rôle which that art played in the great tragedy of capitalistic exploitation.

"I'm a banker myself," the listener finally confessed, "and I've often been struck by what you say about bankers—that they're men of mechanical minds. I know a good many bankers and I don't believe there's a man in the lot who understands any more than a wooden Indian about the real principles of it. I bet there wouldn't be three men in a bankers' convention that ever heard of Kratsky."

"Kautsky," Karl corrected him good-naturedly.

"Yes, Kautsky," Mr. Penrose resumed. "I've often been struck by that myself. I go on doing things day after day, you see, without ever thinking, or knowing, how"—he strove to recall a fit phrase and compromised by making a wide, stiff-armed gesture and adding—"how they will pan out. I'm satisfied there ought to be, on the board of directors of every bank, a man who's studied all those things and knows the history and theory of it all. I believe it would be a better bank if it had a man on the board who could tell the other directors what things really meant."

"Why, undoubtedly," Karl replied, as though his companion were saying that twice two are four.

"The mechanical part of banking, now," Mr. Penrose observed, "counting up the money and making the loans and all that—why, anybody can do it with a little training. But the history and theory—that takes a lot of ability and study."

Karl brushed a hand across his waving pompadour and replied by way of a modest illustration: "I've spent ten years at it. I took up the study of economics in a serious way when I was eighteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"I can see by your talk that you've worked hard," the cashier replied gravely. He combed his mustache and repeated like a man fully convinced: "Yes, sir; I believe there ought to be a man like that on the board of directors of every bank."

It was eleven o'clock when the new-found friends tore themselves apart. Going up to his clean, cheaply furnished little bedroom Mr. Penrose sat down on the one chair and thought over the events of the day. Then he laughed without making a sound.

Next morning Mr. Penrose introduced himself to Fritz Bender, and the two spent the forenoon going over the affairs of the little bank and discussing the purchase. The cashier found it an admirably managed concern with first-class assets, a considerable part of which were of such a nature that they could be promptly converted into cash. Fritz owned twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock, the remaining five thousand dollars being nearly all owned by Hermann Dorn, the cashier. They agreed upon thirty-five thousand dollars as the purchase price.

Mr. Penrose explained that he was acting not for himself but for two wealthy clients of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, who were investing heavily in small country banks because—with all this ferment of Socialism and the high taxes that seemed to be coming—they considered such investments the safest that could be made. Though he was authorized to act he thought it best to run back to Oakum for a couple of days in order to secure the express sanction of his principals. He left affairs in that juncture with a promise to reappear Friday and conclude the deal.

And after taking leave of the banker he had an hour and a half in which to fulfill the engagement with Karl Bopp that he had made the night before.

The following Thursday he dropped off the afternoon accommodation train at Southley, five miles from Grundyville, where he remained for supper. Completing the journey by automobile he arrived at the Grundyville House just after dark and went at once to a bedroom. At half-past eight Karl Bopp strolled into the shabby little hotel office, found it empty as he had expected, noted the number of Mr. Penrose's room on the register, went upstairs and tapped at the door.

It was rather warm upstairs and Mr. Penrose had removed his coat and vest. He greeted his long-faced, slope-shouldered young friend with the warmest cordiality, even calling him by his first name as they shook hands; but he spoke in a subdued tone and peeked into the hall to make sure no one was there before closing the door.

Favoring Karl with a jolly wink and beaming as though they were engaged in a humorous conspiracy, he explained: "As I told you before, it's foolish to stir up a lot of talk and prejudice beforehand. We want to keep it strictly under our hats until it's all done. Then we'll come out and say, 'Here it is; it's done,' and people will accept it." He expanded his mouth, laughing at people's foolish docility, but the laughter was only a sort of dry cackle.

Karl's large loose mouth also expanded in humorous appreciation, and he replied lightly, "Sure! They've got to be led like children."

"Our young associate understands what he's to do?" Mr. Penrose inquired more gravely.

And Karl lightly replied, "Oh, yes; Otto understands it. The boy's got a good head."

The resources of the room in the way of furniture were very limited. "Suppose you pull the chair up here by the bed," Mr. Penrose suggested. "Then I'll sit on the bed and we can look things over together."

He then extracted from his brown bag a big envelope that seemed to be full of papers and sat down on the bed.

"You see into these things without anybody having to explain 'em to you," he began flatteringly. "As you said, finance is nothing more than passing round pieces of paper. That's all there is to it—just handing slips of paper round. It's only farmers and workingmen that plank down real money when they buy things. Smart people just scratch off a piece of paper. You understand it as well as Morgan does. All I need do now is just to explain the mechanics of the thing to you."

With that he drew a handful of papers from the envelope, arranged them on the bed and launched into the mechanical explanation. As he had anticipated, Karl readily comprehended the principles involved and needed only some drilling on the mechanical details. After two hours they separated, both highly satisfied and looking hopefully to the morrow.

At a quarter to twelve next day young Otto Dorn was waiting nervously in Art Bentley's, where there was a cigar stand up in front; then a small, ancient and fly-specked soda-water fountain; then a rather dilapidated pool table. An air of frowsiness pervaded the little establishment, and evenings the air was apt to be thick with tobacco smoke; but at a quarter to twelve business was stagnant. Besides the proprietor, who sat with his feet up, reading the sporting page of a newspaper, the only occupants were Otto and Eph, colored hostler at the Grundyville House livery stable, who was languidly practicing shots on the pool table.

Otto had been waiting there more than an hour, momentarily expecting a message either by telephone or messenger. So when the telephone rang at a quarter to twelve he bounded up, saying to the proprietor, "Guess that's for me."

The message was for him, but by no means what he had expected; for as he applied the receiver to his ear the guttural voice of Mina's grandfather greeted him:

"I want you should come over to the bank, Otto. Come back to my room. I be waiting for you there."

A panicky sensation assailed the young man. How, he wondered, did Mina's grandfather know that he was waiting in Art Bentley's? With a foreboding that something had gone wrong, and with tingling pulses, he hastened down street to the bank. When he entered it, only his father, the cashier, was in the neat banking room—behind the paneled-oak counter. His father seemed disturbed and threw an anxious, questioning glance across the counter at him. But in his own disturbance and uncertainty Otto didn't wish to talk to his father. With averted eyes he hastened down the outside of the counter to the president's plain little office at the rear.

The president was waiting for him there, standing by the desk in the center of the room. He was old and heavy, his sparse white hair in the usual disorder and his bushy mustache in the usual need of trimming. His face was deeply seamed and his baggy old clothes seemed never to have had any pretension to style. The tarnished collar button that fastened his limp collar showed, for he wore no necktie. Yet this rustic figure was strangely disconcerting to the young man. He felt a formidable mass and weight in it, as though it were made of solid, enduring stuff. Ideas that had been rioting in his head half an hour before seemed to break foolishly against it like soap bubbles against a wall.

The old man greeted him merely with a nod, motioning to a seat at the desk, and Otto dropped into the chair with a good deal the fluttered feeling of an urchin under the minatory eye of the schoolmaster. When Fritz deliberately seated himself on the other side of the desk the simple act was somehow like formally calling a court to order. Fritz's guttural voice carried a tone of heavy and ominous sarcasm:

"You ain't expecting to meet me here, Otto. You're expecting to meet your friend, Mr. Penrose, and your other friend, Karl Bopp. You're expecting they're going to elect you director of the bank. That's fine job for you. You're fine chap to be director of a bank, too, Otto. But your friend, Mr. Penrose, has got another engagement from electing you director of a bank. A good United States bank examiner has got him—with handcuffs. He's going along to the penitentiary. We got to see now what we should do with you in the mess you get yourself into. I like to have your opinion about it."

As Otto's panicky forebodings that something had gone wrong resolved themselves into a far more menacing shape than he had ever thought of, the color faded in his youthful face and in a horrified paralysis he could only stare stonily across the desk, and swallow.

"You maybe be on your way to the penitentiary, too, Otto," Fritz resumed ruthlessly. "It's due to you from your own acts." He waited an instant and added, with no sign of yielding: "I ain't told your father yet. I want to hear what you got to say for yourself first; then I make up my mind."

"Why—I was to be a director temporarily," Otto confessed confusedly; "just temporarily—until they found somebody to take my place. Karl was to be a director. He thought it would be a fine thing for him—give him standing with the people. Probably he wanted the salary too. Mr. Penrose promised him twelve hundred a year. Of course, I wanted to help him if I could. I was to be a director temporarily—just to help out. Of course, that was to be after Mr. Penrose bought your stock—when he owned the bank. I supposed he could put me in for a director if he wanted to—when he owned the bank. I didn't mean to do anything dishonest. You don't think I'd do anything dishonest, Father Fritz?" he pleaded—it being the first time he had called Mina's grandfather by that name in quite a while. Yet there was nothing really disingenuous about his so calling him now. It was merely that in his tribulation he instinctively reached out a hand to this solid old man.

"I know you did something dishonest," Fritz replied remorselessly. "I got the proof of it."

Opening a drawer he took out an engraved slip of paper and laid it on the desk where Otto could stare at it.

"You mean to tell me you didn't write that check and sign that name to it?" he demanded.

Like everything else about the affair, that engraved slip of paper now looked momentously different from the way it had looked before. In Fritz's hands it somehow took on a color entirely different from the color it had worn in Mr. Penrose's hands.

Otto could only stammer: "Why, yes; I did write the check. Mr. Penrose said that was the usual way. Karl said it was all right. They said financing things was always done that way—just making out a slip of paper. Mr. Penrose said it was the usual way. He said he meant to have his office boy sign the checks before he left home, but forgot it. He said anybody could do it—it didn't matter as long as there were two checks. Karl wrote a check too," he added, brightening a bit, as though that were a telling point.

"I know about Karl's writing," the old man replied with his ominous sarcasm.

"I want to know about you now. Somebody tells you it's the usual way to sign another name to a check on a bank where you ain't got any money; and you do it. How long you think you keep out of jail on such plan as that?"

Otto's blond head dropped and he muttered miserably: "They said it was all right. I supposed Mr. Penrose knew. You see, as soon as Mr. Penrose took charge of the bank he was going to tear up the checks. They weren't to be used at all. He said that was the usual way—just something to make a showing. Karl was sure it was all right."

"Then why you disguise your hand when you write that check?" Fritz demanded.

(Concluded on Page 61)

"You Maybe be on Your Way to the Penitentiary, Too, Otto," Fritz Resumed Ruthlessly

Conservation

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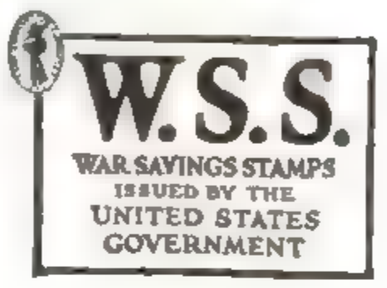

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Willard Service.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

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(Concluded from Page 59)

Still more miserably Otto fumbled: "Well, Mr. Penrose said that would be the better way. Karl did it too. He said of course it wouldn't look right to have the checks in Karl's hand and mine—we should disguise our hands. But as he was going to tear the checks up right away it wouldn't matter."

"It was to fool me, Otto," Fritz retorted bluntly. "Penrose was to pass the checks on me, I mustn't know you and Karl had written 'em. It was to fool me. Was there nothing in your heart, boy, that told you that was wrong?"

And Otto blurted: "I didn't like to do it, Father Fritz. I didn't like to do—any of it. But I wanted to help Karl. I thought Mr. Penrose knew. He said it was all right. Karl seemed to know it was all right. I didn't want to seem—foolish and green by hanging back when they said it was the usual way."

Fritz waited a moment and commented: "That's about what I thought. A stranger comes along and tells you it's fashionable to forge checks. You don't want to seem green, and you want to help Karl. That's a fine recommendation for a bank director, Otto."

He let that sink in for another moment, and resumed:

"Your friend, Mr. Penrose, has been stealing from the bank he's cashier of. Probably he's been stealing for a long while and speculating. Probably he wins something and pays back and then steals again. By and by it gets so big he can't cover it up any more. They found already forty thousand dollars he's stolen. He's pretty sure to get found out next time the bank examiner comes in, which may be any day. He's desperate for some way to get out of it. He sees my advertisement of this bank for sale and he thinks it's pretty good idea to come down here and get hold this bank and lift forty, fifty thousand dollars good bonds and commercial paper out of it and cover up what he's short in his bank in Wisconsin.

"What he's short up there means penitentiary if he's found out. But he's mighty smart in that crook kind of way that ain't ever very smart after all. He thinks he can juggle things down here so the criminal law can't touch him. He comes down here and he makes acquaintance with Karl Bopp. He's smart enough to see that with such an idiot like Karl Bopp and such another idiot like you it might be pretty easy to juggle it round. He'll make you two directors and then he'll tell you what to do, because he knows all about the inside workings of a bank and you two don't know anything. He'll show you the 'usual way.'" Fritz emphasized those words with heavy sarcasm.

"He'll have you vote a loan of a thousand dollars to a wooden Indian in front a cigar store; and two thousand to tailor-shop dummy; and two thousand, maybe, to a wax head in a milliner's window, and so on. With you two fine directors it take him about forty, fifty minutes to get the forty, fifty thousand dollars he wants, and probably the law can't touch him for it at all. Anyway he got all the chances of good long fight with the law, and if he gets caught up there in Wisconsin he ain't got any more chance than a rat in a trap. You bet it looks pretty good to him.

"So he gets hold Karl Bopp and flatters him till he's all blowed up like ten-cent balloon—and just as easy to handle. And Karl Bopp gets hold you like I pull the string on a jumping jack. He tells Karl banking and finance is all bogus anyhow—just pieces of paper. Of course, Karl knows that already. He's read it in his Socialist books.

"He's told me he's buying the bank for two men up at Oakum—customers of his bank. He tells Karl he's to pay me thirty-five thousand dollars for the bank, and Karl and you are to write two checks on the Oakum bank for seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars apiece. He's brought a rubber stamp down with him, so he certifies those two checks as cashier of the Oakum bank. Well, a check certified by a national bank is good. I would have accepted those two certified checks without question—especially when I know I'm dealing with the cashier of the bank. Most any banker would.

"He deposits those two checks to his credit in my bank here. Then he is going to give me a check on this bank for thirty-five thousand dollars and take the stock. He knows I won't draw the money out for some time. I let it stay here in the bank until I get around to invest it. He tells Karl that as soon as he gets the stock in his hands he'll elect himself and Karl and you directors, and then he'll be in full charge of the bank. So he'll just tear up those two bogus checks and put some dummy notes in their place. He says that's the way it's usually done—just pieces of paper. I admit it was smart, Otto—mighty smart, with that crook smartness. I would have taken those checks and your Mr. Penrose would have got the bank. Maybe you know what that means?"

He seemed to be asking a question, and paused for a reply, but Otto merely shook a dejected head.

"It means the crook pretty soon loots the bank altogether. My liability and your father's liability runs for a year after we sell our stock. Probably it ruins your father altogether—with all he has saved for his old age and your mother's. Maybe it take good part of what I have saved so the children have something solid to remember me by and maybe find it easier to make their way through the world because the old man worked diligently all his long life and was always laying by something—for his own comfort and his wife's, and always with a loving thought for his children and then his grandchildren. It means maybe that five, six hundred people round here lose the money they sweat for and laid by so they and their children have some defense. That's what your friend, Mr. Penrose, means. I be glad when he's safe in the penitentiary because such chaps like him is my enemy just like a hawk is the enemy of a hen. Americans round here make their joke about me. They call me Old Thrifty. But they bring me their money and from the beginning when they put their money in my hands, by Gott, I guard it with my blood. I'm bad enemy to such chaps like Penrose. He get pretty bad sentence if I'm the judge.

"Now I show you how smart he is. He gets hold Karl Bopp and is tickled like he got hold of a gold mine. He thinks it better to trust Karl a little—which shows he's a blockhead. So he tells Karl in strict confidence he's going to make him director of the bank on account of his wonderful knowledge of pohtical economy. Karl is all swelled up so he can't keep it to himself. He tells you in strict confidence, and you're all swelled up about it and tell Mina in strict confidence, and Mina tells her mother, and my daughter at once tells me."

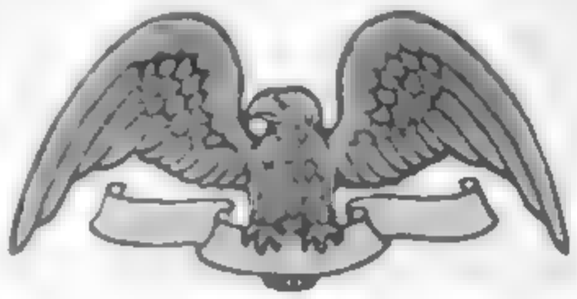
He waited a moment to let that, also, sink in.

"See what a wonderful conspiracy you smart people make—smart Mr. Penrose, and wise Karl Bopp, that can tell the President how to run the United States and how everything in the world ought to be made over, and you, Otto, that think yourself pretty wise too. You make a conspiracy that is like little children trying to make a house of blocks without knowing one block must be square on top of another, so it all falls over fast as they build. As soon as I hear Mr. Penrose is going to make Karl Bopp director of the bank it is like a clap of thunder. I go quick to the telephone, for long distance to Chicago and Wisconsin, and spend half the night at it. I know easy enough a man with Mr. Penrose's experience that is going to make Karl Bopp director of a bank is up to something crooked.

"That bank examiner for the Oakum district hears a clap of thunder too. It don't take him long when he once gets busy. He finds forty thousand dollars short and gets here half past nine this morning. But I asked him to wait a little. I want to make sure what Mr. Penrose is going to do. So he waits till Mr. Penrose gives me the bogus checks."

The old man reflected a moment and added: "I feel almost sorry for Karl Bopp when he comes in and finds Mr. Penrose arrested. He looks more like a fool than ever I saw a man look before."

Otto was listening, agape, half-paralyzed, with a sensation of the world falling in ruins on his head. Fritz turned a rather ominous gaze upon him and added: "I'm an enemy to such chaps like Karl Bopp too. He is full of conceit because his head is stuffed with things out of books, but he is ignorant as a child about how men get their bread. This Penrose comes along and makes a fool of him—just like you could give little Lisa a new penny and tell her it's a five-dollar gold piece. He swallows Penrose's yarn and then you swallow it from Karl. That's the way it goes—Karl swallows some yarn in a book and passes it on to somebody else. Such chaps is bad eggs—like quacks that go round giving people whisky and laudanum. He's got two ideas—to get attention to himself and to make trouble. He tries to set people against the war. He tries to set 'em against industry and thrift. I don't like him.



"You got good honest blood in your veins, Otto. I know your father and grandfather—mother and grandmother too. You're over twenty-one years old now. You're country is at war. It's time you should choose."

He laid a forefinger on the engraved slip of paper. "That check is a forgery. Maybe you wouldn't like that your father and mother should see you in the prisoner's dock at court on trial for forgery, with good prospects of a term in prison."

Though Otto's head was swarming with alarming thoughts he had not up to that moment considered so dire a contingency. It sent the blood out of his cheeks and brought his heart into his throat.

"It would break their hearts. I'll do anything you say," he blurted in a panic.

Fritz nodded toward the slip of paper. "I told you I've given Mr. Penrose credit for that. If I tear up that check probably I lose seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, for if he claims the money I've got nothing to show. I've got to give it to him. I've known you since a baby, my boy. I used to think about you just about like my own grandchildren. I hope you're going to be worth seventeen thousand five hundred dollars."

Otto hung his head.

"You like Mina, I guess, and she likes you," the old man continued remorselessly. "I tell you now I put you in jail with good will before I take a chance her marrying a man that won't work and save for her and stand up for his country. I'm pretty bad-hearted old tool of Morgan when it comes to my Mina marrying a man that's a traitor to work and traitor to the country that gives workingmen best chance they ever got in the world. I got plenty capitalist-slavery chains for chap like that that comes round Mina."

"I'm willing to work; I'm not a traitor, Father Fritz," Otto pleaded out of an utter defeat.

"That's what Karl Bopp says," Fritz replied. "Soon as the world goes crazy and adopt all his theories, then he's ready to be a fine worker and fine loyal citizen. I want a man that's some good in the kind of world that we've got right now."

"I'll do what you say, Father Fritz," said Otto in unconditional surrender.

"I don't say anything very hard to do, Otto," the old man replied. "I say go get yourself a haircut like a white man and take off the spectacles you don't need and go to work on my farm like your bread and butter depend on it. Newspapers say there's going to be training camps for officers pretty soon. My two grandsons go. I leave that to you. For six months, unless you go to training camp, you work on my farm like you had to for bread and butter. For six months you let Mina alone. Then I guess maybe we tear up the check, my boy. Mina will tell you Morgan's tool got some soft spots in his heart."

"I always knew that," the youth murmured.

"He's seventy-one years old now," Fritz commented after a moment. "Pretty soon he's going to die. Maybe when he's dead the Captain going to find plenty foolishness in his record, but the Captain ain't going to find he didn't stick by his guns according to his lights."

Otto comprehended the significance of this general remark when the old man added: "I ain't tearing up Karl Bopp's check. He answers for what he did in fact instead of in theory. If he gets off at the trial and it teaches him something about the real world he lives in I be well satisfied. My grandsons go in the training camp. Many got to die for this country. Times like these we got to be thrashed out, Otto. Chaff got to go in the furnace."

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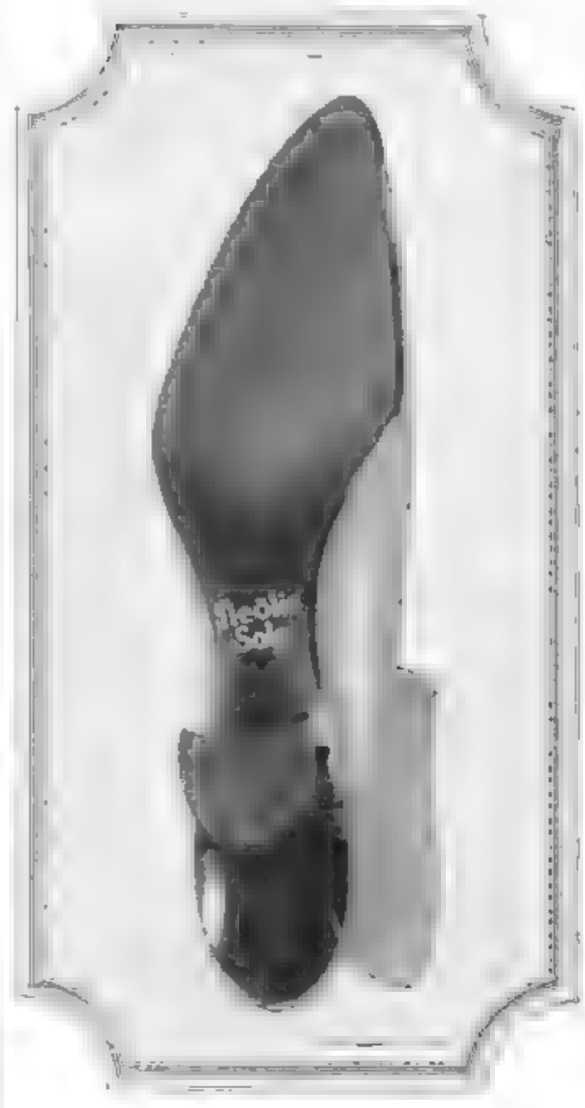

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Speaking of Thrift

"LAS' night," said Uncle Peter as he reached for the remnants of a palm-leaf fan on the cabin step below him, "I dremp a dream. I dremp dat I was settin' in front of a gre't big dish er fried bacon, an' a platter er ham an' aigs, an' a bowl er tu'nip greens wid a piece er side meat as big as my haid layin' in de mi'st of 'em, an' ——"

"Man!" cried Viney. "Stop! Stop right whar you is, er someone'll come 'long an' heah you talkin' dat kind er talk an' youse li'ble to be sent to de calaboose fo' bein' a p'o-German. Don't you know dat ef you goes on havin' dreams lak dem, youse gwine to help p'vent dis heah thriftin' dey's all talkin' 'bout?"

"How come?" queried Uncle Peter with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Dey says," explained Viney, "dat de things you dreams 'bout am de things youse got yo' mind sot on endurin' de daytime, and ef yo' mind am gwine to be buzzin' roun' on de subjic' er vittles all de time you ain't gwine to be able to 'commonize when you does git 'nough money in yo' pocket fo' to buy sich a meal as you p'escribes."

"'Commonize!" echoed Uncle Peter in an aggrieved tone; "well, gre't day, what's I been doin' but dat? Heah I has done trained my ol' nose so dat hit am sass'fied to git de smell er fryin' bacon as we passes de white folkses' kitchens, when my mouf has to go widout de tas'e. Ef dat ain't 'commonizin' I'd lak to know whut am!"

"I'll lay you dat you don't smell no fryin' bacon up at Miss Fanny's house, 'case dey ain't been had none fo' de las' six monfs. I knows, fo' I sort er keeps my eye out fo' some when Ise wukkin' roun', an' I ain't nevah run into a mite."

"I reckon youse right," agreed Uncle Peter; "I ain't smelled none up at Slocumses' fo' a fact." Then after a moment's silence: "I reckon dat's part er de thriftin' dat am goin' on now, an' aftah de wah am winned, folks is gwine back to de way things was befo' de Germans tried to bust up de worl'."

"Gwine back nothin'!" asserted Viney. "I reckon you ain't been up to de Cotehouse to heah de speakin' lately er you wouldn't be sayin' 'gwine back.'"

"I ain't been much er nowheres of late," said Uncle Peter, "on 'count er de inflamity er de jug'lar vein in my laig whut comes on of a evenin'."

"Me an' Isom was up to de speakin' las' night to heah Cunnel Slocum," said Viney, "an' hit ce'tainly was gran' to heah de way he talked an' laid down de law to de folkses whut was dere. He don't nevah git to do much er dat kind er layin' down in de house 'caze Miss Fanny am mos' usually doin' hit, but he sho' did make de most er his chancet at de Cotehouse. Hit was gran'."

"Whut did he say?"

"He tol' 'em dat ef dey was anyone presen' whut thought dis heah thriftin' am gwine to stop when de wah do, dey am got to tu'n roun' an' git on de right road. He say dat dis am on'y de fust lesson whut folks am doin' now, an' dat dey's a mighty heap of 'em yet whut ain't commenced to learn how to keep fum livin' too fur ovah de edge of enough. He said dat de Pres'dent er de Newnited States cain't run de country all by hisse'f ef de folkses in hit don' he'p him run hit an' dat de one er de bes' ways to he'p him am fo' dem to learn dis heah thriftin' an' to keep hangin' on to hit aftah dey learns hit, wah er no wah. De main thing, he say, am to save up an' put by, an' ef you evah does have to spen' any of de savin's to learn how to spen' hit de right way."

"I reckon," said Uncle Peter musingly, "hit do put backbone in a pusson fo' to lay by somep'n eve'y now an' den, even ef hit ain't no bigger'n de widder's mite er de wicked fleadat de preachah was mentionin'."

"Cunnel Slocum say dat de mo' folks lays by de less dey'll habe fo' to spen' on foolishness, an' he say dat de rich am gwine to set de sample to de po'. He mus' 'a' meant hit, too, 'caze Miss Fanny's done had bread-puddin' three times in de las' week an' de cunnel ain't nevah made a soun'."

"Ef folks stops spendin' money on foolishness," observed Uncle Peter, "dey'll all live plain, jes' lak dey done aftah de Civil Wah."

"An' ef dey lives plain," added Viney, "dey's all gwine to be happier, an' dey's gwine to be real socialarity 'mongst 'em, jes' lak dey was when de cunnel an' Miss Fanny was fust ma'ied. Dem use' to be happy days when Miss Fanny nevah owned but one Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress an' hit was a black silk one dat she wo' to eve'ything whut come along, fum a high tea to a fun'al. In dem days Cunnel Slocum didn't use' to be no mo' temperish dan a lamb. Hit wa'n't twel de gals was mighty near growed up dat things commence' to change in de house. De fust yeah dey come home fum boadin' school dey had de whole place upstirred. Dat was de time dey tuck down all de pitchers off de pahlor an' settin'-room walls an' brung home a lot er scratchy-lookin' things of trees an' mountains, an' de like, an' stuck 'em up on de walls. Dey called 'em itchin's, an' hit was a good name, too, fo' my ol' hands fai'ly itched to yank them things down an' put back de ol' ones dey had drug up to de garret. An' den Miss Fanny's Brussels cyarpets wa'n't good 'nough fo' 'em an' dey worried dey pa twel he give Miss Fanny de money to git some li'l' measly lookin' rugs whut de gals called old-rental rugs, an' whut didn't begin to kiver up de flo'. Fum de looks of dem rugs de folks whut rented 'em fust must ce'tainly have give 'em hahd wear 'caze I 'skivered mo' places dan one whar de nap was wo' thin. An' didn't dem gals say dat dem wo'-out spots was what made de rugs mo' val'ble!

"Den dey commence' thinkin' up one new-fangledy doin's aftah anothah fo' de table, sich as puttin' tidies in 'tween de plates, an' gawmin' up eve'ybody's place wid all de knives an' forks an' spoons dey could git roun' 'em. Dey wasn't sca'cely a week'd pass dat dem gals didn't have Miss Fanny chasin' roun' aftah some new notion er othah. An' de mo' unplain dey kep' on livin' de wusser Cunnel Slocum's tempah improved. De bitteres' wuds I evah heerd out'n him was de time he got aholt er one er de guess towels."

"Whut kind er towels am dem?"

"Guess towels, Uncle Peter, am de kind dat you guesses you am to use, but ef you does use 'em youse missed you' guess. Hit was de day Miss Fanny got de house all ready fo' de sewin' circle dat Cunnel Slocum mistook one er dem towels while he was shavin'. An' he carried on so when Miss Fanny hollered out dat dem towels was fo' comp'ny, dat we had to close de upstairs winders twel de cunnel had cl'ared his mind.

"Yes," said Viney after a thoughtful pause, "dis heah thriftin' folks am doin' now ce'tainly has brung 'em back to plain livin'. Miss Fanny ner no one else am wastin' any time makin' guess towels an' embroiderin' dese heah filly centralpieces fo' de dinin'-room tables. Dey's all come to see what a powerful lot er nothin' dem things 'mounts to anyhow. Yes, Uncle Peter, you cain't pick out a fam'ly in dis town belongin' to de topmost qual'ty whut ain't stahted in to stick clost to dis heah thriftin' endurin' de wah an' aftahwards too."

"How 'bout de yuther folks whut ain't topmost?"

"Uncle Peter, when de quality sets de pace in plain livin' you couldn't beat de yuther folks 'way fum hit wid a stick!"

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

Put 'em Down

[Suggested by The Kaiserin in America—One Hun ired and One German Lies, issued by the Committee on Public Information.]

IF YOU hear a furtive rumor that the President is dead,
It's a lie—
Nail it!
If you hear an allegation that someone has heard it said
That with blood of draft resisters Gotham's streets are running red,
Don't let it by—
Impale it!

If you're told, in strictest confidence, that Pershing's on the run,
It's a josh—
Don't repeat it!
If some raker in the ashes of the blaze of '61
Says the U. C. V. have tendered their allegiance to the Hun,
He's a boche—
Make him eat it!

If you hear of Crowder flirting with a moving-picture vamp,
It's the bunk—
Help remove it!
If some quidnunc says the rookies in a certain training camp
Have to pungle half a dollar for a three-cent postage stamp,
Tell the skunk
He must prove it!

If a whisper chance to reach you that the Y is selling booze,
It is mud—
Reject it!
If you get the information that the soldiers swap their shoes
To a syndicate of chaplains for Milwaukee's famous brews,
It's a dud—
Vivisect it!

If you're told that Mr. Baker claims descent from George the Third,
It's a joke
On the teller!
If some passer-on informs you that a friend of his has heard
That the Hoovers lavish sugar on their pet canary bird,
Take a poke
At the feller!

If you hear of Lansing gambling, or of Daniels getting drunk,
Scarify
Their decrier!
If you hear an intimation that our bonds are worthless junk,
And that McAdoo is packing the exchequer in his trunk,
It's a lie—
Swat the liar!

—W. E. Nesom.

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NO doubt you have struggled with the problem of keeping your shades attractive looking. But how soon they get cracks and pinholes! How soon they sag and wrinkle! That is because all ordinary shades have a "filling" of chalk and clay to give body to the coarsely woven cloth. At your windows, this "filling" soon gets shaken loose in tiny spots, the loose material sags. How ugly your shades look!

Hundreds of other people have solved this problem with Brenlin—the long-wearing window shade material. Brenlin wears and wears! It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well.

That is because Brenlin contains no "filling" to fall out when severe strains come. It is just a fine, closely woven cloth prepared by a special process to be as durable a shade material as it is possible to make.

Brenlin is especially treated so that it will not sag or wrinkle. It is tinted by hand with an extra quality color, which keeps the material supple and reveals its beautiful linen-like texture. Neither sun nor rain will destroy this color.

Buy this economical shade material, which outwears two, even three, ordinary window shades.

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Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow coverings he has in this wonderful wearing material. You will be sure to find just the color you want for your home.

To have all your windows the same color on the outside, yet to have a pleasing variety of color schemes in different rooms, get Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealer's shop. Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your shades are hung.

If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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MARRIED

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

FOR the moment they had all gone away and left me in the bedroom that was presently to be mine no more. Perhaps they thought that I wanted to say good-by alone to this intimate background of my girlhood; but as I stood before the mirror pinning on my hat with unsteady fingers I gave no more definite thought to my past than I was giving to my future. It was all a shimmering mirage of happiness.

There was a knock at the door, tentative, then masterful, and Dick's voice called, "Coming, Rhoda darling?"

I opened the door, letting in a wave of gay sound that surged up from the wedding guests, waiting to see us go. As my eyes met Dick's the talk and laughter faded; I saw and heard and felt only him. I melted into his arms, but even as I looked up into his dark, radiant face I saw it grow intent, practical, and he said with a hint of matter-of-factness in his tone: "We mustn't spend too much time in saying good-by to them all, dearest. Where's your dress-suit case?"

I'm afraid I should have forgotten it. Dick found it, reminded me to bring my bouquet, and then tucking me under his arm swept me along the upper hall. At the head of the stairs we paused, and as I gazed down on all those dear people I did indeed realize that I was leaving girlhood behind. There was mother with a mechanical smile fixed on her pretty, tired face; there was father standing by her—dear father, whom my wedding had turned into a kind of superior errand boy; there were my brothers, the ushers' nosegays in their buttonholes rather faded. There was Helen Kaye, my matron of honor. As my quick glance rippled over her face I noticed its sober expression, and I wondered at it. There was Sara Lister. On her face, too, was a strange look—unhappy, bitter. Arrested, I noticed several older people, off guard, because all eyes were fixed on the staircase. Their faces were not exactly unhappy, but grave.

Except for Helen and Sara, all the young people were smiling, reflecting my own romantic excitement. Most of them were secretly putting themselves in the places of Dick and me.

"See, Dick," I murmured; "some of them seem so—so—almost melancholy."

"Yes," he said; "older people especially think weddings are sadder than funerals. That's because they've seen some promising marriages go on the rocks. But we'll show 'em! Dear, we've got to start; don't forget to sling that bouquet. All this absent-mindedness of yours is deeply flattering to me; I love to have you forget the world for my distinguished sake—but remember, on that bouquet center some young spinster's shy hopes."

I laughed a little tearfully, and as Dick rushed me downstairs I threw the bouquet, noticing that Bessie Wilde caught it. Then I bent my head to avoid the stinging showers of rice—for those were the days before the gentle rain of confetti and rose leaves had been invented. A race through the hall, a confused impression of laughing faces, shining eyes, parted lips, soft lights, all under pelting rice; then, on the front steps, quick kisses from my brothers and long embraces from father and mother; Dick leading me down to the carriage; then mother running after us for one more kiss. The driver cracked his whip; I leaned out, waving and weeping, to see mother and father standing on the curb, looking after me with such love and yearning. In Dick's arms I shed some more tears; then I drew a long sigh and whispered: "And now we'll be happy ever after."

"Happy ever after, dearest," Dick said.

Thus I started my apprenticeship in the most neglected profession in the world. Happy ever after! What couple does not say it—and how many couples know what they are talking about! Happy ever after, said we, and, at the time that we spoke, about one couple in every eighteen was being divorced—and to-day it is said to be one in twelve! They can't want divorce, or else they would not make permanent whole-hearted marriage vows at the altar. They can't want unhappiness—and no unhappiness can be greater than that induced by a marriage gone wrong.

Happy ever after! No wonder middle-aged people look on weddings as sadder than funerals. I wonder why they don't try harder to educate prospective married couples—and I wonder whether the couples would listen to them.

Dick Said Cuttingly That if I Would Take the Trouble to Add and Subtract I Could See That Our Expenditures for the Month Had Been Something Over a Hundred Dollars More Than He Earned

In the engagement days their ears and minds are too much bound about with illusions for anything to penetrate. In the apprentice time of the first year of marriage they are pretty difficult of approach—so sure that what they are going through with is unique. And yet there is no reason on earth why the average married couple should not be happy ever after.

Dick and I were and are an average married couple. We have had no experience that is not common to tens of thousands of other couples. We are not unusual in background, or equipment, or mental powers, or personal appearance, or clothes, or house, or expenditure. The only excuse for mentioning us is just that we are so much like the common run of people and, therefore, are significant. In those early days we thought of course that we were different from other couples. Clear-eyed now, I look back with wonder and compassion and tenderness upon us as we were then. In the first place no two had ever loved as we had—or ever could. Dick and I said so to each other in our engagement days, and I also said so to my mother.

"Well, dear," she replied, "I only hope you will be as happy as your father and I are. Brought up with us as you have been, you have every reason to believe in the strength and stability of love."

I made no reply, because I did not want to hurt mother's feelings. But I marveled at her for comparing our love with hers and father's.

"As if Dick and I could ever," I thought, "drop down to the placid content of my parents! Why, they can sit together all evening and just read, and never say a word! And often when mother comes into the room father does not look up from his paper, but merely gives a vague little smile and goes on reading. And they just call each other 'dear,' unless one of them is sick or going away on a journey or something. No, their love isn't like ours."

Perhaps if mother had told me exactly what was passing through my mind I might have taken the first step forward in my preparation for marriage. Yet I dare say she did not know my thoughts. To her, I don't doubt, the happiness of her and father was as obvious a phenomenon as that of Dick and me was to me.

She and I had the same appreciation for what was good and sound in life, but we had a different sense of values, a different vocabulary for loving.

She did, indeed, tell me that I must not expect to stay forever on the dizzying heights of emotion; and one or two older married women tried to tell me the same thing.

"Love changes," they said; "you can't expect it always to be as it is in honeymoon days. But if you are sensible something else comes—something permanent and better."

To do the graduates of marriage justice there are always some of them who talk like that to an engaged girl; but that is not education for marriage—it's only a warning, generally unheeded; a hint that education is needed, but not a textbook, not any real teaching. When mother said that to me I felt that she simply did not understand the quality of the love Dick and I knew. When other married women added their warnings I was not shaken by this further emphasis. I think I resented that word sensible. It sounded so disillusioning. I did, indeed, reflect that the few marriages I knew anything about had the humdrum quality of that of my parents; very well; that just proved that Dick and I would be exceptions. I had a sense of pity for these women whose love had grown gray while mine was so golden. In short, when, because all the world loves a lover, older people put me on guard, I reacted exactly as the average romantic girl does. I was an especially incorrigible romantic.

During my engagement days I thought I was reasonable because I once said to Dick, "You and I both have our faults, dear, but we shall love them away from each other."

I suppose I had some obscure feeling that my recognition that we were not perfect would magic away all imperfections. Naturally we were on our best behavior with each other, and so no faults were on the surface. As Dick has said since, we were so busy bluffing each other that we had no time to get acquainted. If we had a lovers' quarrel the cause of it first seemed a tragedy, and then, when it had been soothed away, a trifle. I had not lived twenty-one years without developing some sex antagonism. All men and all women have it. Men, I had discovered, had certain faults which no girl likes. But, so my unconscious reasoning went, because I loved Dick he could not have any of the faults common to his sex.

And Dick idealized me. I remember one night when he painted every man's ideal of what a woman should be—and rarely is. And he called it me.

"What is so wonderful about you, Rhoda darling," he said, "is that you are thoroughly feminine, and yet you are so reasonable! You have the best qualities of both sexes. You understand as the ordinary girl does not—you can get a man's point of view—can be fair. Then you care about things the ordinary girl is not interested in things a man cares about, needs sympathy for. You've got a grasp of a man's interests, a man's needs. You've escaped all the limitations of your sex."

Poor Dick! I look back and smile wistfully now at him for beheving all that of me. And I was vain enough to believe it too. My grasp simply meant that I had tact enough to say yes and no at the right time. I had a woman's faculty for half-understanding—the sort of thing that makes many a man think his wife has a real comprehension of his business. I was just an ordinary bright girl, half educated, as so many American girls are, and thrown neck and crop into my life job without any training for it whatever.

The average girl, when she marries, is pretty crude material for wifehood. Her studies come first, and then society or else earning her living, and then marriage; each period has its own separate category, but there is no unifying training all along the line which will fit her adequately for her job of marriage. To be fitted to win a husband is not at all the same thing as to be fitted for the housekeeping trade. What she is trained for, though perhaps instinctively, is the assumption of the qualities which will get her a husband. As Dean Swift said, she spends her time making a net instead of a cage. For the marriage market she must be attractive, well-dressed, accomplished. The man who is drawn by this surface assumes that under it are the solid qualities that will make a marriage go well—knowledge of home making, domestic finance, cooking, executive skill, tact, adaptability, industry and self-reliance. He sees her,

(Continued on Page 67)

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We have the talent (it takes men's shoe-makers to get the proper tailored effect)—while moderate price is largely a matter of organization, concentration, quantity-production.

Beyond this, a concern must have the spirit of service. It must give its customers the benefit of its proficient methods. It must believe in the principle of a close margin of profit and many sales as the best means of increasing and stabilizing its business.

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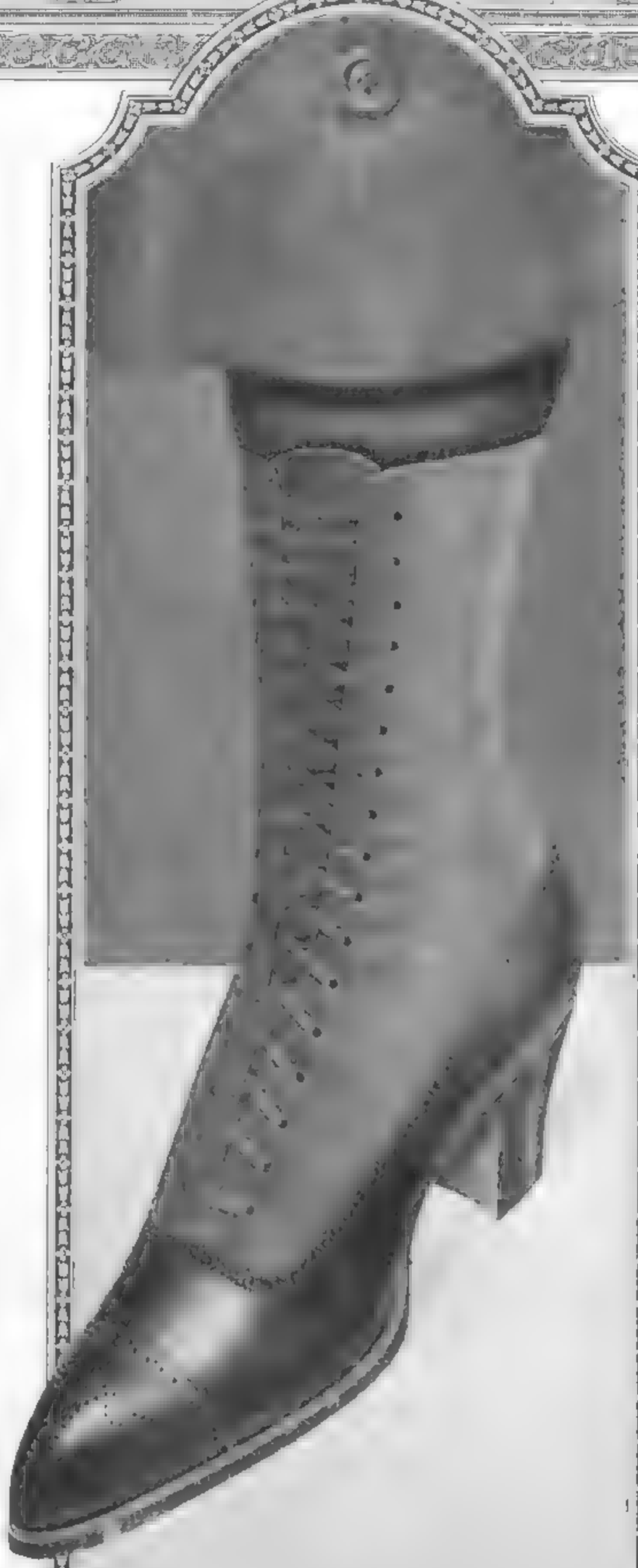

As Dick Rushed Me Downstairs I Threw the Bouquet

(Continued from Page 64)

just as she sees him, crowned by a gracious and misty halo—the perfect mate.

In Dick's characterization of me the word I liked best was feminine. That word has three interpretations—the woman's, the man's before marriage, and the man's after marriage. What the woman means by it is that combination of charm, self-seeking, unselfishness, unreasonableness, devotion, indirection, clingingness and exaction that is just herself. The man's definition before marriage embraces his conception of the qualities of the girl he loves, which are charm, sweetness, reliance on his judgment and protection, tender helplessness, gayety, unexpectedness, ingenuity, competence and sympathy. What he means by feminine after marriage is usually unreasonableness, the faculty of arguing in a circle or jumping to the wrong conclusion, obstinacy, subtle dishonesty, partial or total inefficiency, extravagance, weakness and parasitism, all interwoven with a charm that, however maddened he may be, holds him in its delicate determined tentacles.

I am a good deal of a feminist and therefore I deplore that triple interpretation. For the sake of her sex as well as for the sake of her own married happiness the ideally wise girl ought to make more uniform the connotations of that word feminine. Before her marriage she may be just as charmingly helpless as the average man desires his sweetheart to be. Dick was tenderly amused when I forgot my wedding suitcase, but I'd not care to risk forgetting my suitcase to-day. He'd smile indulgently and he'd feel superior. I'd rather have his good opinion than his indulgence. After her marriage the girl should show that she has all the practical common sense and self-reliance that a man demands in his wife; all the ability to follow his argument which he would expect from a brother man; all the will and the power to give him a square deal, and to stand in all matters with him shoulder to shoulder that he expects from his mate.

Our honeymoon! Unhappy the woman who cannot look back on her honeymoon as the beautiful synthesis of her first youth and first happiness. Many a time the reality and glory of those weeks have been my inspiration for the wisdom and strength I needed to help me solve some matrimonial difficulty when Dick couldn't see my point and I couldn't see his. The love of those days was not any more real than the love of later days; simply it had less to contend with, because we were in the misty rosy dawn of our life together, not in the white revealing glare of common day.

Our honeymoon lasted three months. Dick had not had anything that could be called a vacation since he had left college and entered his cousin's engineering firm. My whole life had been a vacation, only I did not know it. We had a dozen glorious weeks in Maine, doing the outdoor things which Dick loved, and which I, for his sake, learned to like. Some people we knew were there—Helen and Dwight Kaye among them, and Sara Lister, without her husband. I remember remarking to Dick that it was selfish of Sara to go away on a vacation her husband could not share. Sara teased us a good deal, but Helen was almost fiercely protective of us.

It was early autumn when we took possession of our charming little flat in which mother had installed our furnishings. I shall never forget our first dinner together—a dinner that mother's cook had prepared. The dreams we built that night, of perfect harmony, eternal bliss! There we sat, two people of different sexes, with different temperaments, different background, different upbringing, different tastes, and expected by the sheer force of our love for each other to be happy ever after! We thought we knew each other; we had only been attracted by each other. We thought we had reflected about marriage; we had really given it a mistaken superficial consideration.

Dick had been brought up in a formal household where everything was done with system, and much time and money were thereby saved. He preferred simple food, but he liked it well cooked and nicely served. After his college days he had lived in good boarding houses or small hotels, where he got what he wanted when he wanted it. At the time of our marriage he was twenty-eight, and his salary was twenty-five hundred dollars. He was deeply interested in his work and would undoubtedly progress to a higher salary, but because he was a relative of the head of the firm he had to make good more obviously than an outsider. Since he was twenty-eight he had rather passed the period of liking a preponderance of social gayeties.

I had been brought up in a well-to-do, happy-go-lucky household. My mother, I think, had once had a sense of system, but father was never on time for anything and did not know what the word tidy meant. I had had the ordinary finishing-school education and had then come home to be with mother—nominally. Really I saw as little of her as if I had been earning my living, for I worked very hard at society. Eleven was my usual hour for breakfast, and either our indulgent cook or my mother got it for me. Since we had only one maid, who had her days out, I had learned a little bit about housework—that is, I could get a breakfast if it involved no cooking more strenuous than bacon or eggs, or a steak, and coffee. I had often got Sunday supper alone. I had assisted mother in preparing dinner and knew such facts as that potatoes should be boiled about twenty or thirty minutes. Therefore I considered myself well qualified to keep house. Dick took it for granted that we should do without a maid, but he suggested that we should take our dinners with a family who served meals in our apartment house. I agreed.

Of equipment to be a man's financial partner I had something less than nothing. In my girlhood my father paid for my food. I chose my clothes, my father paid for them, and if my bills were too heavy my mother, as I have since learned, did without something so that the cost of feminine apparel would not strike father as excessive. If there was some extra thing I wanted or some extra pleasure that my pocket money would not cover I coaxed father or mother until I got it. I never had to do without anything I coveted. All my knowledge of what money would get or how far it would go had to do with extras. I had no knowledge whatever of the primitive expenditures necessary in running a home. In short, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I had the cake attitude toward life, when what I needed was the daily-bread attitude.

Apprenticeship in marriage means first the heart-shaking knowledge which comes to each that the other is not perfect at all, but only a faulty human being; and second, the limping down from the heights to the level of daily living and the attempt at readjustment on this new level. But the difficulty is that full and complete and tolerant thinking is not brought to bear on this readjustment. Each one is perhaps still a bit blinded against truth by the illusions born in the engagement and honeymoon months. Each has a fiercely struggling ego. Each wishes to shape the other "nearer to the heart's desire." In short, it is the tendency of faulty human nature that each one of the couple shall try to reform the other, shall see the other's faults more clearly than he sees his own.

Sometimes there are a number of issues, none of them very important, yet bulking into a long nagging total. Sometimes there are only two or three main issues. Often these concern the struggle for selfish dominance on the part of one or the other. Often, as in our case, the main difficulty hinges on the matter of spending; the wife has not been trained to understand how to buy and save; she is a poor executive. But whatever the cause, this kind of friction comes to almost every couple, with accompanying disillusion and even despair.

Sometimes a wife or husband has said to me, "We have never had a cross word."

If one party of that "we" is dead then I put down the remark to idealization; if they are both alive I put it down to possible forgetfulness or to probable plain lying.

Our series of special domestic grievances began with the facts that I was unpunctual and absent-minded. The first morning in our new home I had breakfast on time. Every morning after that for a week I was late. I always had some excuse that sounded perfectly reasonable to me; the kettle was slow to boil or the kitchen clock was wrong or the toast wouldn't get brown. Dick was indulgent—and ate too fast. On the seventh morning he proposed that I get up a bit earlier to allow a margin for accident.

That night, I remember, we went to the wedding of Bessie Wilde, the girl who had caught my wedding bouquet, and Tom Stillman. I lived over all my own wedding emotions. I was also very glad to see my friends again. It was the first time I had had any reunion with them, any opportunity to show Dick and myself in the married state, except to Helen and Dwight Kaye and Sara Lister. They were there, and Frank Lister, too, and we six had supper together. The only flaw in the evening was that Frank and Sara said disagreeable things to each other and Helen and I had to smooth things over. I whispered to Helen that she looked happier than she had at my wedding, and long afterward I remembered the queer startled look she gave me.

Altogether I had a very exalted time, and almost felt as if I were being married all over again. Frank and Sara drove us home, and after we were alone and I had done talking of ourselves I said: "And didn't Bessie look sweet? Wasn't she a lovely bride?"

"Lovely bride, yes," Dick replied. "If she and Tom could just go through life walking up to the altar to be married or, better still, driving off alone when the thing was over—they'd be all right. For the rest—old Tom has my sympathy, though it may be some time before he sees he needs it."

"Whatever do you mean, Dick?" I cried. "I thought you liked Bessie. I know you took her to parties before I

(Continued on Page 70)

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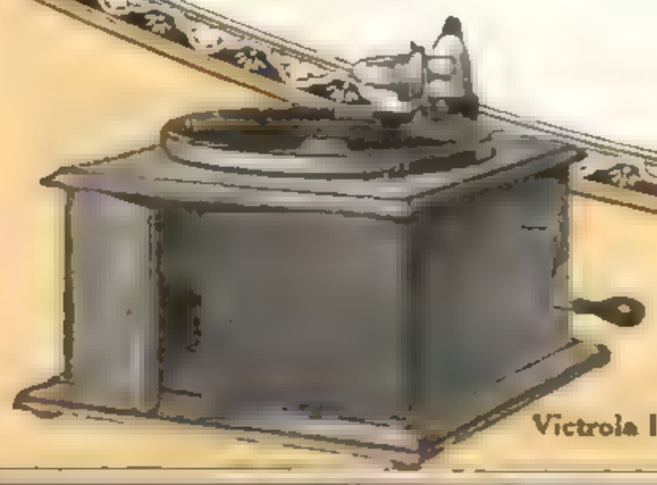

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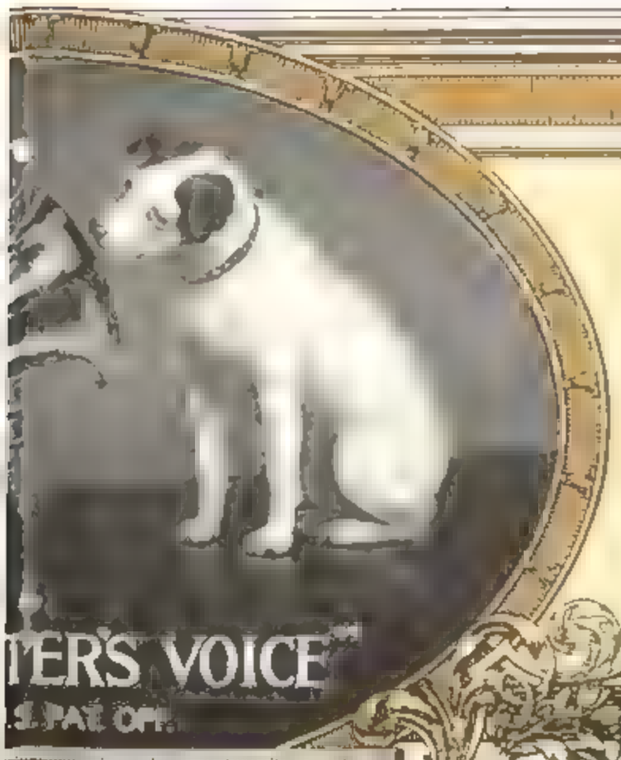

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appeared. And you once said you thought her singing was wonderful."

"Oh, yes; I like Bessie as a pretty girl," he said. "But as a wife I turn down my thumbs, thank you. Her one question in life is what she can get out of people; now 'people' has turned into Tom. She'll suck him dry."

"Why, she adores Tom!" I cried.

I felt affronted. The curious thing is that if Dick had made this criticism of Bessie before we were married I might have offered a weak protest, but on the whole I should have agreed with him. I should somehow have felt that in decrying Bessie and her ways he was praising me. But now that I was married I felt as if in his attack on Bessie he was attacking the whole sex, and indirectly, and of course unintentionally, me. I suppose this means that on certain points married women have a keen sex loyalty. We hate—we "nice" women—to be considered parasites; so much so that our first impulse is to fly to the defense of a parasite and try to prove she is only misunderstood. So I said to Dick: "Bessie adores Tom; she would not have dreamed of marrying him if she didn't love him, and she's giving up her career."

"You bet you! Those'll be her excuses for imposing on him. She'd have adored any man with enough money to support her better than her father can."

Dick was so sleepy that we dropped the matter then, but next morning when I was getting breakfast I thought of what he had said. Then I began to relive the evening. I stood over the sink with the empty kettle in my hand, my face a regular prototype of that old-fashioned chromo called Dreaming.

The next thing I knew Dick had taken the kettle, filled it, and set it on the lighted gas stove. Then he went out to the ice chest after the eggs and bacon.

"How lovely that you're going to help, dear," I called. "I'll slice the bread and set the table, and we'll be ready in a jiffy."

It never occurred to me that Dick was angry, for I'd never seen him in that state. I noticed that he did not talk much at breakfast, but I was talking a good deal myself. When he kissed me good-by he said: "Now, beloved, if you don't have breakfast on time to-morrow I'll have to teach you a lesson. You don't want to be like Bessie Stillman, you know."

He was gone before I could protest. What he said made me uncomfortable, not because I thought I had been at fault but because I considered that Dick had been guilty of a joke in bad taste. It was afternoon before the feeling wore off.

Next morning at quarter of eight, the breakfast hour, Dick came into the dining room. The table was set, the coffee on the stove, the toast making, and I was cutting the oranges in two. But nothing was quite ready. Dick came over to me, kissed me silently and went into the hall. I heard the front door close. I supposed he had gone to bring the newspaper inside. I wondered why he was so long. I put breakfast on the table—and still he did not come. I was pretty slow to realize that he was not coming back.

The average bride will know the course of my emotion—amazement; the slow realization that this treatment was what my husband called "teaching me a lesson"; anger; hurt pride; despairing grief. Over and over that profitless circle I went all day long, while the cold food stood on the table. At five I cleared things away and put on my prettiest gown.

Toward six the telephone rang. Over it came Dick's voice, forced, hard: "I thought I could come back for dinner, but I don't feel up to facing all those people. I'll get something downtown; then I'll be home."

He rang off. And I had planned such a pretty scene of forgiveness, dramatized his sorrow at having made me suffer so much! I threw myself on my bed and wept even more desperately than I had supposed I could. I was still sobbing, my face hidden, when Dick returned. He entered the room, and I felt him looking at me. Then he went into the kitchen. Presently he came back with some tea and toast.

"Eat these, dear," he said gently.

He spoke not like a lover, eager to be forgiven and to forgive, but like a firm doctor. When I had taken the food he told me I could join him in the living room. I accepted that as a hint that I had better wash and powder my face. Then I went into the living room, wistful, my arms outstretched—to find him grave and remote.

"I don't want to kiss you yet," he said; "we've got to talk this thing through first."

He proceeded to talk. Now I can see what he meant, but then I did not half grasp it. What he meant was that he had been thoroughly trained himself for his job in life and could not understand any self-respecting person undertaking a job for which she was not trained or for which she would not take training. To refuse to be trained meant either lack of intelligence or lack of moral integrity. If I lacked those it meant that he was mistaken in the wife he had chosen, and consequent lifelong unhappiness for us both. But he thought I simply had not got down to a rock-bottom understanding of what my share in our partnership was to be, since he did not mean his wife to approach the Bessie Stillman type.

His business, he said, was to work at his profession and provide the money for our home; mine was to work in my home and spend that money wisely. He had purposely arranged that too much work should not fall on me, by taking the main meal outside. The one imperative requirement so far was that I should get his breakfast and not he, and that that breakfast should be on time. If it were not he would have to hurry through it, which would be bad for his health and bad for his work.

"There's no need to hurry through," I said at this point; "the head of the firm is your cousin. He wouldn't care if you were a few minutes late."

"That remark just proves what a false view you have of life. And I thought you understood!"

"I understand," I said bitterly, "that you are reminding me that I am economically dependent on you; that you think you have the power of controlling my actions because you pay the bills."

"Don't be so unreasonable," he flared; "so—so feminine!"

Oh, the bitterness of that first long quarrel! And at last, because we had somehow to crawl back to a reconciliation, I said that I had been inconsiderate in having breakfast late and would not offend again; and Dick said he might perhaps have put the matter to me more tenderly. But he only said that; he honestly believed that nothing but a cave-man dent on the head would teach me where I stood. As for me, I did not think I had been inconsiderate at all; I thought Dick had been so, in demanding anything of me that did not come natural to my temperament. I hated his masterfulness, his certainty that he was totally in the right. Poor little people that we were! Each had just discovered that the other was not an angel at all—merely an average human being!

That was the beginning of a long struggle between us, sometimes concealed, sometimes merely silent, sometimes open. From that time forward we were secretly critical of each other, on the alert for faults. Never again did I have breakfast late, though at first in order to avoid the danger I had to allow an absurd margin of time. I stopped

"She'd Have Adored Any Man With Enough Money to Support Her Better Than Her Father Can"

wool gathering when I was supposed to be at work. But my lack of training led me into other mistakes. I could have admitted these the more easily if only I could have convinced myself that I had been in the wrong about that breakfast matter. My idea, vaguely, was that if only Dick loved me enough he would have thought everything I did was right.

Young married couples are likely to believe that the first great quarrelsome attempt to reach adjustment is to be the last. On the contrary, one crisis seems to breed another. Our next overt disagreement rose on the subject of entertaining and of accepting invitations. Now that autumn was in full swing I thought we ought to begin to pay back the many functions that had been given us in our engagement days. When I put it that way to Dick he frowned. He was a hospitable soul and he liked to have people about him, but he did not want the sense of obligation in his social life. As the bills did not come in for some time there was at first no question of expense, but Dick objected to the elaborateness of my dinners.

"What's the use of so many courses?" he complained; "the people leave so much on their plates, and everyone overeats."

"Well, they gave us as many courses," I replied; "and we must have things nice."

I wonder how many wives use that expression "have things nice" to cover extravagance and emulation. I wonder how many use that bludgeon of obligation as an excuse for display, for falling into that game—at the best absurd, and at the worst dishonest—called "keeping up appearances." Dick and I on twenty-five hundred a year were trying to compete socially with five-thousand-dollar-a-year people, were giving entertainments that would have been expensive enough for ten-thousand-dollar-a-year people.

"Once we get these debts paid off," Dick said, "our dinners have got to be simpler, or else we've just got to cut out entertaining."

Of course he enjoyed the dinners while they were going on. He liked to see me at the head of the table, a pretty and capable hostess—his wife, whom his men guests admired. He liked the sense of dispensing hospitality. I remember particularly the night we had the Kayes and the Listers how pleased he was with the way things went, and how he reassured me when I asked him if he was certain I was ever so much nicer than Helen or Sara. That was a night when we both forgot our difficulties.

I hoped it had escaped Dick's attention that we could not give so many dinners without being bound to accept others that were offered us. I led him into a good deal of that, and two or three evenings a week he went out when he was really too tired to enjoy himself and was wondering how the late hours would affect his work next day. But, as I afterward found out, he meant to yield a bit to me on this point. He reasoned that, as he was seven years older than I, his thirst for social doings was more quenched than mine; that when we had children I should necessarily be kept a good deal at home, and he meant I should have my little fling while I could.

It was when the bills came in that our deepest quarreling began—deepest because it was most fundamental. As I have said, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I ordered what we needed and at the beginning of each month brought the bills to Dick. In September the bills were small, because we had not begun to entertain. In October we gave a few dinners, and the bills were heavy enough to make Dick shake his head and whistle. This attitude did not disquiet me. I reasoned that we had to pay off our social obligations; if I had been buying clothes maybe I should have felt guilty, but what I spent for the dinners I considered was spent for the two of us. Those October bills would have been heavier than they were if mother had not lent her maid and if I had not been using flour, crocks of butter, eggs and various other staples, all of which mother had given me as part of her wedding present. But in November mother's maid balked at so much extra work; the staples, like the deacon's one-hoss shay, gave out all together; the cateress raised her prices; and I bought a rug we needed for the guest room in place of one mother was lending me. That could have waited, but it was a great bargain. I did not really examine those bills, but I did feel uneasy, on the fourth of December, when Dick sat down to look them over. They came to more than three hundred dollars.

Dick's manner really did frighten me. He was angry, but he kept his temper. He was patient, but I could feel the edge of contempt in his voice. This angered as well as frightened me. The American ideal of the expenditure of women is wrong; it is that a husband ought somehow or other to get his wife everything she wants. She should spend, and he should manage to pay the bills. I suppose I had absorbed that view.

Dick said cuttingly that if I would take the trouble to add and subtract I could see that our expenditures for the month had been something over a hundred dollars more than he earned. I made all the excuses I could—that it was not fair to consider November a typical month; that it wasn't my fault if the cost of living was high. If I said anything reasonable it was buried in my unreasonable remarks. I refused to see that we were living beyond our means, and that so far I had made no attempt whatever at budget making. I was far from knowing then what I know now, that it is the wife's business to lead the husband in economy. What wearied Dick, and infuriated him, too, was the sense that over and over again he had let me see what he demanded of his mate, and that I could not or would not respond. Moreover, my conduct had forced him into the attitude the American man most detests—that of seeming, when he checks his wife's expenditures,

(Continued on Page 74)

"A little something Good-to-Eat"

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When the open air puts a sting to the appetite, there is nothing like a bag of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts to nibble on. They are nourishment and goodness at the same time.

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WHOLE SALTED PEANUTS

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"Our work is very strenuous but Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us remarkable service. They resist conditions that literally tear other tires to pieces. One dual seems made of iron because it has given us 50,000 miles and is still running."—Mr. William Winkler, President of World Motor Service, Chicago.

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The facts related in this instance are typical of many found in an enormous accumulation of nation-wide evidence dealing with the tenacity of the S-V.

It remains to set down that whereas their most sensational long-distance scores have been made over good city pavements, they have also run up unprecedented mileage figures in cases where trucks travel outside of cities and encounter very indifferent roads and particularly bad unpaved areas.

Such evidence furnishes the all-important reason why Goodyear S-V Truck Tires are so broadly adopted in those classes of service for which the solid tire is best fitted.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

(Continued from Page 70)

either to be stingy or not to be earning enough. He likes to have the munificent pose.

Like all too many young wives I had expected too much of sheer marriage. There is no magic about marriage. In itself it is nothing but a static social convention. If it is to be dynamic, to bring happiness, to be a light to the soul and a warmth to the heart—it must be served and worked for. Love has to be measured by the way it goes along with other forces in life, by the way it unifies the two diverse personalities. I had come ignorant to a state requiring cool knowledge. Hurt, angry, muddled, I was no fire-bringer to the hearth of our house of life.

The apparent result of that conflict was that I agreed to work out with Dick a household budget, and to live up to it. On the surface I succeeded—that is, I kept the monthly expenses down to what he thought they should be, but I managed only by using the money my father and uncles had given me for wedding presents and by paying cash for certain items so they need not show on the bills. If I had put half the time on really studying my problem that I put on evading the study of it I should have educated myself long before I did. It had not yet dawned on me that a wife must be a productive helpmeet, not a mere middleman who purchases—and sometimes badly at that; I did not see that the wife must create.

We were at that point which almost every married couple reaches—when each thinks any faults would be preferable to just those the spouse has. On the surface we were reconciled, but underneath there was division. We were critical of each other, afraid of each other, sparring and blundering. For all that my resentment was not expressed Dick felt it. I looked on him as tyrannical and selfish, unwilling to see anyone's point of view but his own, determined that I should live up to his ideals, unwilling to compromise, self-righteous—and all because he was a man and was supporting me. He looked on me as feminine, with the uncomplimentary interpretation of the word. He began to generalize about women, I combating his conclusions. The reason we came into conflict there was that women like to stick to concrete cases, and they have a better sense of reality than men. Dick would sometimes lose sight of a particular case, or of reality, in the face of those general truths he thought he had abstracted from reality. I was afraid he meant me in all his abstractions. And all the time we loved each other and were longing to come together on some livable and lasting basis.

We both realized that we had nerves—a term for our dissatisfaction with each other. Things that I never noticed in him began to irritate me. I suppose the mere fact that people live in the same or adjoining bedrooms means a certain amount of disillusionment and strain. At any rate small habits began to be annoying that I think would never have counted if we had not both been suffering from a really fundamental danger. I don't agree with Shakspere that "when the greater malady is fixed the lesser is scarce felt." It certainly is not true when one is adjusting oneself to matrimony. I noticed a way Dick had, when talking, of throwing out his left thumb, and I disliked it. I bit my nails when I was excited or deeply interested, and he hated that. He roweled his chin when he was reading the editorial pages of the paper, and that maddened me. I waggled my foot as I sewed, and that got on his nerves. He snored if he turned over at night, and that always woke me, and I didn't like broken sleep. I always chewed a pen handle when I was composing a letter, and he objected to that. Any couple knows the number of little things in married life that have to be ignored, or walked round, or else reformed. Unfortunately Dick and I tried to reform each other.

"Would you mind stopping that?" one of us would say with icy pleasantness. "Ordinarily I shouldn't mind, but to-night it seems to get on my nerves."

"Sorry," the other would reply stuffily—and would refrain for five minutes.

Doubtless this personal irritation was a phase of the sex antagonism latent in every couple, and likely to remain anything but dormant in the process of adjustment. It was a manifestation, too, of the attempt of each to master the other. I should have despised Dick if he had let me succeed, yet I kept trying. I had liked him before I ever loved him because he was masterful. Yet now I kept pitting my individuality against his. Of course we were both selfish. A man is selfish because of the hold he gets through the fact that the woman is economically dependent on him. A woman is selfish because of the hold she gets through the man's chivalry. Many a husband expects the best of the steak or the top of the milk or the softest chair and the brightest light—for the sole reason that he pays the bills. Many a woman takes it for granted that on a wet night if letters have to be posted it is her husband who must walk a block to post them. If there is a mouse in the trap and it has to be drowned she takes it for granted that he'll have to drown it, because she'd rather not.

One night we were going to a dance and were to call for Bessie and Tom Stillman. When we were ushered into their apartment we could hear them quarreling. It was shocking; their maid was giggling in the kitchen; we sat in the living room, and in their room Tom stormed at her for her extravagance. It appeared that she had bought some white fox furs; they seemed the last straw, for he kept mentioning dresses and hats and jewelry and china. She said other women had things; why shouldn't she? It was all nonsense that he couldn't afford them; other men could get them for their wives. She meant to have them too. Maybe if he wasn't so fond of talking to other pretty women she would spend less. But she meant to pay him out. There was such despair in Tom's voice. Finally Bessie wept; his storming

"That's the Stuff, Mother!" He Would Say With Gusto. "You Must Give Rhoda the Recipe"

dwindled, turned to comforting and then to pleading. And there we sat, uncomfortable, unable not to hear, not meeting each other's eyes.

"Well," Dick said at last, "it may be bad form to say it in the woman's own house, but considering her extravagance and jealousy, I prophesy one of three things for her: Tom will divorce her; or he will kill her; or he will put up with her and find some woman that will show him not only mercy but understanding."

I wondered if he were sorry for himself as well as for Tom; and though I was ashamed of Bessie, sex antagonism in me was rampant against the two men. Of the four of us only Bessie really enjoyed herself that night. As I danced and laughed and talked I kept thinking how miserable I was.

Sara Lister was there without Frank, and when I asked after him she said he had had a tantrum and might come to take her home and might not. Helen Kaye was there with her husband, evidently radiantly happy. We sat out a dance together, and I looked at her and envied her.

"You have a bride's face," I told her.

"I'm glad I do," she said; "but I don't want to feel like anything but a wife. I shall always look back to your wedding as the time when I really began to be married."

She wanted me to question her, but I turned my head and stared at the dancers.

"Rhoda dear," Helen said; "you know you're just like a sister to me. If anything's troubling you—I know I could help."

So I was showing my unhappiness! Well, no one need guess what it was about. Helen could have helped me at that moment, but I did not believe it. I had not even confided in mother; no one should know how wretched I was. I put my hand in hers and shook my head. She began to talk generalities till a partner claimed me.

That winter seemed to be a long series of quarrels between Dick and me. I remember once when we were spending a week-end with an uncle and aunt of his he spoke to me, the day after our arrival, only in order to tell me how to behave.

"You must be sure," he said, "to be on time for luncheon here; Aunt Mildred is rather a martinet about that. I can see myself that you are down on the dot for breakfast and dinner. Then, like a good girl, don't talk to anyone while Belle is playing the piano; the family don't like it. And maybe you'd better talk just a little less to Belle's husband and more to Uncle Henry."

And so on. I flamed out at him hotly with the usual line of protest. Before we were married he had thought everything I did perfect. He had never accused me of lack of tact, to say nothing of bad manners. I was just the same person I had been; if anything had changed it was his love. Toward the end of our quarrel I cried:

"Anyhow no matter what I'm like, people will find it out sooner or later. There's no need of your wanting me to put my best foot foremost. Sooner or later the good and bad of people are both apparent."

Upon which Dick gave me a quick, keen look and remarked: "That's the most sensible thing I've heard you say for a long time."

We went back home utterly wretched. The day after our return, when Dick had gone to work, I picked up the paper and saw on the first page an account of Sara Lister's divorce! Now, when I see the announcement of the divorce proceedings of someone with whom I am acquainted, I feel sorry; I may even quiver with sympathy at the thought of the long road of suffering that must have paved the way to that divorce. But I don't feel horror; I don't feel as if the world had turned over—as I did when I read the names of Sara and Frank Lister. For what I thought of was that Sara and Frank had believed themselves as deeply in love as ever Dick and I. They had set out on their matrimonial journey with as good prospects as any two people possibly could have. They had love, youth, health, good looks, sufficient money, good social connections, plenty of friends. They had been as sure of themselves as my husband and I. And now they were being divorced—divorced with all sorts of dreadful sordid details.

I must have had an inspiration of good sense that morning. For instead of assuming that Frank must be at fault I stopped thinking about the Listers entirely and began to think of ourselves. What were we going to do about our unhappiness? So far we took it for granted that we loved each other and that we should stay together. Neither of us had dreamed of parting. But would love last that was nagged and even tortured as ours was? Might not, some day, the thought of separation come to one or both of us? What were we getting out of life in our present unhappy state? Where did we expect to arrive? Things could not go on as they were; we could not stand the strain of this surface union when we were worlds apart so far as all the real things that make for union were concerned.

Dick and I together so far had not been able to solve our problem. As for me, I had not tried. But I could try. I called up Helen Kaye and asked her if she could come to me at once. I fancy she knew why I wanted her; in ten minutes she arrived to find me still sitting over the unwashed dishes, the newspaper in my hands.

"Helen," I said; "you have guessed I'm not happy, though I hope no one else knows it. When I read about Sara ——"

"I know," she interrupted; "it's often the sight of something in the lives of our friends that pulls us up short and gives us a chance to begin over. It was seeing you and Dick the night you were married, when I was so wretched, and realizing that I had started as you were starting that made me begin again and make our married life what it ought to be. I know what you're going to tell me, Rhoda, because I've been through it."

I stared at her, and she laughed.

"Oh, my dear, I know," she cried; "you think your misery is unique, just as you supposed your love was unique. Well, it isn't. If married women told the truth ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would admit that they had wished more than once during the first year that they had never got married."

"Oh, but I've never —— And if I thought Dick had ——"

"Stop short!" Helen said; "you're not concerned with Dick just now. Simply get hold of these big truths: That if you can't be happy married you can't be happy at all; that you must be at least half at fault, and perhaps more; and that you aren't fit to live in a world of two unless you can assume the other party's point of view a good share of the time. Now go ahead and tell me."

So I talked my heart out to Helen. There was no detail I did not tell her. She was so determined to prove to me that my experience was the common lot that sometimes she took the tale from my lips. I was swept bare, receptive, ready for a new departure in conduct and ideals. What Helen said to me does not signify; it isn't advice

(Continued on Page 78)

What we mean by

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

Printers know!

THEY know because many of their troubles come from unstandard papers. An unstandard printing paper is one that is subject to variations in weight, thickness, color, folding properties, and other important qualities.

Variations in thickness and in weight are seldom discovered until the press is running. It's a fine kettle of fish to discover then that the coating or the finish of the paper is below standard and to realize that the engravings will not always print the same.

It was to eliminate such vexatious variations that we standardized every grade of paper we make.

From the first handling of the raw material to the number of nails in the shipping case, every process in the manufacture is attended by tests and trials to prove that the paper is being made up to the Warren Standard.

Tests for folding, for tearing, for breaking, as well as for weight, thickness, etc., are continually made.

The final test is on the printing press where paper from every case is actually run through the press and printed with type and engravings.

Printed Top Sheet

These printed sheets are the famous Warren Top Sheets, to be found in every case of Warren's Standard Papers.

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Whenever a case of Warren's Standard Printing Paper is opened that printed Top Sheet is evidence that the paper in that case has passed through our testing rooms and is up to standard.

On the top sheets of Warren's Cameo we print subjects best adapted to Cameo's dull, ivory-like surface.

On Warren's Lustro we print fine screen engravings that require high refinement of glossy-coated paper.

The top sheets of Warren's Silkote amply justify our claim that this semi-dull coated stock, which costs no more than a good glossy-coated, gives to booklets a very desirable *difference* in tone.

All Grades Standardized

But we do not confine our Top Sheets to our high-grade papers. On the medium-priced Cumberland Coated and on the low-priced Warren's Cumberland Super and Warren's Cumberland Machine Book our Top Sheets show the kind and quality of results any printer has a right to expect.

For books where many pages and light weight are both necessary the situation is no longer impossible of solution. Warren's Britannica India is smooth, strong, opaque, easily handled, yet so thin and light that it gives a minimum of bulk and weight. This paper takes its name from the India paper edition of the Encyclopædia which is printed on this stock.

There are other Warren Standard Printing Papers—one for every important book-paper printing need. They are shown in different weights in the

Warren Suggestion Book

In making a dummy, this Suggestion Book is as useful as shears, paste, ruler, and pencil combined. Its pages are full of real suggestions—positive helps. Sent only to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen who write for it on their business letterhead.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Constant Excellence of Product

What are your chances to escape "Acid-Mouth"?

Only 1 in 20—if authorities are right. They estimate that 95 in every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth." It is believed to be the chief cause of Tooth Decay. It gradually breaks down the enamel.

Germs enter and swiftly consume the soft interior pulp—the very life of a tooth. One by one go the good teeth so vital to good looks, good digestion and good health. And unless the harmful condition is checked, a toothless old age seems inevitable.

How can you check "Acid-Mouth," if you have it? How can you tell whether you have it? Read the Acid Test Offer below and learn how.

PEBECO TOOTH Counteracts

How to tell whether you have "Acid-Mouth"

Send for Free Litmus Test Papers. They will show you whether your mouth is acid or not. Hold one of the papers on the tongue until saturated by the saliva. If the paper remains blue, *you are one in twenty*—you are temporarily free from "Acid-Mouth." But if the paper turns pink, you are troubled with excess mouth acids and need Pebeco.

Go to the nearest drug store for a tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste, then make this second test. Thoroughly cleanse your mouth and teeth with Pebeco. Then place another test paper on your tongue. It won't turn pink as in the case of the first paper. It will now remain blue, thus showing that the tendency of Pebeco is to counteract "Acid-Mouth," and that the regular use of this splendid dentifrice will be most beneficial to your teeth, gums and mouth.

How can you counteract "Acid-Mouth"?

Pebeco Tooth Paste has always been known—and is widely endorsed by the dental profession—as the dentifrice that counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

A thorough brushing with Pebeco the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night will help to defend your teeth against this condition, "Acid-Mouth."

Combine its regular daily use with twice-yearly examinations of your teeth by your dentist. See if that kind of care does not keep your teeth permanently sound and whole, if they are still in normal condition. And see if it does not tend to arrest decay, if decay already has started.

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"Acid-Mouth"

This delightfully keen and refreshing tooth paste whitens and polishes the teeth, benefits the gums, invigorates the mouth, helps to sweeten the breath, and stimulates the healthy flow of saliva.

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold by druggists everywhere

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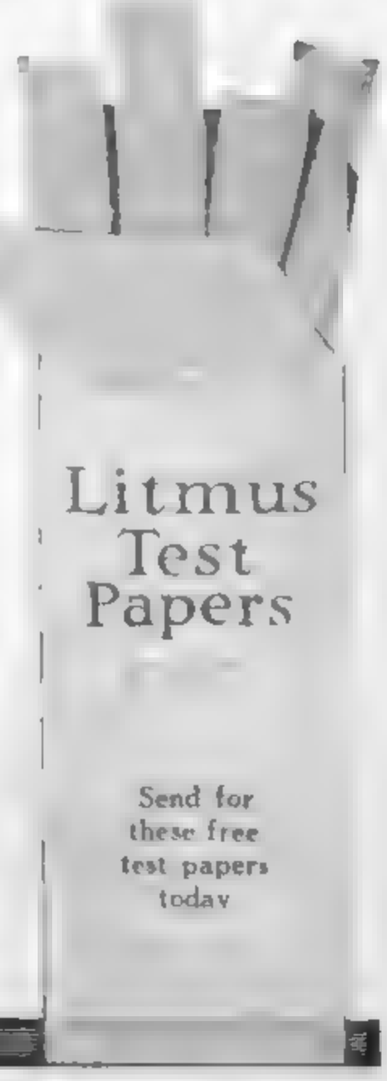

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that counts, but the application of it. I know now that as a girl I had heard more than one person say that the first year of marriage was the difficult year; only they had never gone into details. A dozen or fifteen years ago, when I was married, people did not talk so much as they do now about the difficulties of married life. So I had no philosophy of apprenticeship to fall back on. But talking to Helen I began to see how I could get a workable theory of tolerance and wisdom and sympathy for the man I loved, who had to live with me.

I came at last to see that however Dick might have been at fault in little things in the essentials he had been right and I had been wrong. To be happy a couple must agree in their point of view on the fundamentals of life. If any woman is in doubt of that let her read George Eliot's Middlemarch, the best study of incompatibility ever penned. Looking at the havoc Rosamund wrought ought to be a lesson to anyone. I admitted to myself that I had been a poor partner to Dick. I blocked out schemes for my reformation. I made up my mind, for the big things, that I should get the training he had a right to expect; and for the little things, that every time I felt like reforming a fault in him I should attempt to reform one in myself first; that would be much more workable even than a mutual improvement society of two. My first year had taught me that if I couldn't learn I certainly had no right to begin to teach.

I, who had never thought before, spent that whole day in thinking. No wonder my head ached by dinner time—but my heart felt better than it had for many a month. When Dick came home I said nothing of the effects Sara Lister's divorce had had on me. I did not say that the thing that had shocked me into common sense was the fear that we might sometime be like the Listers. Not till much later did he learn what had been my starting point. What I did say convinced him that my attitude had changed and that I really meant to be a partner.

From that time on I studied and observed and worked and blundered, and by degrees succeeded. This daily job of marriage requires constant thought and observation. The average marriage isn't likely to go wrong from any one cause but from a number of causes working together. It behooves a canny wife to watch the causes. If she knows on which side her spiritual bread is buttered she won't let any cause of friction grow up to any size. Some compromises have to be made, some opinions kept locked up or changed, some avoidance made—and that is not ideal: it is merely inevitable. It is not enough that each does his own work in the partnership, and does not impose on the other. It is essential that each shall have the attitude of giving rather than getting, and shall nip the heads of little weeds of discord that could flourish disastrously. It all means attention to that personal culture which makes for tolerance and wisdom.

But after the main lines of success in marriage are learned it is still necessary for a wife to be on guard. Human character is a strange thing and marriage does not necessarily quench its vagaries. Marriage is primarily a woman's business. It was not instituted to suit man, who seemed to be pretty well suited with the promiscuity of his savage days. Feminist though I am I believe that it lies more in a wife's hands than in a husband's to make a marriage go right or wrong. The ideal, from the stage of apprenticeship onward, would be for neither one to desire the mastery; to have in marriage no question of leadership but a confederation of two. Confederation is the most promising ideal for the "Great Society," and it looks as if it were workable. So it should be in human affairs, but if it cannot be in any little house of life then the man should be the leader. I don't know why this should be so: perhaps because he is physically stronger, but I am convinced that it is so. I don't really believe that it is woman's economic dependence upon man that accounts wholly for his masterfulness and for her willingness to let him seem masterful, often with the secret reservation to be the leader herself if she can. I have known many women who were not economically dependent—that is, who were rich in their own right or else made money for themselves. Those women and their husbands had just as many problems of adjustments as couples like Dick and me, and the wise wives among them consented to the leadership of their husbands, because they knew that their mutual happiness was thus better conserved.

When a marriage is happy, however, the question of leadership may be implicit, but it is not a matter of consequence. The significant thing is that two people by understanding their mutual job, by studying each other, by giving rather than grasping, by developing the same tastes, even at a sacrifice, by putting self as far in the background as it will go—those two have come to a workable and valuable companionship. Thus trained in the difficult profession of marriage their love grows deeper, because it becomes more sympathetic, more understanding, has more of gentleness and wisdom.

My husband came round the room, sidling between the dancing couples; I watched with melting pride his tall well-set figure, his kindling smile. He plumped down beside me and asked, "Well, what do you want, Rhoda?"

"Want, dear?"

"Yes; ever since I've been sitting out these two dances with Kate Barnum you've been eying me and eying me. I thought you must either be bored with Dwight Kaye—you hardly talked to him at all—or else tired and anxious to get home."

"I'm all right; I didn't know I had been eying you, dear"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" cried Dick disgustedly. "I half suspected it was nothing after all, and I was really interested in what Kate was saying, and now she's dancing with someone else!"

Just here I could have said any one of two or three quite true things which would have put Dick in a good humor. I could have said, for example, "I suppose I was looking at you because I consider you the handsomest man in the room, and I wanted to please my eyes."

But what I did say, quickly and a bit sharply, was, "What was Kate Barnum talking about that was so very interesting to you? Herself? That's her usual topic."

"Meow! Meow! Come on; let's finish this dance," was Dick's reply. "I expect if Kate had been one of your prematrimonial friends she'd be full of virtues. As she is one of mine she's full of faults."

He spoke half laughingly and I thought he was joking, but I can look back and see that he was in dead earnest. Without realizing it I had annoyed him by a tactless obtrusion of my claim on him. A man values freedom more than any other right. That is why he resents jealousy in his wife. A woman, on the contrary, does not particularly value freedom and is usually flattered if her husband is jealous. Her definition of jealousy is likely to be too narrow; she is mainly conscious of it as applying to some possible rival in the affections. A man knows that jealousy need not be intensively concentrated on a particular person but may be extensive, spreading like a clinging net over every phase of domestic living. When he parts with any portion of his freedom he wants to do so as a gift; he opposes a claim. He is much quicker than a woman is to see the relation between claims and jealousy. He wants to give the woman he loves every symbol of his emotional and practical value, yet his most central soul he means to keep uncharted. An understanding or self-suppressing or indifferent wife respects this preserve. The less a woman tries to explore it, stake it out and run up the flag of self in it, the more of it her husband will yield unasked. Only too many wives poach; they shout in capital letters "MINE!" It is this kind of claim that makes a man first wonder what has become of his freedom and then decide that his wife is a jealous woman.

I am inclined to blame not man nor woman, but Nature, who is so wasteful. She is a safe person to abuse. She is an unscrupulous cruel old jade in her indifference to results. She has made the sexes so different that they can never quite understand each other; at the best they must allow, through love and sympathy, for those points wherein they sheer away from each other. All she wants is babies with which to keep her world going; the happiness of the producers of the babies she leaves in their own hands. The most wasteful thing she does, from the point of view of happiness, is to let a man pursue a woman, while the woman retreats; and then, once the woman is won, the man wants to add other things to her, while she, who had been reluctant to take anything, now wants not only to keep what has been given her of his life but to have more.

I had never been considered a jealous person, for I had always been ready to see beauty and charm and brains in other girls. In our engagement days Dick and I suffered practically nothing from jealousy. Once, indeed, he sulked because I danced four times in succession with Bessie Stillman's cousin. This was a tribute to my power and I enjoyed it the more because I had a sense of guilt. Once, too, I was half jealous and pretended to be wholly so—for the luxury of making up afterward. A lovers' quarrel was about due. People can't keep up the emotional tension of the average engagement without quarreling, and I found a cause in the facts that he went driving with Bessie Stillman and wore a flower she gave him. He was immensely flattered by my green-eye exhibition.

I never dreamed that jealousy would disturb our lives. For one thing, in those ideal plans we had made as to our future happiness, we had assumed full confidence.

"We'll tell each other not only all that happens," I remember once saying to Dick in our engagement days, "but we must tell each other everything we think too; mustn't we? No reserves?"

"No reserves," he had replied confidently.

Well, I am a very happy wife, but there are times when I certainly should feel very much disturbed if Dick told me what he was thinking of, and other times when I should disturb him if I told him everything that was in my mind. If we were again making that promise to each other I should put it this way: "We must tell each other the thoughts that will interest or please each other, and keep back any that are not suited to all those ideal vows we took at the altar."

As I look back now I can see that Dick made an attempt, doubtless unconscious, to mark out certain private claims for himself in the unexplored wilderness of matrimony; he counted on a certain freedom of personality. I must have had some subconscious warning of it, because I can recall so clearly the first time he expressed himself. We had been talking as usual of how radiantly happy we were going to be

"One thing, we've both got sense," Dick said: "we won't interfere with each other's rights. You know my cousin, Wade Wilmot? He explodes every once in a while to me about his wife. She actually used to open his letters! When he got her straightened out about that she used to examine the postmarks and now when he opens them she either reads them over his shoulder or else asks him what they are about."

"Reading anybody else's letters is inexcusable," I agreed; "still, I should think he'd want her to see them."

"But not when she assumes it as her right, her graft in marriage, so to speak," Dick said. "He never gets out of his chair but she asks him where he is going. He never leaves the house in the evenings but she wants to know why he has to go and how long he'll be and couldn't he change his plans anyhow. She has no respect for his time in the office; she keeps calling him up to know if he can't bring home a steak from down town, or meet her for luncheon, or go and meet Uncle William's train, or come home by way of South Water Street to see if there aren't some unusual bargains in fruit or eggs. What is particularly maddening about her is that there isn't any use in talking to her. She can't see that she is infringing on his personality, trying to possess him as a mother her small untutored child or a master his slave. She thinks that all she does is done in the name of their partnership. She can't see that she has no right to dictate the terms of the partnership. What happens is an unholy row, a period of polite tolerance, which gradually wears off and they get back to livable terms, where they stay until she makes him explode again."

It's a curious fact that until a girl or woman develops real sex loyalty she always feels that when another woman is being blamed she is being praised. What I felt as we talked was not at all that Dick was expressing himself on the subject of man's rights, but rather that he was contrasting unfavorably with me his cousin's wife. What I should have done was not welter in soft emotion by his side dreaming of me as the ideal wife and of us as the ideal couple. I should have begun to think about marriage.

"Here," I should have reflected, "is a man of twenty-eight used to having his own way, and with certain principles of freedom. I must find out what they are in detail and do my best to conform to them. Moreover, this man has evidently been complained to by married men; he must know what the notions of his married friends are as to what marriage should be. I must see how workable those notions are."

Of course as much sense as that in a romantic girl of twenty-one would be unusual. As I have said in talking of our first year of marriage, any thinking either of us had done on the subject had been very superficial. Even these remarks of Dick came from his general instinct for freedom, his sense for safety and comfort rather than from any real reflection. He was sure, as I was, that our marriage was not going to have the difficulties of other people's marriages.

During the first year of our life together Dick could not pull with me, as I have shown, because of my lack of training in economy and finance and because of my slowness in grasping the fact that unless I trained myself to my obligations we could not be happy. By the second year we had surmounted this difficulty; we had also made the various essential compromises concerning each other's habits and idiosyncrasies. In fine we knew each other's main limitations and had at least a grounding in the habit of standing from under and of tolerance. Indeed, things were going so well with us that I suppose we thought our real matrimonial troubles were all past.

My actual position, though I did not know it, was this: I loved and depended upon Dick more than ever, for I had given up foolish extravagant entertaining, which we could not afford, and was devoting myself almost entirely to my home. I had fallen into the attitude of just waiting for Dick to get back. Now of course his return should have been the main event of the day. But I should have put my spare time on developing interests which would have made his return better worth while, not to me but to him. Very few women can satisfy a man by smiling and just being themselves, meaning by that a self that does not have to seek additions. Here and there a woman can be found who is so sweet, so like a heavenly pillow that all she has to do is hold out her arms to a man and invite him; he wants nothing else. But born luck like that doesn't often come to a woman Mostly she has to keep developing her personality, or, if not that, adding to her range of interests so that she can have something to talk about to her husband besides the high cost of living. A man can love his wife without being especially interested in her, but if he loves her and is interested in her it's a more satisfying kind of matrimony

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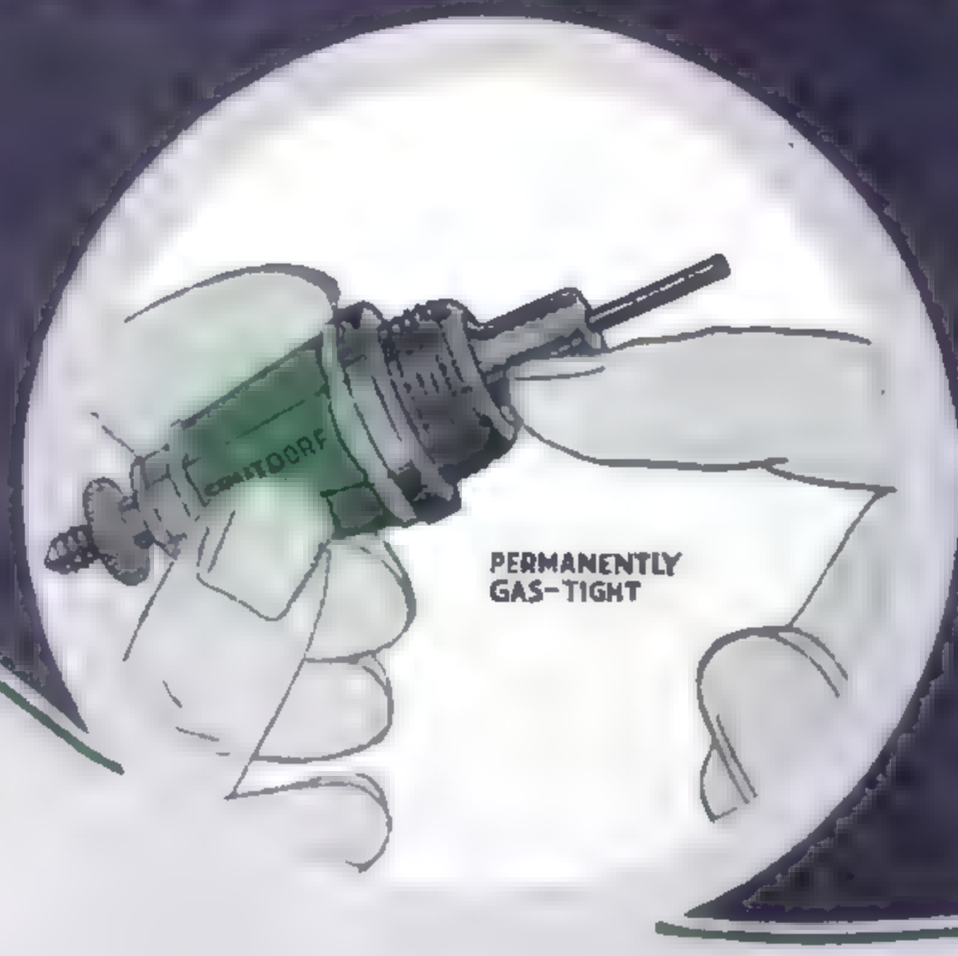
The Plug with the Green Jacket



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Why do SPLITDORF Plugs never leak?

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Our efforts are confined to equipping essential industries

(Continued from Page 78)

But I used to daydream about Dick in my spare time instead of reading or going to a concert or a matinée, or to see a friend, or to some sensible club—that is, I was not carrying in any outside contributions to our spiritual matrimonial stores. Dick, his first troubles of adjustment over and his nerves at ease, was reaching out for fresh interests. I had married him for countless reasons, one being that he was mentally on the alert, sure to get on in the world. But a man who makes progress in his career, if he is the broadest type of man, makes progress in other ways too. Dick had plenty of spare energy; it was not used up any more in friction with me, and it was reaching out for employment. Later I said bitterly that I was not enough for him. It was not that; he had the instinct of keeping me as the center, but of enriching his life in all possible ways.

That little incident with Kate Barnum at the dance should have shown me that Dick's new vigorous interest, outside his work and me, was Friends with a capital F. Since we were not seeing a lot of people through big and small entertainments, what more natural than that we should see a few and see them often? What more natural than that Dick should summon his own old friends rather than my old friends? It was scarcely reasonable to expect that in a matter so instinctive and unconscious as this Dick would start a new group belonging to us both. Such a group cannot be made all of a sudden and artificially.

It was Bessie Stillman who first talked to me about a husband's friends. I have known her all my life. I cannot say that I approve of her, though I admire her talent—she is a professional singer—and I am sorry for her because of her terrible and unconscious egotism, and because of the passionate temperament which so often gets her into difficulties. She had been married a few months after I had. One afternoon she called on me and, as is rather her habit, began freeing her mind upon the subject of men.

"Husbands," she said, "are unreasonable animals anyhow. The more one of them prides himself upon his logic the more you may look in him for extreme unreasonableness. And one of their most unreasonable characteristics is to expect us to like their relatives and their old friends."

As Bessie imposed most shockingly upon Tom it seemed rather funny to hear her talking of the unreasonableness of men.

"Oh, I think," I defended, "that we ought to accept the old friends and the relatives. It's only loyal."

"Of course you accept them!" interrupted Bessie. "But your husband expects you not only to do for them but to feel about them as if you had picked them out. How can you take a pack of strangers to your bosom and honestly like them? Your husband goes on wishing to see them, and you have all the trouble of looking after them. The worst of it is he always knows that however amiable you pretend to be you fee they are a duty, and he resents it."

"What does Tom do?" I said, laughing.

Tom Stillman was a doctor of rapidly growing practice.

"Oh, my dear, such frumps of doctors and medical students as he has for friends! My only comfort is that the women are homely and with no more charm than their own thermometers. They are as safe to leave a man with as a bearded lady would be."

When Bessie or any other woman made a remark implying the necessity of guarding a husband from the charms of other women I always took it as a joke.

"You may laugh," Bessie said with a hard, bitter note in her voice, "but if your husband were a doctor and you had just found out that neurasthenic women came and wept on his shoulder ——"

She walked away, and I remembered that Helen Kaye, trying to be tolerant about Bessie, had remarked that jealousy in its poor way was an erratic proof of union.

I wish I had realized then that jealousy would not exist if there were not a great difference between the way men love and the way women love—for I fell into the mistake of thinking that something was wrong with Dick's love because his for me was not exactly like mine for him. A woman's love is steadier than a man's, and warmer. But her whole nature is more static than his, more content with love as love. In her heart of hearts she prefers to be appraised by the world according to her love. The world appraises a man and he appraises himself by his work. More often than not he gives the best of himself as a creator while she gives the best of herself as a lover. Indeed, one of his finest acts of creation is in winning his woman and bringing her to love.

At the moment, Bessie's generalizations set me reflecting more or less idly upon the four or five friends Dick liked most. Unfortunately I did not reflect deeply enough to see that there must be something wrong with me for disliking all of them. If I had supreme confidence in Dick's taste in choosing a wife I should have trusted his taste in choosing friends. There was Charlie Sanderson; everybody knew he drank too much. There was Fred Knight, a silly gyrating monkey of a man, always making foolish jokes. There was Lester Barnum, Kate Barnum's brother; though he had been in the city only a short time everyone acquainted with him had heard that he was an inveterate gambler.

The Barnums had lived in New York and Dick had known them in his college days. Kate was four or five years older than he, and he had not seen much of her. The Barnums had suffered, just before our marriage, a bad financial crash; the father had died and the brother and sister had come to live in our city, where they had influential relatives, who had got Lester a position and sent Kate to a business college. As they were attractive they soon had a wide circle of friends. I had asked them to dinner, but I had not seen either of them again until the night I had "eyed" Dick away from his successful conversation with Kate.

On the Envelope He Had Written, "She's Going to Say: 'I Know Lester Barnum Can't be a Good Influence for You'"

Finally there was Dick's cousin, Wade Wilmot. I had had a prejudice against him ever since my marriage because he had told his marital difficulties to Dick. Besides, he was always talking about the trouble interfering "in-laws" can cause, a topic that made me vaguely uneasy.

"Dick," he would say, "never borrow money of your wife's relatives. Because if you can't get it paid back right off she'll nag you to a shadow with 'When do you think we'll be able to pay back Uncle Jim?' Suppose you do pay it back, and make good to the extent that you can give her all she wants. Maybe some day when you're thinking by George mighty few men have worked so hard and deserved so much as you have, you give her a chance to tell you what a smart chap you are. Will she say that? She will not. She'll say 'Yes, it's grand we've done so well, and what we have to thank is that thousand dollars Uncle Jim lent us.' She'll have the nerve to say 'we.' You can't get away from it."

About the only time I had ever pondered on the matter of the relation of in-laws to family life was to sympathize with the in-laws. I had been spending the afternoon with Helen Kaye at a time when her mother and her husband's mother were visiting her. She was very sweet to her mother-in-law, but I noticed that if she asked for advice or for an opinion it was to her mother she turned. She felt as if her mother belonged to the family but as if her husband's mother were a kind of outsider to whom she had a noble duty, which she would fully perform. None of all this, however, was in my mind when I told Dick that Aunt Annie Kilburn and her daughters were going to take the apartment just under us. I dare say I had it in mind that if I must see a good deal of Dick's friends for whom I did not care I had better have an anchor close to windward in the shape of people nearer to me even than my own friends.

Aunt Annie had helped to bring me up and I loved her and was used to her peculiarities. She was a chirrupy little body, who never by any chance let you finish what you were going to say. She took it out of your mouth just as she took your sewing if she saw you were tired, or your cooking if you needed a rest. That trick of interrupting was the only trait she had that disturbed me. Her daughters, Stella and Isabel, were in the late twenties, but they had kept the ways of eighteen. I mean they were breezy, even boisterous; they romped noisily, giggled a good deal and joked in an obvious way. I did not mind their domestic vigor because I was accustomed to it. Dick had occasionally met them and I took it for granted that he liked them. When I told him of their coming he said meditatively, "I wonder how mother and Aunt Annie would get along? I have been going to speak to you about inviting mother for the winter. I've had a letter from her saying how lonely she is now that the sister she lives with is away. I thought ——"

"Why, yes, of course; invite her!" I said warmly.

Yet even as I spoke I felt a little flicker of apprehension. A woman in my home whom I did not know! Whom I had met only once, and that at my wedding, when I had been in no condition to judge character! I should love her, of course, but

"Mother can teach you a lot," Dick went on; "she's one grand cook, Rhoda; and there are some things she makes better than anyone else on earth."

Well, that remark gave me no pang, for there were some things I thought my mother could cook as no one else on earth could. I had already drawn the conclusion that a lot of things that we call best we do so only because we are used to them. I think it's rather nice for a man to believe his mother has some capabilities his wife can't equal. I'm really pretty sorry for a mother that has to give up her son to another woman. In nine cases out of ten that other woman finds defects in her husband for which she secretly blames his mother's training. The wife does not always remember, as she takes possession of her man, that the good in him that makes her happy is largely due to his mother's guidance. She does not remember that because she has married him she has not only given him herself but she has in large part taken him away from his mother. It has to be so, even when the mother is brave and says she has gained a daughter, not lost a son. A man's married interest removes him one step farther from the hearth of his father and mother, just as did first his school and then his work. What makes me sympathize with mothers-in-law is not contact with my own, but thoughts about the way I'll feel when my little Richie falls in love.

But all this wisdom came later. At the moment I was shocked to find that though I was welcoming the thought that Aunt Annie and my cousins would be with me all winter I shrank from the close association with Dick's mother. Because my conscience hurt I tried thereafter every time I saw Dick's four friends whom I particularly disliked to be very nice to them. Just once I failed, and of course that was the time that counted. It happened one Sunday. All morning I had been putting up pears so as to have such work out of the way when Mother Wilmot arrived the next day. I had given Dick a scratch luncheon, over which he had been good-natured, knowing that I was suffering from the tail end of the preserving season, and he agreed with my suggestion that we go to my mother's for supper. It was past three before my kitchen was tidy. I flopped upon my bed with a long sigh of relief. I thought somewhat of calling out to Dick to go for a walk as he had been in the house all day and was bored. But I didn't, and prepared for a nap. I had scarcely dozed off when the doorbell rang and Dick entered with a pleased smile to say that the Barnums had come.

(Continued on Page 84

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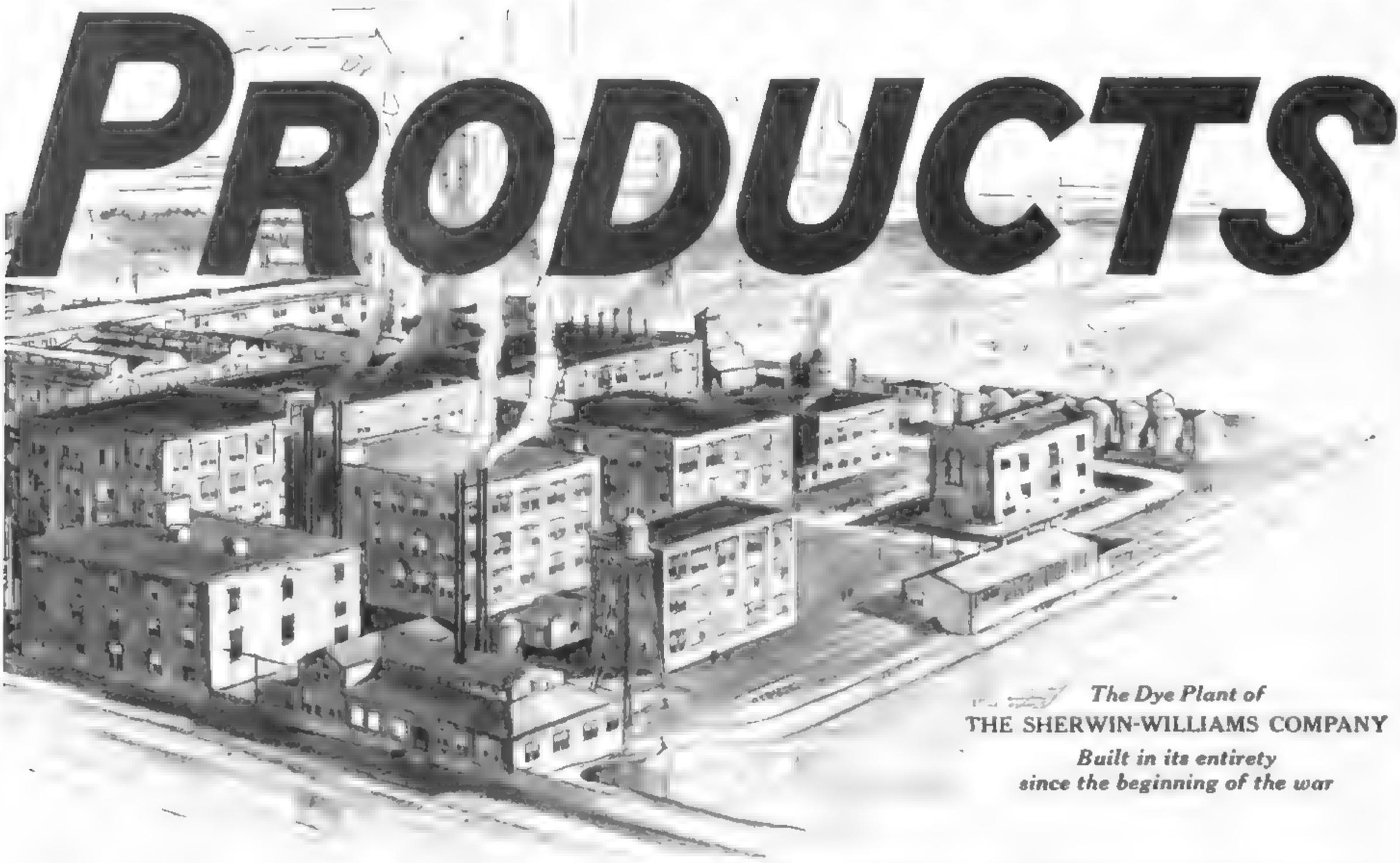

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I dressed and went into the living room, to find Dick, all his boredom quite gone, having a beautiful time. Presently Charlie Sanderson arrived, and after that the movement to depart which I had observed in Kate Barnum—some women show it in the tensity of their ankles—quite disappeared. She wouldn't go till she had savored this new unattached man. By a quarter past five, the time I had planned to leave for mother's, Fred Knight came. There they were, four out of five of my *bêtes noires*, with no notion apparently of getting up to go. Of course I should have seen the funny side of it, but I didn't. I was tired and hungry and cross.

My share in the conversation was confined to mechanical smiles, the while I generalized about Kate Barnum, pondering over Bessie Stillman's characterization of her. Bessie, who resented her because Tom liked her, said she was the sort of woman that went round trying to sympathize with other women's husbands. I wondered how much there might be in that; certainly she talked more to my husband and to Tom Stillman and to Helen Kaye's husband than she did to any of the unmarried men I had seen her with.

She was, I thought, at the dangerous age for the unattached attractive woman—between thirty and thirty-five. She had by no means given up the thought of marriage, and yet she had no suitor with marked intentions. But she was the sort of woman who had to have masculine companionship. Had she, I wondered, chosen to look for it among men who would be readier to give it than unmarried men—readier, because it was apparently so safe? It was not a comfortable thought—and I wanted them all to go home.

As I was wishing it for the hundredth time they rose en masse.

"Look here!" cried Dick; "you're just all going to take potluck with us. Let's make them stay to supper, Rhoda."

"Yes, do stay," I said.

But my tone said, "I don't mean that. I ask you because I must. Please go home!"

Dick looked at me swiftly. I had seen such a look on his face once in the days of our first readjustment, and I mended my manners and did my honest best to mend my feelings.

"Look here," I said; "I do truly want you all to stay, only I haven't a thing in the house fit for dress-up company. But I do make good waffles, and if you'll stay for waffles with Vermont maple sirup and coffee -and Dick could go to the delicatessen ——"

No, Dick shouldn't go to the delicatessen; yes, they'd all stay and help make the waffles. Of course I did not want them in the kitchen. Kate said she'd help by keeping a few of the men off me in the living room. Lester Barnum helped make the waffles, and he really was useful if only I could have forgotten that he gambled. Dick made the coffee and set the table. The little party really wasn't much trouble.

When they had all gone, about ten o'clock, Dick said, half laughing, half grim, "Well, old lady, you gave me a bad minute there, but you came up to the scratch beautifully."

At the moment it seemed to me a cruel remark. Here I was, expecting to be praised for my goodness in consenting to this supper after my hard day, and to be petted because I had not been able to go to mother's. I should have seen that I had really been put to very little trouble, and that if a group of my own old friends had been calling I would have shown more interest than I had in Dick's friends. With just a little tact I might have brought Dick to the point where he would have been praising lavishly whatever good there was in my conduct. What I did was flame out at him:

"I think I deserve a good deal of credit for coming to the scratch at all, worn out as I was! You shouldn't have invited them to supper when we had an engagement somewhere else."

This remark, implying the right to control Dick's freedom of hospitality, naturally annoyed him.

"The arrangement to go to your mother's for Sunday night supper is always an elastic one," he said. "As for inviting them, didn't we arrange this summer that we'd keep open house on Sunday? If you'd planned to do your preserving yesterday ——"

I poured out a number of reasons why the preserving couldn't have been done the day before, and my feelings working up as I went along I finished with the remark: "And when just that combination of people came it was a little too much!"

"It strikes me as a pretty good combination," said Dick dangerously.

"Charlie Sanderson!" I cried. "Why, I could smell whisky on his breath! And Fred Knight with his idiotic puns! All we needed to make the circle complete was your cousin Wade! When Lester Barnum came into the kitchen I could have screamed. I think that man ——"

"Well, what do you think of Lester?" said Dick icily. "Wait a moment first."

He wrote a line on the back of an envelope and added, "Go ahead!"

"Oh, what I think of him is just what everyone knows: he goes mad over cards and roulette and such things. I'm sure he can't be a good influence for you."

Dick smiled sardonically and handed me the envelope. On it he had written, "She's going to say: 'I know Lester Barnum can't be a good influence for you.'"

"Now then," Dick said, "we'll end this right here and now. At different times you've made exactly the same remark about each of the four men I care most about. The amount of it is that you're jealous of my friends, and you've got to justify it somehow, and you put it on the grounds that their influence isn't good ——"

"They've all got bad habits ——"

"I'm no weakling." Dick went on stormily. "Can't you see where your logic leads you? If you pursued it to the end it would mean that no decent man could be allowed abroad unless a moral keeper had him on a leash. It's jealousy ——"

"It isn't!"

"I used to be told," Dick went on, "that married women were always jealous of their husbands' former friends and made it their business to break off the old connections. Wade used to say they had always some high moral ground for their interference. I didn't suppose you'd be that sort of woman, but whether you are or not I'm not going to have it. I've never interfered with you and your friends, and I'll see to it, hereafter, that you don't interfere with mine. A man's past is his own, and he has every right to carry it into the future when it does not interfere with what he owes his wife. Every married man has a right to live a certain part of his life alone or with other people, without any disloyalty to his wife."

We quarreled and argued, and I wept. Dick and I always talked things out. That doesn't mean that we always came to any definite analysis of a given situation. In this case, for instance, each of us secretly felt that an apology was due from the other, but neither of us really apologized. I said, when we got to the melting stage, that I wanted to do every bit as much for Dick's friends as for my own, and that another time I'd plan to rest all Sunday morning so as to be ready for a whole townful in the afternoon. I also said that if I hadn't seemed cordial it was because I was so tired, and of course I knew that drinkers and gamblers couldn't make a drunkard and gambler of Dick. He said he was sorry I was tired, and that my waffles were delicious, and that I looked very pretty if I was tired. He added that Charlie Sanderson was fighting an inherited evil and needed the help of his friends, and that Fred Knight's jokes might be silly, but that they covered poor health and very sad home conditions. But, Dick went on, he liked those men because he liked them and he was not in any respect excusing his friendship.

We closed our discussion, apparently on the old loving terms, but the subject was not by any means closed and each of us had secret reservations. I did not really believe I was jealous of Dick's friends, because that word had never before been applied to me. Theoretically I thought he had a right to his friends; what I meant was that he had a right to all those I liked, and the ones I liked were the ones he was most indifferent to. Moreover, I knew that I was willing to throw away every single one of my friends if he wanted me to, and I was hurt because I knew he would not have been willing to give his up if I had wanted him to. But what prevented me from really thrashing out the situation for myself and arriving at a sense of being at fault was the fact that I kept brooding over one sentence Dick had uttered:

"Every married man has a right to live a certain part of his life alone or with other people, without any disloyalty to his wife."

How those words hurt! I might have reflected that as soon as married people begin talking about their rights to each other they are sure to say things that hurt. But what cut me was that this dictum of my husband's was a direct negation of one of our favorite early vows—that we should do everything together, share everything in common. When we were engaged or first married, I thought, Dick would never have wanted to live a part of his life alone or with other people! Conclusion—he didn't love me so much as he used to or so much as I loved him!

If only the average girl could in the first few months of marriage take a sudden jump forward to the philosophy of fifty, and then come back and apply it to the experience of the early twenties! What a lot of energy would be saved! But I have noticed this -that even the wife who has the most liberal notions of a husband's freedom and who truly wants him to be interested socially always prefers him to be talking to an attractive woman who is very much in love with some other man. And further, she always prefers it if his outside interests coincide as nearly as possible with her own. My struggles not to monopolize my husband's soul have taught me that almost every wife, deeply in love, has a certain amount of jealousy where her man is concerned, and simply has to educate it out of herself. It takes good hard discipline to do it, too. Even to this day I find myself thinking such things as this:

"I don't see why Dick wants to go on that long tramp with Charlie Sanderson when I'd go with him if he asked me."

Or, "I don't think Miss Henry ought to call Dick by his Christian name."

Or, "Dick seems amused at that woman's rattle. He wouldn't like it if I talked to another man the way she's talking to him."

Now, when such a thought comes, I can laugh it away. At the beginning, before I realized that I was unjustifiably jealous, I could only embrace such a thought and be miserable. I kept mourning because I was not all in all to Dick, because he wanted to live a part of his life with other people. I couldn't see that he always had done so; that for whole hours at his business, riding home or out socially he was not living his life with me. There were hours when I wasn't living my life with him—not if I were really attending to business. I am wise enough now to know that this life with other people is the best thing in the world for the life man and wife live together.

Meantime Mother Wilmot came, and despite my best efforts with myself she spoiled my sense of home. I honestly did my best to be nice to her, but I was discontented all the time. A dozen things upset me. For one thing she took command of the kitchen to cook Dick's favorite food. I did not see that her cooking was at all unusual but he was constantly praising her.

"That's the stuff, mother!" he would say with gusto over some dish. "You must give Rhoda the recipe."

"Of course I will!" she would beam; "but you know, son, there's a good deal in the way you put things together." Then, to take the curse off this implication, she would add, "And then, I was cooking long before Rhoda was born."

"Rhoda's a good cook," Dick would say loyally, "but there are some things, mother, that just nobody but you can make."

When she was in the kitchen she acted as if she were there to save her child from death through indigestion. Of course she

(Continued on Page 88)

"Men are All Alike, Once They Know You Love Them," Bessie Said Bitterly

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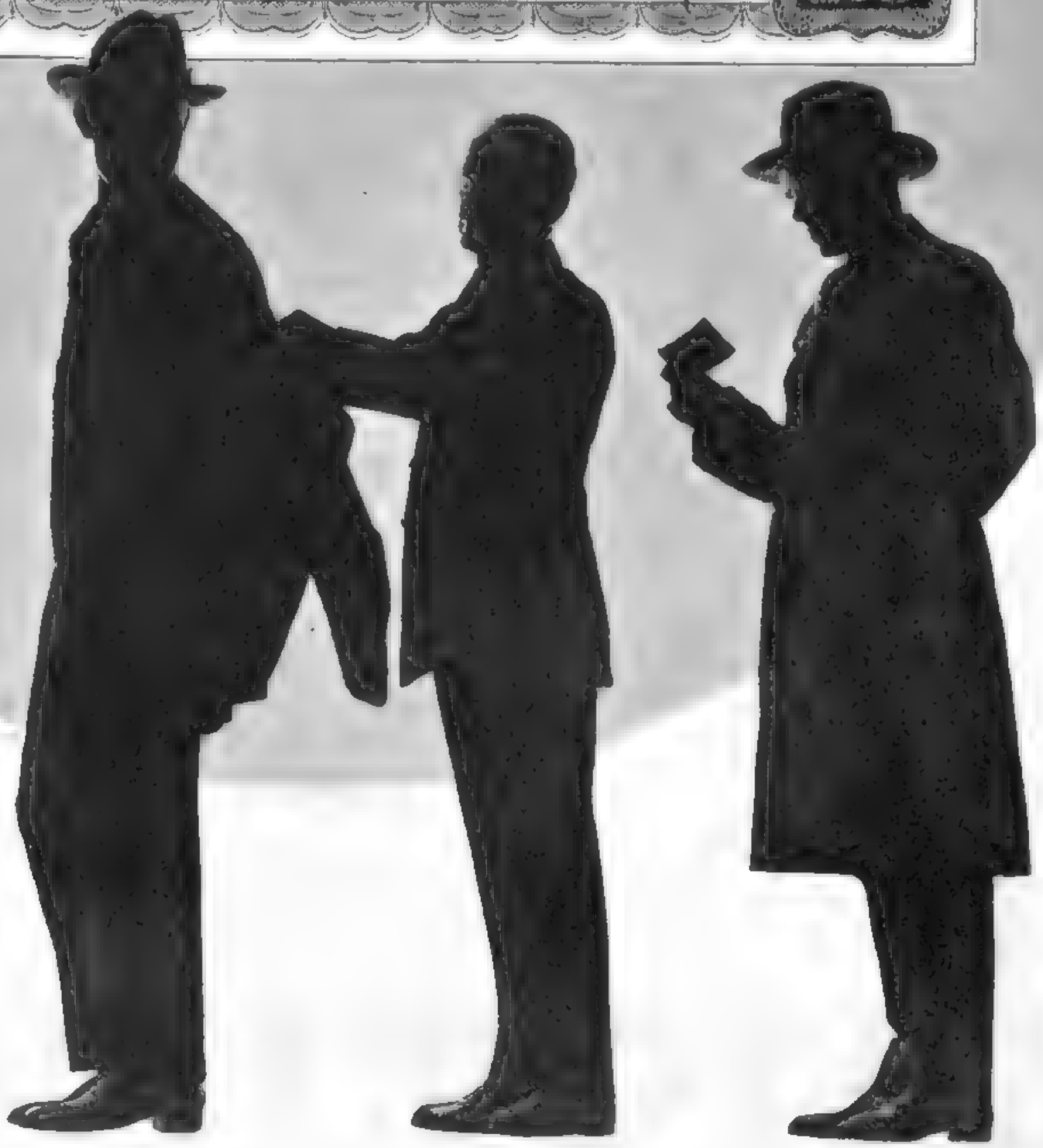

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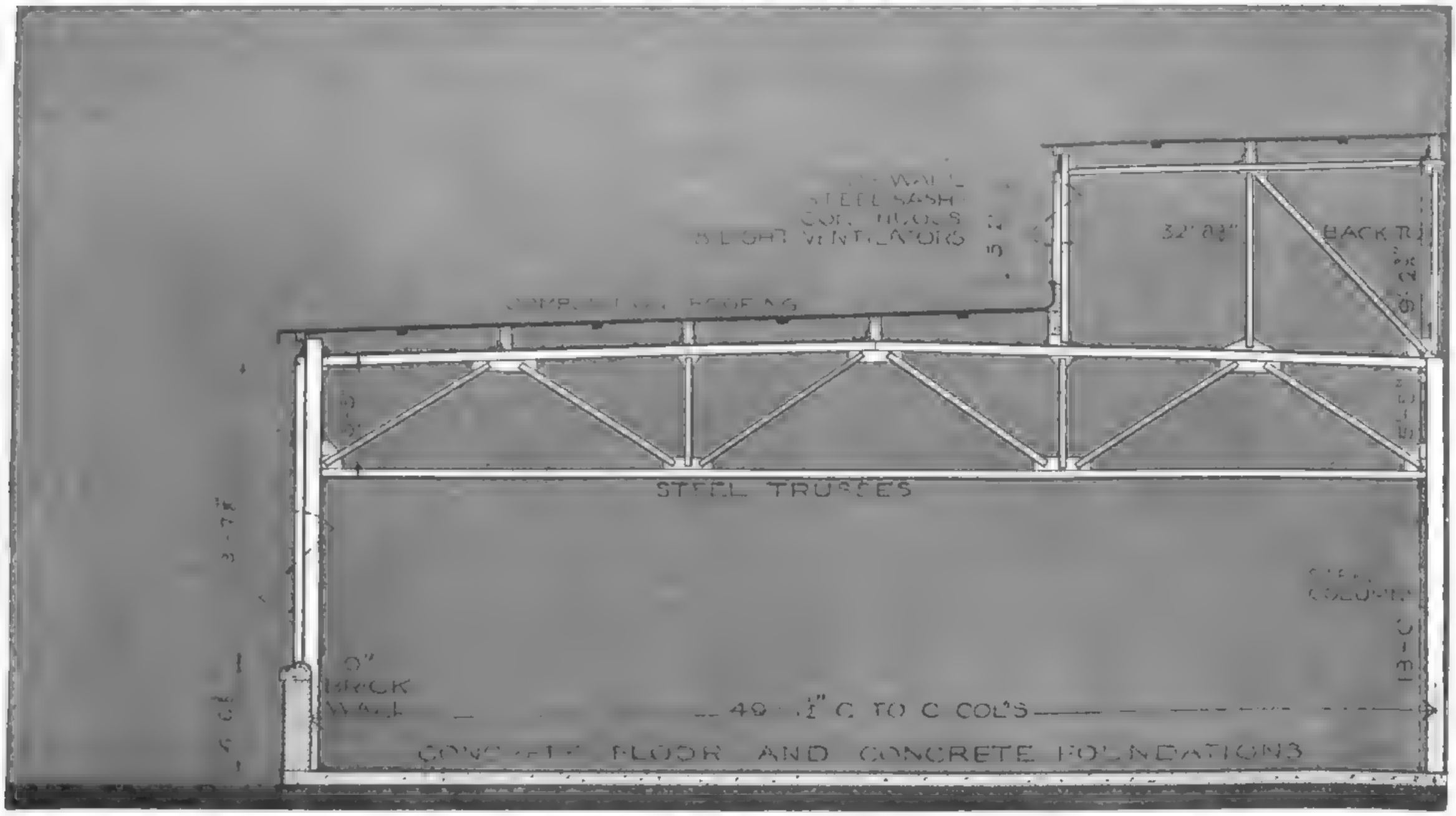

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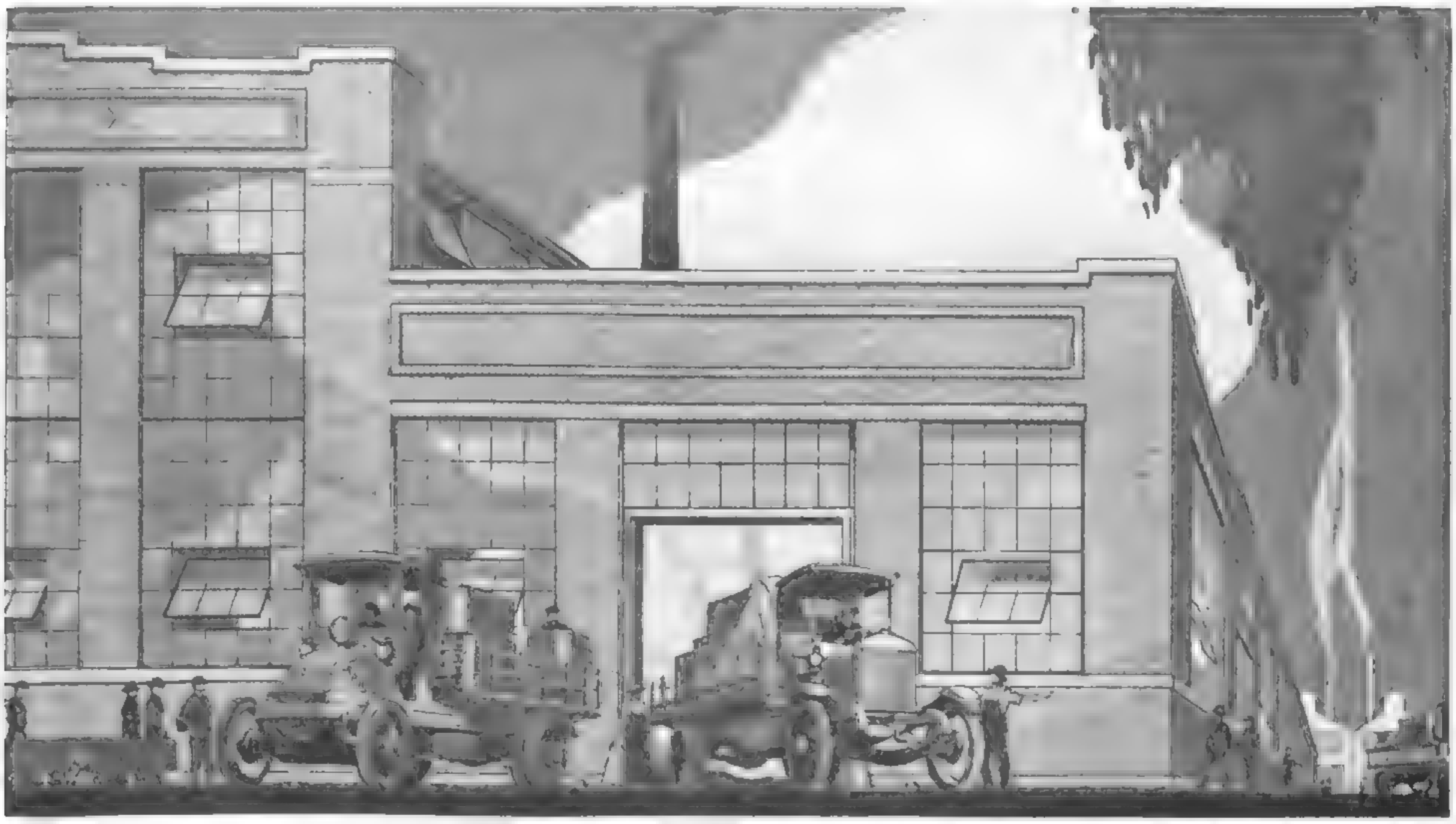

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AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

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did not mean that. Whenever Dick spoke about her cooking as if he had been perishing for it during our married life I knew he did not mean that either. I told myself that I must remember she was an oldish woman, happy in still being of use to her son. But oh, how she did patronize me when we were alone!

"When you are my age, my dear," was one of her stock remarks, "perhaps you will think differently."

What irritated me most was her attitude toward Aunt Annie. If Aunt Annie came in alone, Mother Wilmot would sit in the living room with us, but she kept her eyebrows lifted disapprovingly. When Aunt Annie interrupted me Mother Wilmot would wait till she had ended, and would then remark to me, "Now dear, will you finish what you were saying?"

Then poor Aunt Annie would fall silent and meek while I would talk, chiefly to her, till I had brought her back to her usual state of chirrupy animation. If my cousins came in Mother Wilmot would rise, saying deprecatingly to me, "Too much gayety for my old ears, my dear."

Marriage has taught me that even if one doesn't love one's relatives, preferring as companions the relatives of one's husband or wife, still one is more loyal in service to one's own blood kin. It isn't because of congeniality, for if husbands and wives were to grow apart as do parents and children and brothers and sisters because of diversity of tastes and interests, there would be almost as many divorces as marriages. It is due, this strong loyalty, to having been brought up in the same environment, sharing the same past, learning together the first lessons in the strange adventure of life.

A man rarely tries to separate his wife from her people, though he may draw a line and state that beyond it he will allow no interference or influence from them. An unscrupulous wife is likely to try to take her husband away from his kin chiefly for the purpose of making him wholly hers. A father rarely interferes with the family life of his son or daughter but a mother is prone to feel that she ought to count in the new household. All the judges of the courts of domestic relations who have expressed themselves in print as to the causes which lead to quarrels between married couples and perhaps to separation and divorce agree that a large proportion of the trouble comes from the interference of relatives.

With Dick and me this jealousy of each other's relatives did not take a very acute form. It merely added another disturbing element to the situation in which we were already involved. Unconsciously Dick assumed his mother's attitude toward Aunt Annie, and thought I spent too much time with her. Why did I need Aunt Annie when I had his mother right in the house? But this he did not put into words, nor did I put into words my resentment of the way Mother Wilmot tried to push off Aunt Annie. But all this was just one more cause of marital rankling.

It was at this psychological moment that Dick and Kate Barnum intensified their friendship. I have no doubt that Dick was unconsciously influenced not only by my unwillingness to make of her a chimney-corner friend, but also by my half-unconscious jealousy of her. No doubt, too, she went more than half way in the friendship. It is strange that a bachelor doesn't like being pursued, while a married man rather enjoys it. Also, a friendship between a married man and a woman single or married seems to mature pretty quickly. We had met Kate here and there, and Dick had mentioned running across her down town and taking her to luncheon once; and another time Lester and Kate had driven him into the country to keep a business appointment. But I had no notion of the strength of Dick's interest in Kate until the night of the spring dance of the country club to which we belonged.

Dick danced with Kate almost as many times as he did with me, and twice they disappeared to sit out their dances. Bessie Stillman coming upon me in the dressing room, where with Helen Kaye's help I was repairing a torn hem, patted my cheek and said, "What! Is it really torn? I thought you came here to cry your eyes out because that tiger lady, Kate Barnum, is eating Dick up."

Helen and Bessie never did get on very well, and now Helen said sharply, "Don't be a goose, Bessie! Dick's all right. I'm sure Rhoda doesn't want to keep him tied up to her apron strings!"

Bessie leaned against the dressing table, her dark beautiful face very mournful.

"Men are all alike, once they know you love them," she said bitterly. "I wish I knew what neurasthenic patient my husband is holding the hands of to-night."

She turned and went toward the door, calling over her shoulder, "Give him a Roland for his Oliver, Rhoda. It's an old device, but serviceable. Come along and flirt with someone—Dwight Kaye, for choice."

"Bessie is intolerable," Helen said, flushing. "I forgive her only because I know she's so wretched. Of course Dwight likes to talk to pretty women, and I—I like him to. And I'd rather have him talk to you than to anyone else."

Well, I didn't want to talk to Dwight. I wanted to hide in that dressing room until it was time to go home, and then have Dick worried because he couldn't find me. But I was afraid if I stayed there Kate might somehow get the dances I had with Dick. So I went out, with Helen's gentle warning in my ears, "You look a little grave to-night, dear; smile!"

I smiled as best I could, and danced out the rest of my dances, and said nothing to Dick till we got home. But then I said too much. From laughing and petting me Dick turned furiously angry, and we talked so loud that Mother Wilmot kept coughing from her room to warn us. I cannot bear to remember even now what we said, but at the close of our quarrel Dick was ten times as friendly toward Kate as he had been at the beginning. One thing he said was that this jealousy of Kate was of a piece with my jealousy of his men friends and of everything he wanted to do, and that he was going on with this friendship and all others he had; he would share them with me so far as might be; for the rest, they were his own.

From that time on, it seemed to me, Dick and Kate overlooked no chances. At the club dances she had just about one dance less with him than I had. I think that occasionally they met down town and twice a week they played tennis. Of course both Mother Wilmot and Aunt Annie saw that things were wrong and suspected why. They said nothing, but Mother Wilmot's manner to me plainly showed that she considered me an unreasonable, spoiled, exacting girl, who could never understand Dick as his mother did; but at least his mother would try to make up to him as far as she could, for his wife's failure. Aunt Annie, of course, held that I was a devoted, neglected, unhappy wife, and she did her best to shelter me with her unspoken sympathy; whatever happened I should have my own people to fall back upon. Naturally I liked her point of view better than I did Mother Wilmot's. Naturally, also, this division of interest did not make for harmony either between Dick and Aunt Annie or between Dick and me.

Dick kept his word about sharing Kate with me. I was included in her dinner invitations. I was at liberty to go along with Dick and watch the tennis games at the country club.

Often I did go, not because I wanted to but because I was afraid of what people might think unless I showed that I was countenancing the friendship. I might have spared myself the pain. I know now that no one gave the association of Dick and Kate more than a passing thought; to them she was just our family friend, as her brother Lester was.

Time after time I sat beside the tennis court, miserably watching the two of them. Sometimes Helen Kaye sat with me. No woman in the world ever had a better friend than Helen was, so tactful, so tender. She knew I was unhappy, and knew why, but she never tried to force my confidence. Sometimes when the staring green and white of the court blurred behind a mist of tears, she would touch my hand softly.

One day when I was watching Dick and Kate in a foursome, thinking how happy they looked and how wretched I was, I broke my silence and said to Helen,

"I can't seem to bear it, Helen. Don't you —— Don't you really mind it when Dwight ——"

Dwight loved Helen, but all our world knew that he was something of a lady-killer. I had seen him at luncheon with other women, and out walking with them.

"I did mind at first," Helen said slowly; "but if a wife expects to be happy she just has to accommodate herself to her husband's temperament. And I do want to be happy. So—what I try to do is to make his friends my own. His private secretary now I think a secretary, Rhoda —— Well, I always make friends of his secretaries and of all the other women he likes, as far as they will let me. You see, I know I'm the only person Dwight loves, and that's all that really matters."

"Oh, I could never make a friend of Kate Barnum," I said despairingly.

"Yes, you could. She's awfully nice, really. If you'd only try, Rhoda. The only thing I mind now is when a woman confides something or other to Dwight and implies that he's not to tell me. I hate that and I always shall."

"Oh, but how could they? And how could a husband ——"

"Well," said Helen with a wry smile, "we'd better not go into that. But they can, and they do. And after all, Rhoda, it wouldn't be quite honorable for a man to give away anyone else's confidence. If I told you something and made you promise never to tell a soul, would you go and tell Dick?"

"I—I'm afraid I should," I said guiltily, "if I thought telling it would make him interested in what I was saying."

Along with the silent claim I was making that Dick should give up his friendship with Kate went countless other mental restrictions. The difference between men and women when they begin to disregard each other's freedom is that men become tyrannical and impose burdens, while women make restrictions. The husband says, "You shall!" The wife says, "You shall not!" Time after time I didn't see why Dick wanted to do this or that—which meant that I was making a claim that he should not do it. We were punctiliously pleasant to each other—and both wretched. Once or twice we had an hour or two when we forgot everything except that we loved each other. But such hours were like little islands in a rushing flood. We slipped back into the flood without building a bridge to the mainland. We should have talked the matter out, and yet as neither of us was prepared to yield anything it may be that the talking would have led to nothing but increased pain.

A manifestation of my misery of jealousy was that I accumulated a store of grievances

(Concluded on Page 91)

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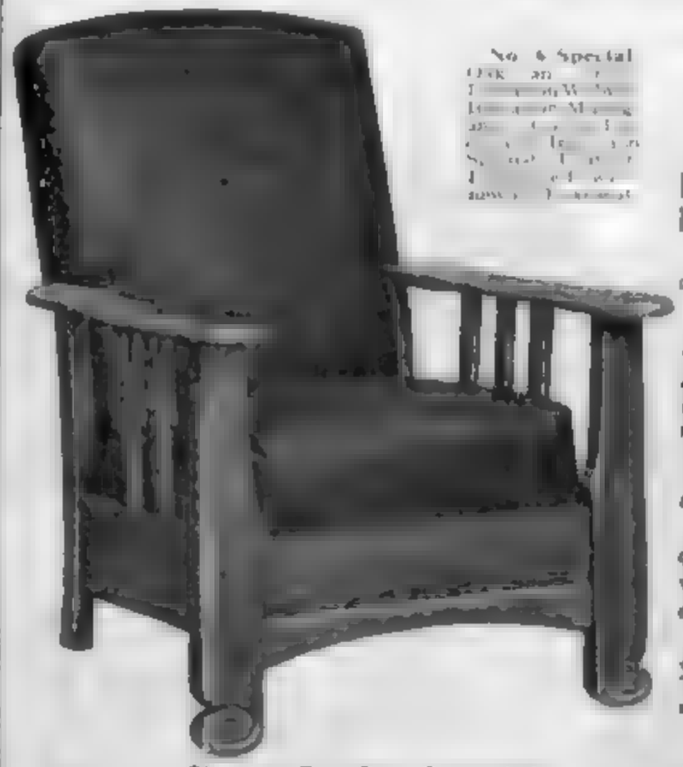

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(Concluded from Page 88)

against Dick. Several times in my life I have encountered the woman with grievances. They come either from jealousy or from sex antagonism. Such a woman has apparently a thirst for perfection, for nothing ever quite suits her; she has a gift for ferreting out the disadvantages of every situation. No matter what her husband does he ought to have done something different. I had for the time being the mood of that sort of woman. The saving grace I had just then was that I kept still. I had vowed not to reopen the subject of Kate until Dick did—and yet it was I who spoke first. I met Lester Barnum one afternoon just as I was going into our apartment house, listened to an allusive remark of his about Kate's "new job," made appropriate reply, and then went upstairs as if on the wings of flame. Dick had just got home.

"Lester Barnum tells me," I said, "that you got a position for Kate in your firm as joint secretary for you and the chief engineer."

"Yes, I should have told you myself if ——"

"I know all about women secretaries," I said with deadly quietness. "Kate has had a few months' experience as a secretary, I know; but she couldn't be good enough for such a position if she didn't get it by favor. I demand that you let her go. I simply won't have her in your office!"

"I can't let you interfere with office matters, Rhoda," Dick said.

"Seeing her every two or three days isn't enough," I cried bitterly; "you must see her every day! Well, you can just choose between us."

"I shall do no such thing. There is no choice. You are my wife."

He went into his room and began to dress. We were to go to a dinner and a dance at the country club that night. For weeks I had felt ill, as well as unhappy. If only Dick would come to me. All he did was to call out pleasantly that he would hook me up when I was ready. His cue was to ignore the scene. Suddenly I grew hard and quiet. Very well; I would keep up till I dropped. Dick came to my room and put his arms round me. I could not respond. I think my stillness rather alarmed him.

At dinner that night the Stillmans sat at our table. Bessie took too much wine and sneered at her husband when he tried to restrain her. The rest of us laughed off the incident, but it was really very painful. When the dancing began I welcomed the chance to get away. The evening was about half over when in the middle of a waltz with Tom Stillman I asked him if he would mind sitting the rest of it out, as I felt faint. All the seats in the veranda were occupied, so we found a dark bench amid the shrubberies. Then I leaned back, exhausted and miserable.

Presently we heard the rattling run of steps on the gravel. The branches in front of us were swept aside, and Bessie stood there, panting, disheveled.

"You!" she shrieked at her husband; "who is charming you to-night?"

He pulled her down on the seat beside us and put his hand over her mouth.

"This is intolerable!" he said, addressing neither of us. "This woman keeps asserting herself, insisting on her own right to the mastery. Her career—what's that? What does her singing amount to? A woman can express herself only through her husband and her home! Bessie can make good only for and through me! But she wants to be the center always and everywhere, claims every shred of my time, doesn't want me to look at another woman."

Bessie sank back against his arm.

"Oh, I've lost you! I've lost you!" she cried.

I could hear Dick's footsteps crunching along the gravel.

"Rhoda, are you here?" he called anxiously.

"Here, with Bessie and Tom," I replied.

"Lost me! If you have it's your own fault," Tom said. "How can you expect me to love you? I'm sick to death of your jealousy ——"

Dick stood before us. I stumbled up from the bench and held out my arms to him. As he led me away I could hear Bessie sobbing pitifully and Tom's voice softening as he talked to her.

"Take me home, please," I said to Dick.

"I thought you looked pale and tired, so I came after you," he said. "Lester has his uncle's car; he'll drive us home."

All the way home Dick held me in his arms. I am sure we both kept thinking over that dreadful scene between Bessie and her husband. Yet when we spoke it was not of them.

"Mother's visit is about over, dear," Dick said. "She spoke to me yesterday about having soon to go back. I hope we can always have our people to visit us but not again for such a long time. I'm afraid I didn't realize, dear, that the relatives on both sides can bring in an alien atmosphere to a home—that is, if they become too definitely a part of the home."

"I needn't see so much of Aunt Annie if she annoys you," I whispered.

"I am going to try harder than I have to get used to her ways," he said.

Then we fell silent. Neither of us had said what was in the foreground of our minds, yet what we had said paved the way to understanding and to reconciliation; we were in a mood to be patient and tender with each other and self-condemnatory. I thought again, and in a newly illumined way, of Bessie and her husband. Her jealousy had driven them worlds apart. At the best Tom would seek his compensation in his work and his friends; at the worst he would find some woman who would give him the kind of love he wanted. All that was holding them together was the bond of the child that was to come. Bessie had lifted up before me the mirror of my own conduct. I now saw Dick's point of view, realized that I had cabined and confined him. I saw that the only way I could save that little citadel of self I had built in him was to make no unfair claim.

When we were at home I held out my arms to Dick. Before I could speak he said, "I want to tell you, dear; Kate has just become engaged to Charlie Sanderson."

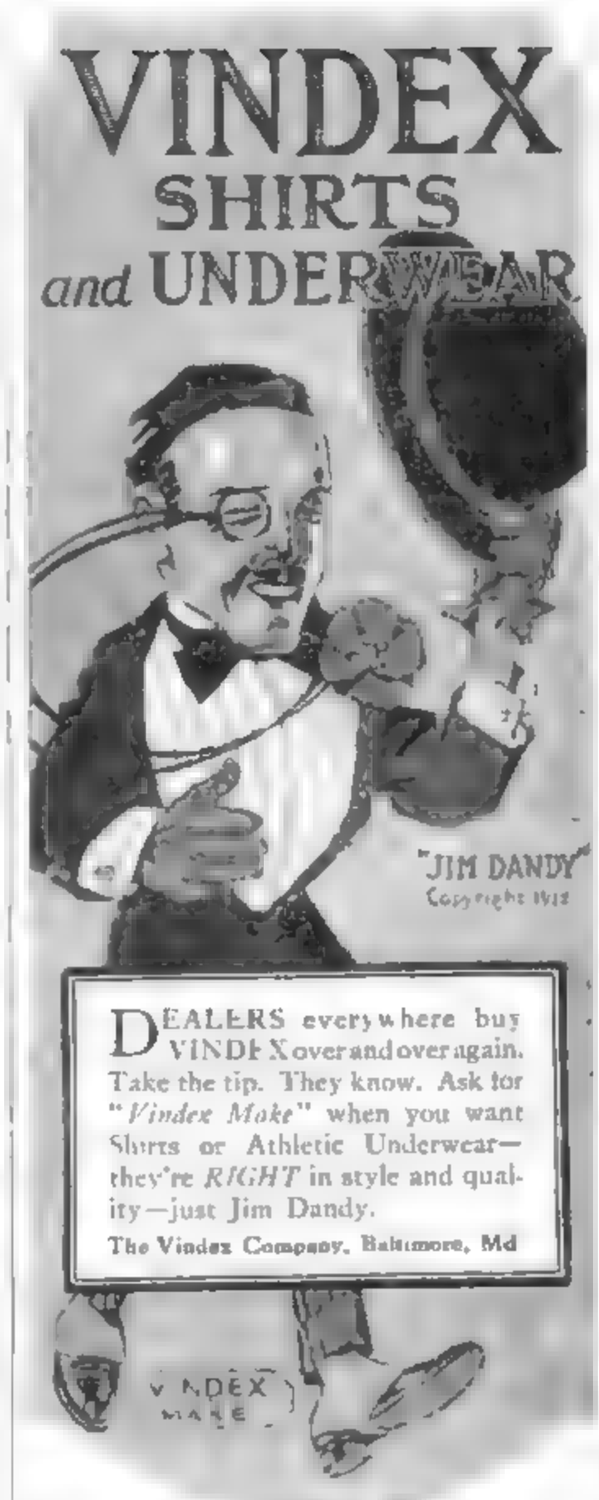
Somehow I felt no relief whatever. Kate seemed to have dropped out of my consciousness.

"She doesn't seem to matter now," I whispered. "I've been wanting to tell you, Dick. Our house of life—it won't be just two any more."

Under all Dick's adoring words I kept thinking of Tom and Bessie. What if I had so drained Dick of love of me that only our child could be our reason for union! In that wonderful hour with my happiness over our reconciliation was mingled gratitude that I had seen my madness before it was too late. I took a new degree in wisdom that night. I had learned that I must root out jealousy, and must watch with unremitting care and patience the place where it had been, for I knew it would be as eager to come back as Canada thistles. I knew, too, that the exercise of patience, tolerance and tenderness will cure jealousy.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of stories by Mrs. Warren. The second and last will appear in an early issue.

When the Dancing Began I Welcomed the Chance to Get Away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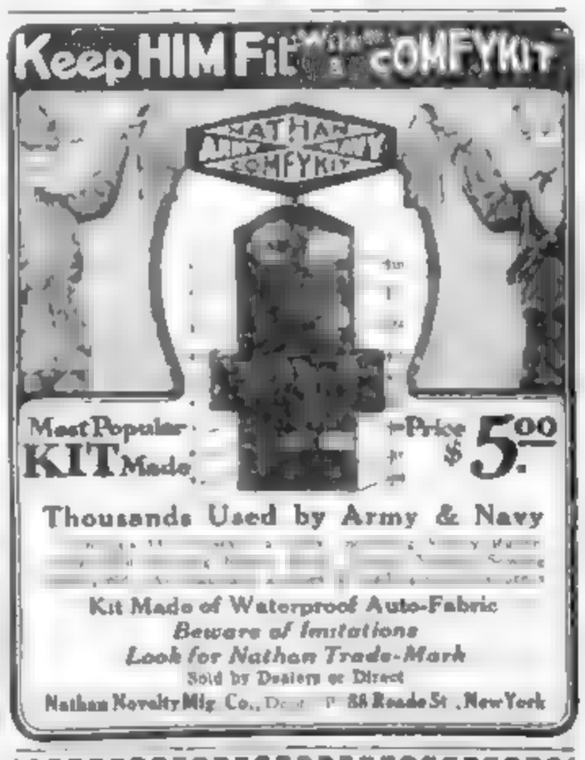
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THE SEA TERRIERS

(Continued from Page 16)

every inch of space utilized, and every compartment a cubby-hole; bridge, guns, lookout, depth charges, wireless and three powerful gasoline engines; complicated listening and locating devices; a tiny galley where, when the seas breaking inboard do not entirely engulf him, a cook prepares their hasty meals; sleeping quarters where the men—sometimes—get a little sleep, provided the ship isn't rolling so badly that they can't stay in their bunks; compact, courageous, consistent little warships—the terriers of the sea.

And wet—always, always wet, unless the weather is clear and the sea is calm—but good sea boats. They wangle through somehow. They weather it out. The roll of them is a peculiar roll; when there is a heavy sea on, a most disconcerting roll. Over she goes, thirty, forty degrees, until you think she never will come back, and begin to speculate on the quality of your life preserver—over—over—good-by, boys, I'm through—stops—staggers—trembles, and begins to scramble back through the spume; slowly—slowly—then quickening, and you brace the other way to prepare for the roll off into the opposite trough—brace—hang on—she's clambering back, doggedly pulling herself out of it—setting her teeth into the equilibrium like the terrier she is.

Two degrees back—ten—fifteen—coming up—and everybody braced for the roll the other way. Then, bang! Another wave catches her, and she stops halfway, shakes and shivers and tumbles back to where she came from, twists herself out of it, and tries again to scuffle back to her normal—hanging on—hanging on—good stuff—now she's going to make it—up—up—doggedly—determinedly—gallantly —— Biff! Old Nep has hit her another whang on the quarter; but he can't get her—she shoves a sardonic snout at him and comes back—comes back—comes back! Old Nep can't whip her—he can't faze her. Presently with a mighty shake she rises up to evens again, and plugs ahead, with the water gushing off her deck, and her men soaked and everything afloat. Together, the terrier and the terriers grin at the sea and scoff.

"Not yet, old top, not yet! Nothing doing. Hawk—Eagle—Gull. Oak—Ash—Maple. Rinkum, Dinkum, Allagazam. Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!" And rallying her tossing pack about her, off she goes, listening, looking, trailing, day and night without end—trailing the Hun.

Risky, But It Worked

They stay a certain number of days in port and work a certain number of days at sea, nosing out in packs and operating according to a general rule as to disposition—that is, formative disposition at sea, not general disposition. The general disposition of those terriers is ugly, not to say ferocious, so far as the Hun submarines are concerned. There isn't enough mercy in that bunch to crowd the eye of a needle. "Go get 'em!" is the war cry when they start out, and the proudest pennant they can display when they come back is "We got one!"

They are mostly reserve lads, officers and men, who came fresh into the Navy soon after war was declared, though now and then a commander of an S. C. is an old navy man who was a warrant officer before he went into the fuss. They do amazing stunts. One of the terriers is commanded by a lad who before the war had occupation on a Western ranch. At dusk one night he ran close up with his S. C. to a dangerous floating German mine, right in the pathway of the S. C.'s and of general traffic. This destroying agent had escaped the mine sweepers, and it was a Menace with a capital M. The commanding officer knew it was his duty to destroy it, and he tried. Night was settling down. The visibility was almost zero. He tried to set it off by rifle shots at it, but he couldn't hit a detonater.

Wherefore, being a lad who operates off his own bat and not tied down by any naval precedent—there undoubtedly is a naval regulation as to what must be done in these circumstances, for there are naval regulations about everything, from the manner to attack a fort to the exact way the ship's hen should lay an egg—he decided to arrange matters with that mine so it should be harmless during the night and destroyable in the morning. He ordered the wherry dropped into the water, took off a line and rowed to the mine. Then he expertly lassoed the mine, made the noose all fast, and rowed back to the ship with the other end of the line. This he secured to the stern of his S. C., and towed that mine behind in his various wanderings all that night. When morning came he blew up the mine. Fancy that, you rocking-chair sailors—bobbing about through the darkness of a black night with a mine towing a hundred feet or so astern—a mine big enough to blow forty S. C.'s into bits!

"Good Lord!" said the commanding officer when report was made; "that thing might easily have drifted on to you and blown the whole lot of you out of the water."

"I know it," replied the lad off the ranch, "but I took that chance and watched it; and if I hadn't picked it up it might have blown up some other fellow who couldn't see it in the dark."

The business of the submarine chaser is pithily expressed in the naval designation of them. That is what they are for—to chase submarines. They were built for that purpose, and are operated exclusively with that object in view. They have no other prerogatives or procedure. They are organized and equipped for submarine chasing and destroying, and that is the beginning, the course and the end of them. They chase submarines exactly as a terrier chases a rat or a rabbit. They get on the trail and stay on it. They never quit, never lag, never falter so long as there is a chance that the quarry may be caught. They are insistent, numerous, importunate, tireless, quick, nervous and vital. They stick.

When It Rains Depth Charges

They are as mobile as a boat can be, immediately responsive to the rudder, high-powered, and built for action, not for comfort or cruising. You can cut circles with them or turn them in their own length. They are a hundred and ten feet of organized efficiency, and, though the actual experience of them has shown places where they might be improved, as a whole they do their job very well. The Navy Department rushed out a lot of them, and at the base in England where I looked them over there was a very sizable fleet of them, and more coming. The crew is two officers and twenty or twenty-two men. Six of these men run the engines. The rest have their various duties—as listeners, depth-charge men, and so on; and each terrier is a complete instrument of Hun destruction when she goes out. They are not heavily armed, for their business isn't to shoot submarines, though that can be done if necessary, but to locate them and drop depth charges on them. The engines are amidships, and each chaser is triple-screwed. They have a good speed and a sizable cruising radius. The bridge is amidships, with a lookout above, and each ship is fully equipped with the latest devices for signaling and listening.

Generally speaking—and all speaking about this phase of it must be very general—the object of the chase of a chaser or a flock of them is to get what is called a "fix." That is, they go out and patrol in a specified area for the purpose of locating submarines. Now the manner of getting a fix is extremely interesting and quite efficient. Also, it is not for discussion here. It is sufficient to say that the completed "fix" locates the submarines with reasonable accuracy—that is, determines the place beneath the water where the submarine is lurking, of the route on which it is proceeding. When the fix is determined the chasers go to it with all speed, and it begins to rain depth charges on Fritz.

If so be Fritz is encountered on the surface, the S. C. leaps up to him and whangs at him with her guns. There isn't one of all the scores of them that would hesitate a second before tackling the biggest German submarine that is in commission. But that chance rarely comes, for Fritz isn't taking any of that medicine when he can avoid it. His game is to stay hidden if he can until some safe easy potshots at supply or troop or hospital ships are afforded.

Any sort of sea tosses a hundred-and-ten-foot boat about, and the waters where this particular squadron of chasers operates are not particularly pacific. Naturally it is easier to get a fix when the sea is calm, if any Hun is about, than when the sea is

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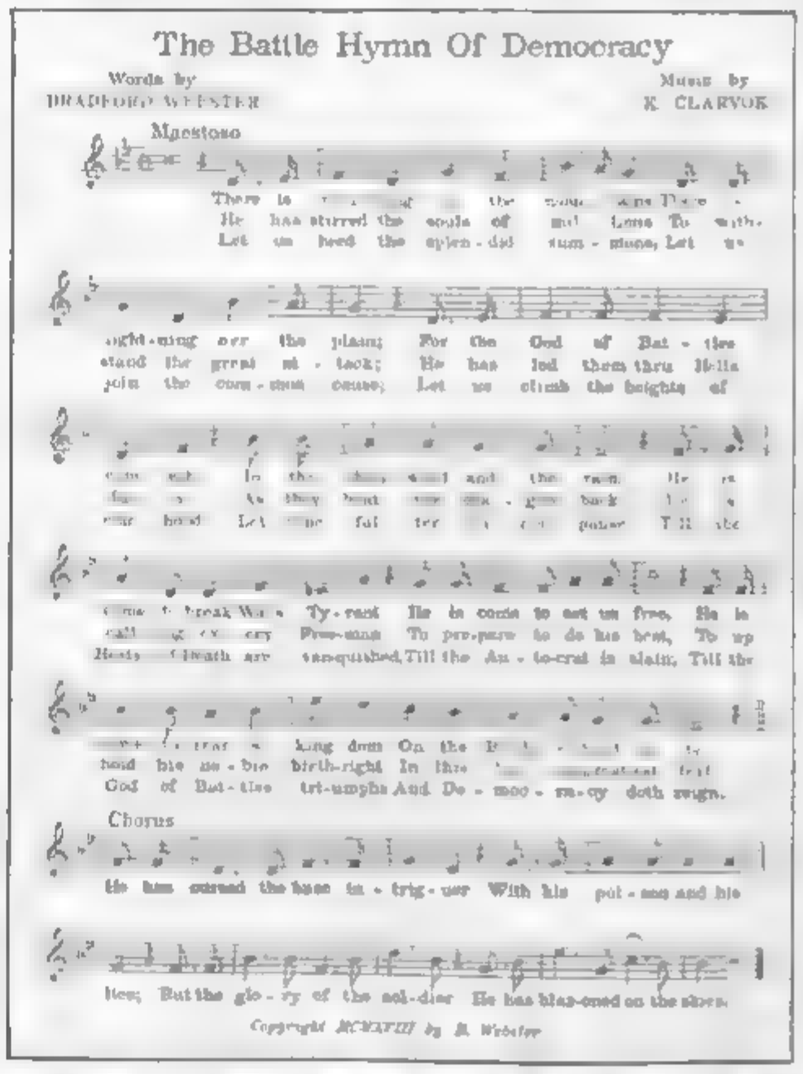

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high and the chaser is bobbing round like a cork. Still, Fritz is under in all sorts of weather: hence the terriers are out in all sorts too; and they do not hug the shore, either. They go away out to sea in quest of their prey, ranging for miles and miles, farther than one unexperienced of them would think, listening, trailing, always on the job, relentlessly and tirelessly.

A pack of them were coming in on the morning I arrived at the base, and a pack going out, all alike, so far as one could see, except for the white numbers painted on their bows. The incomers nosed along, seeking mooring places by the sides of others that had come in ahead of them, all navy gray, to the last exposed inch of them, all geared and hampered with the tools of their trade; and on the decks of them were the lads of the crew, mostly in blue dungarees, hatless to the last lad of them, hoisting out bedding and stores and piling all on the deck to dry in the sun before they went out again. This gave the incomers the curious appearance of floating back yards with the bedding and clothing flapping on the lines stretched fore and aft.

The outgoers were spick-and-span, cleared and stowed, with the crews of them at their stations, the officers on the bridge; the engines throbbing and the pennants and signals flying. There had been a heavy sea outside, and the incomers were battered a bit, and the paint of them dulled by the salt spray that had been dashing against it for hours and hours. The incoming crews were weary and unshaven, and their dungarees were soiled and dirty, while the outgoers were fresh and brisk and clean. Later I saw that outgoing bunch come back, and they, too, were unshaven, and their bedding was hung out to dry, and the clothes of them flapped from the lines stretched fore and aft. Chasing the Hun submarine is no tea party. It is hard, grueling, insistent work.

When they get in they must turn to and get shipshape for the next foray. There are countless things to be done aboard a chaser after a cruise before she can go cruising again, from shifting and replenishing stores to making repairs and repainting. Not much time is allowed for rest, and there is no liberty until the ship is ready. So the chasers lie there in port, in long bobbing rows, with the crews stripped, usually to undershirts and trousers, feverishly getting shipshape so they can go ashore and taste the delights of liberty. There may be a dozen of them—two dozen—picture it for yourself; and each little ship is as busy a craft as you ever saw, either out or in. For ceaseless activity I think the S. C.'s top anything in the Navy. They are never still a minute.

A Nautical Nut-Farmer

There is a small American supply ship for the repair of them stationed at this base, and the United States is building an extensive machine shop at the quay that has been assigned to them. The British Admiralty has given over a certain section of the port to the terriers, and the United States is hastening to install repair machinery and fill storehouses with supplies. The men on the supply ship keep those shops running night and day, but with the additions that are coming for the fleet much greater repair facilities are needed. The executive offices for the United States are located at the edge of the quay, so the commanding officer can look out his window and see his terriers at any time, save when they are ranging out at sea. In the executive offices the various activities of operation and administration are conducted.

There isn't much room for a guest on an S. C.; wherever one is he feels himself in the way. The bridge is bridge and chart room combined. The compartments below have each their navigating and operating uses as well as their uses for sleep and sustenance. The engine rooms are packed with machinery and the decks are covered with gear. So an outsider does the best he can, hangs on when she rolls, watches the various operations as well as may be, and generally is not at all averse to getting back to shore.

The men come from all parts of the United States. Of the crew on one chaser I visited there were men from ten states, from California to Massachusetts; and no two from the same city or village. The commander was from the South, and the second in command from Vermont. Oddly enough, the bulk of the crew were not from coast states, but from the interior. None of them had had any seafaring experience before they enlisted in the Navy; but they were all genuine gobs now, naval in walk, talk and action. No youth is so adaptable as our youth, and these lads have taken over the stern life of the sea as readily as they would shift occupation at home.

I saw a conference between a large number of the officers of the chasers and some of the older naval hands who are in command. They were talking over things, making reports and offering and getting suggestions; keen, browned, alert young fellows, well set up, lean, sinewy, capable, eagerly on the job, with ideas of their own as to practice and operation, and submitting these ideas enthusiastically; open for suggestion, free in criticism, each wanting to get the best there is out of the crews and the ships.

"Where do the officers come from?" I asked an executive officer long in the Navy.

"Everywhere," he said.

"Were they sailors?"

"Not many of them; some had had experience in motor boats and yachts and were amateur navigators, but the way they have picked it up is marvelous. Let me give you an illustration. When I was organizing the first flotilla that came over I questioned the young chaps who came before me as officers for the chasers. Of the first five on one day one had been a shoe salesman, another an accountant, another a nut inspector and another an actor."

"Nut inspector?" I said. "What's that?"

"He worked on a pecan ranch down South somewhere."

Brave Lads and Bully Boys

"They had had some sailing experience and had taken short special courses at a training school. Now of that bunch three are in command of chasers to-day; four brought their ships across, and the actor is a unit commander, and a mighty good one too. That's where we got them. The Navy just reached out and collected them here, there and everywhere, and they are good stuff and making sailors of themselves mighty fast."

Brought their ships across! I looked into that, for until that moment it had not occurred to me that these ships, these tiny craft, had not always been on the English side. Well, they brought them across, each one of them—sailed them from the United States to this British port—many others like them, and some even smaller have been brought across—and got away with it. They took these one-hundred-and-ten-foot boats and fared forth with them on the Atlantic in the stormy springtime, manned by crews that mostly had never been to sea before, and officered largely by men who had never commanded or navigated anything larger than a catboat.

They sailed them from America to Rendezvous X, to Rendezvous Y, to Rendezvous Z, and thence to where I saw them, more than three thousand miles—bluffed the eternal seas, laughed at Old Father Neptune, scoffed at Davy Jones and his locker—sailed them from shore to shore, and never lost a man or a ship. They beat their way through storms, tossed about in mountainous seas, rolled and wallowed in desperate troughs, fought—fought—fought for every inch of the way, and brought them in. Some were battered, some had bridges and deck work torn away. Some had engine trouble. Some leaked. Some broke down in various ways. But they brought them in—these raw sailor lads and these raw officers—fought the sea with superb contempt for its prowess, and with the unquenchable spirit of youth. And there they are. So, too, are others at other bases—sailed across the seas by these American lads.

They were wet most of the time, hungry much of the time, and held to cold food for considerable periods because the seas were too heavy to allow use of the stoves in the galleys. They had little sleep and less comfort. They were thrown about, battered, tossed, bruised. They stood unceasing watch and surmounted excessive difficulty, but they brought them in—seasick, some of them; weary, all of them; nerves at severest strain; fighting every inch of the way, but courage never daunted, spirit never quailing. They brought them in—brave lads and bully boys, they brought them in!

And now they take them out to the far seas beyond the base, and navigate them all about, loaded with T N T to drop on the

(Concluded on Page 97)

Warmth for Any Room

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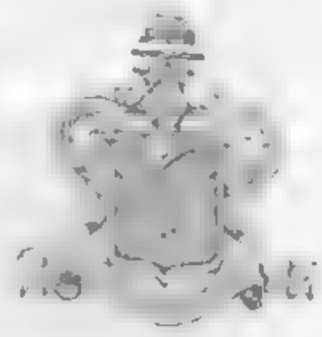

(Concluded from Page 94)

Hun, on ceaseless vigil, buffeting the seas, prepared for instant fight. When the history of this war, and our part in it, comes to be written there should be an epic for these American lads who, raw and green to the ways of the sea, have won glory for themselves in these cockleshells—have faced and beaten the angers of the deep in these tiny craft—faced them and beaten them with the high, indomitable, laughing spirit of American youth.

Let me tell you the story of a cruise of one unit of the terriers not long ago—we began operations at this base in June—which may be considered a recital of many cruises and which will show how the game is played.

On a certain morning this unit went out, and as soon as the terriers were in location they caught the sound of a submarine. They tried for a fix but could not get one, because of the faintness of the sound and the heavy sea that was running. Probably, too, Fritz stopped his engines and laid by, submerged. At any rate they circled and zigzagged for two hours and a half and then got the sound of the submarine again. It was apparent that the submarine had begun circling with them, for as they went their devious but always appointed ways the sound of the submarine was noted here and there, in such a manner as to make it certain that while they were circling on the surface trying to get contact with him, Fritz, too, was circling beneath them, equally determined to keep away from contact.

Twice they were very near the submarine, but before the fix had been established Fritz had ducked.

The wind grew fresher and the sea heavier. The terriers were rolling awash, and using hydrophones, as well as fixing, was a very difficult proposition. After an hour or two more of this ring-around-a-rosy they got a fix and put a barrage of depth charges all round the spot. Fritz was too foxy for them, for instead of going out he turned in a short circle inside of them, and escaped anything but a shaking up. The terriers kept at it, and that night Fritz stuck up his periscope a mile away to see what it was all about. The terriers jumped for it, but before they got there Fritz had ducked again. The terriers did not falter. They kept circling and listening until midnight.

The gale increased. The sea was very rough. Even those experienced mariners, accustomed to heavy seas, say it was unusually rough, from which it may be concluded that the terriers were under water most of the time, and rolling frightfully. The best hydrophone man in the outfit became too seasick to go on. He stuck until he fainted, however. At four o'clock in the morning they had a good fix. They had Fritz right where they wanted him. Just as they were ready to go to it a destroyer loomed out of the dark, churning along despite the frantic signals of the terriers to get off on his own business, and Fritz dropped like a stone as far as he could go.

The Patient Q Ship

They got contact again at five-thirty, and chased after it. Fritz eluded them. Then they circled, circled, circled until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when contact was made and a fix obtained. At noon they paid their explosive respects to Fritz with a lot more depth charges, and that time the telltale oil came to the surface. The weather was worse. The seas were very high. They stuck, bombing the Hun with all they had, and then came in, confident they had settled that Hun. In that chase they went more than a hundred miles, and the chart of it looks like a Chinese war map. Most of the time the S. C.'s were rolling so much it was impossible to stand without being tied or braced, and the galley was out of commission, so there was no hot food or coffee.

They stayed on that chase in that horrible weather for twenty-five and a half hours, with every man alert, no thought of sleep or rest, with the sea pounding them and the gale almost blowing them off the deck, cold, wet to their various skins, subsisting on canned food; and they were as gay as larks when they came in, for the chances are they got their sub, and more power to them!

Like the men on the destroyers and the men in the submarines, they are buoyed by the eternal hope that next time out they may get their Hun. You never know your luck. A Fritz may be waiting right round the corner. You never can tell, so go to it, my bullies, and good fortune that may have evaded you all those long, weary watches may drop a Hun into your maw this next time.

They are all cheered over the story of the skipper of the British Q ship, or mystery ship, operating out of that same port. One day a signal came in that a ship had been torpedoed outside, and every S. C. in the port was hustled out to see about it and get the torpedoer while the getting was good. The terriers scampered out in a long procession, and incessant quack-quacks resounded from those ancient shores as they put to sea.

When they got out they found the torpedoed ship was the British Q ship and that their services were not needed. The British skipper, after waiting for nearly three years, had his chance and got his submarine. He was proceeding like a tramp coast steamer; and Fritz bit, and torpedoed him. Then the usual stunts were done. The panic crew of the Q ship, rigged up to represent merchantmen, and women, had their carefully rehearsed panic on deck, and then squealing with assumed fright tumbled into the boats and pulled away, leaving concealed the gun crews at their stations.

The Hun bit.. Notwithstanding the fact that Q ships are now obsolete and that the Germans are not taking much of them these days, this Fritz bit. A Q ship is generally stuffed with wood so it will sink slowly if at all. Also, it has trick deckhouses, sides and other properties. In the old days when Fritz torpedoed a ship and the crew was away he waited a time and then came aboard to steal all food, clothing, brass and everything else movable that he could find. The trick was for the gunners to remain, no matter how much preliminary shelling Fritz did to make sure before he boarded the ship, and when the Germans came point-blank, to get them. At a signal from the officers in command the deckhouses dropped away, the sides dropped down and displayed British gunners at British guns, who made short work of the Hun.

Methodical Mine Layers

Naturally this game gave Fritz pause, and after trying it several times and getting the worst of it he took to torpedoing his ships, making sure of his hits and not investigating further. No Q business for him if caution would protect him. However, this Fritz bit, came to the surface and slid alongside of Q. The skipper waited until Fritz was point-blank and then—smash!—bang!—down came the deckhouse and the sides, and before Fritz knew what hit him he had twenty holes in him from very penetrating guns and was on his unmourned way to the bottom.

Well, the point of that story is that this skipper waited nearly three years for his chance and then got it, and the terriers expect every trip they make to be their lucky one. Perhaps it will be. Who can tell? They chalk on their depth charges such legends as "A gift from S. C. 489" or "An Anti-Hun pill from S. C. 576," and there isn't one of them who isn't sure that this time—this time—a sure fix will be made and a Hun submarine torn into jagged pieces by the depth charges dropped by his own terrier.

Nor does a trip without event dampen their enthusiasm, for the chance is always before them. Hope—they are the champion hopers of the universe, those chaser gobs.

Nothing shows the way the Hun mind works any better than his mine laying. He carries eighteen, and he lays them six in a row in certain places. Every day the channel is swept and the mines taken, if there are any. Fritz knows that, but his is an orderly and disciplined mind. Next time he comes he lays his mines six in a row, in exactly the same spots where he laid them before, and where they were swept and found. You'd think he'd try some other spots, on the chance that the mine sweepers wouldn't find his engines of destruction. Not Fritz. He has been told, and he does what he is told.

The work of the terriers is effective, and will be more so as the grasp of it becomes firmer and the practice of it more advanced. As it is, the terriers are making it much more difficult for Fritz—oh, very much more difficult!—and they have hopes of making it quite impossible. They are the lads who can do it too. Make a note of that!

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IVORY GARTERS do a *great* comfort job and a *great* service job! They let a man go his way in peace and let him finish the day without undue leg-weariness! That's because *Ivory Garters do not bind!* Why, you wouldn't know you had garters on only your socks are so perfectly held up!

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Branches: New York—Chicago—Kansas City—San Francisco—London
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GAME LAWS OF LOCATION HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 22)

and the next morning to tow him up-shore a few miles by some cliffs and beach the beggar. Then, after shooting the big stuff, to turn him over to Bud Nolan for a couple of comedies.

But while mortals sleep the cosmic forces still go on, and in the wee small hours of that fatal night, while Mira Vista lay deep in the hay, the whale, gently rising on the highest tide of the year, and no doubt lured by the gentle perfume of the night, broke from his moorings, and found, high on the beach just below The Inn, a last resting place.

Good taste and a reverence for chaste English must edit an intimate account of what that unwelcome visitor did to Mira Vista. I might gently insinuate, however, that his presence was inharmonious with the rare perfumes native to that idyllic spot. Within two hours all the cottagers along the shore had found refuge in near-by watering places, and those back in the hills sought sanctuary among the rose geraniums during the in-shore breezes of the afternoon.

"Big Minnie," as the studio bunch irreverently referred to the dead, loved Mira Vista and was loath to leave, as was discovered when twenty-two motor boats, of various mouse power, tried to pull her into deep water. Burning was next attempted, as Bill Condon insisted that whale oil was most inflammable. Naught but a beautiful lilac steam resulted. A great hole was dug in the sand, but a fool tide filled it up before Minnie could be rolled in.

The Disappearance of Big Minnie

The following morning a heroic endeavor was made to saw the old girl into segments, but the sawyers were unequal to the dreadful task, and then—ah, then!—Bill made a decision that was to mark an epoch in the history of the cinema.

At two A. M., when the once-happy Mira Vista was quiet as a cemetery, a great detonation was heard for miles round, and Condon standing on a hillside out of the town remarked: "Lord, what a punch! I wish I could have shot that scene."

Bill's was the kind of mind that would have seen a good scenario in the killing of his mother with a hatchet.

None of us ever saw what really became of Big Minnie, for Bill had arranged to take the company to Los Angeles immediately after applying the spark, but photographic accounts all agreed that the whale had been merely transferred from the beach to the landscape, much of her draping the beautiful Georgian façade of The Inn.

The white marble fronts of several Italian palaces close by looked like the mural decorations of an abattoir, and every million-dollar cottage and bungalow as far as the eye could reach was garnished with kerosene, broken saws, whalebone—and things; and from every tree and pergola in the landscape hung little festoons of blubber!

Since that fateful day no picture company has ever been to Mira Vista, even on location, and I have been told that not a charred stick of the Climax studio remains to remind the villagers of their cinemasipelas.

The Climax was not the only offender in those budding—and bursting—days. Other studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles were making perfect pests of their performances. Comedy companies would spread rich lawns with their custard mayonnaise, dramatic directors would march outraging armies through tender citrus nurseries and cause explosions in the big punches that would addle expensive setting eggs for miles round.

"Who called this stuff the silent drama?" would be the headline of a vitriolic attack in the local paper—and all because some company was making night scenes that necessitated yelping cowboys shooting up a mining town. School-teachers and civic uplifters even objected to bathing girls and harem ladies draping themselves about the soda fountains, and when some daring classicist would try to stage a nature dance in a public park their indignation knew no bounds. Even the most prejudiced movie man must acknowledge that there was much merit in the objections of our best people. And it was the Bill Condons who caused this wrath to coalesce.

After several free and happy years of lawless shooting the explosion of Big Minnie was the signal for the counter offensive. Right away, instead of cities inviting studios to come to their industrial rescue, at the mere threat of such a calamity protective leagues were organized to exclude us. In our own bailiwick restrictive ordinances began to appear that insinuated most exultingly that we were not artists. Our only friends were the real estaters, who exhibited the most alluring figures to show how much money we had brought to the city. Still, it was evident that many of the villagers were perfectly willing to forgo our fiscal boost if they could unload our society.

Time passes quickly in movieland, and though it was but a few years ago, all—or most—of this stuff is ancient history. A few companies still occasionally embarrass the rest of us, but for the most part we have been shaken down, districted and regulated until now our industry is regarded with the same respect as other canning factories. I sincerely believe that the best studios, even in aristocratic Hollywood, are generally looked upon as an asset rather than as a liability.

This does not mean, however, that the spirit of the contest is entirely absent. No, it has simply been changed from brutal war to sport; nowadays we match wits with other fellows. Mr. D. Rottyn-Rich won't let us shoot his place for a picture—and we wish to shoot it. That's all. And we wouldn't even have this contest had it not been for the artistic anarchies of our pioneers. We are paying the price of a glorious but misspent youth.

I have already indicated that location hunting is now an important department of a large studio—especially to those that sometimes have as many as thirty companies scattered over the map, every one of which is working under permit. We wouldn't dream of staging a battle picture on a Miller and Lux ranch or of shooting an elopement from the second story of a Pasadena palace without first securing permission, and paying rent for the privilege—if demanded.

Permits cost all the way from a few dollars up to several hundred, depending on the time we take and the character of a location. A theater, for instance, will charge from twenty to fifty dollars, juice included. When we shoot residential interiors we have to furnish our own juice, the local equipment being inadequate to carry the load of our heavy lights. In this case we bring our own dynamos on a motor truck or install transformers on a high-power line close by.

Vanity of Vanities

Human vanity is one of our greatest assets. When we want to film an audience the director will come out and say: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Filmart Company wishes to shoot about fifty feet of film, and if you'll be good, and laugh and applaud when I tell you to, we'll get some bully stuff, and then you'll all have a chance to see your beautiful maps when the picture is released." This latter remark is what works the magic—down under his skin everybody wishes to act, and to see his map upon the screen. I do—and I like myself; especially a certain profile that makes me look quite as beautiful as Stanley Barryworth! All men are fearfully vain—else why do they wear mustaches and peek at themselves in elevator mirrors? So we may turn on ten flaming arcs and twenty special lights right into the face of an audience; and so alert is everyone to see his precious front that the most myopic will not shade his eyes nor the fritter face avert his gaze.

Besides money and vanities we have other compensations to offer; just think what we can do in the way of publicity! The railroads know this and will grant us any reasonable courtesy; but sometimes a small official will refuse to stop a limited train at a flag station merely to let us shoot an arrival. In that case we simply buy a ticket; and they have to flag the train. Also think what we could do to a railroad if we wished to get snippy. At one time the

(Continued on Page 101)

The pictures you are planning to send to that Soldier of yours—they must soon be on the way if you would make sure that he has them to gladden his heart on Christmas morning.

There's a photographer in your town.

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Makers also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for Men, Women and Children

Home Office: Kenosha, Wis. Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Illinois, and Bennington, Vt.

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I. X. L. was in open warfare with the Mammoth studio, and wouldn't let them shoot so much as a dissolving clinch on the end of an observation car; so what does the Mammoth do? Nothing; except all their comedies occurred on that line, and every time the studio staged a wreck the burning cars were easily identified by the carefully stenciled letters, I. X. L. R. R.

A few reels of this, and peace was restored.

Among merchants and manufacturers there is a sort of freemasonry, and as they regard us as an industry with tremendous booster possibilities their sense of propaganda permits them to let us film their plants, so the securing of industrial locations is fairly easy.

Then again, movie actors vote, the same as the working class, so elected officials are just as kind to us as they dare to be. For instance, though all days are holy to artists there are many of our fellow citizens who object to mob scenes in the boulevards during Sunday service, and the police enforce this one respect upon us. Otherwise our latitude is great.

Our real troubles are with the householders and the landed proprietors. There being no particular novelty or fascination in seeing our grease-painted pets prancing about we are suffered rather than welcomed.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I let the Eureka use my place for one scene. 'It wouldn't take over two hours,' said the fellow who got it; and those devils were hanging round for three days, and they pulled one mob scene that pretty nearly wore out the lawn."

Many rich people feel it beneath them to charge us rent of twenty or more dollars a day, but some enterprising location man invented the scheme of donating these sums to the Red Cross, and now we are stuck for many places we would otherwise have got for nothing, and a lot of well-to-do people are achieving patriotic credit for our donations.

The Clinching Argument

As location scouting has become a real outdoor sport there is no reason why women should not participate, especially as they are more expert than men in the use of our peculiar charms. When I became engaged to Virginia Westlake she interested herself tremendously in my work, and through her social mixing the Filmart has secured some fine locations.

"Oh, George," she whispered to me out at the country club the other day, "I've fixed it for that Japanese garden of the Hole-Works. I told Mrs. Works she ought to have a few hundred feet of her kids at play. 'You should do it for their sakes,' I said, 'so when they grow up they can see how they ran and laughed as little children.' And then I used your clincher: 'It is a shame not to record your present beauty so your grandchildren may know you in your youth!' She grew quite excited over the idea and asked how she could have it done. 'Oh, the studios often take a few feet like that to pay for the privilege of using a garden; I'm sure one of them would be glad to do it; I'll speak to Mr. Hawley about it.' So all you have to do is to call upon the lady and arrange the date."

"And in regard to the Bolton place," she telephoned the next day; "you know Jean Bolton loves to be photographed with celebrities—her library is full of such pictures. I could land her easily if you wanted the place for a star production instead of the stock five-reeler you propose."

"Well," said I, "there is no reason why Gerald Fairfax shouldn't run out and walk through a fake scene so that Miss Bolton can hold his hand in a still, and after that we can shoot our regular stuff. She'll never know."

And thus it is arranged.

The stars are much easier to locate than the stock companies, and often the owners are so pleased to have them as society pets they will even offer them additional inducements. "For Miss Vivian Vane? Why, certainly! I'd be delighted to have her use my place, and tell her that she is welcome to use my apartments for her dressing room, and if you'll let me know the number of people who will be here I'll serve tea."

These offers are sometimes embarrassing to us, for the average society person has had little experience in feeding extras. So dramatic are the appetites of our unappreciated Hamlets that their dietary demands are likely to be unappeased by lady fingers and cheese crackers. In out-of-the-way places we have even had strikes on our hands when the coffee didn't come up to mother's standard.

When we desire a location for several days in succession we try to arrange our schedule to shoot when the family is away. Only this morning I got a long-distance call from the Bolsa Chica Gun Club: "Oh, I say, George," the voice said, "I've just called up the house and the butler tells me the place is overrun with a lot of monks and things, and that they'll be there for several days. Can't you call off your gang on Thursday, for I'm giving a party on that day, and it'll be no place for monks."

Of course, I called them off, though I assured him my monks would feel at home in the most disreputable company.

It is a hard statement to prove, but the fact is nevertheless true, that movie directors are human beings and have a certain sense of fairness. We can understand, for instance, that a wedding or a funeral is intensely personal and the participants might not wish to see their scenes included in a photodrama of doubtful ethics; but what stirs up our sporting blood is to have perfectly legitimate public performances and places denied us.

People with ordinary cameras will wander the world, shooting peasants and palaces with permission and gratitude, or at least forbearance; but just stick a movie camera up anywhere and instantly the villagers—especially those with long memories—will see a chance to extort or graft.

Anyone has a perfect right to take a picture of a row of houses across the street. On the other hand there is nothing to prevent the tenants of said houses prancing up and down in front of their places, waving brooms or mops, and thus spoiling the picture. And that is what many of them will do, unless we come across with gentle bribes for everybody within the range of the camera. It is this bleeding of our companies, because we are supposed to be rotten with money, that so challenges us to get scenes without expense.

Ordinarily if we wish to use a man's yard and front door we offer to pay, but often a company doing straight dramatic stuff in the street, that interferes with nobody, will be held up by one smart Aleck who will crab a picture from beginning to end.

"Say, old man, may I borrow that broom for a few minutes?"

"The rent on that broom is two dollars," the grinning devil will say; and if his price is cheaper than delaying the company while we send for one we are stuck. Don't ever tell a location man about the extortions of European peasantry. We have a few over here. Why, even a neighbor will come along when we are shooting an apparently empty house, and claiming ownership will demand five dollars. As we can't afford the time to disprove his assertions we have to pay unless we can outwit him.

Handling the Cut-Ups

The comedy studios suffer most from the smart Alecks and extortionists, and consequently they have a more highly perfected technic of witmatching. The custardists pull so much ad-lib stuff they often do not take the trouble to secure permission to shoot a spontaneous scene. But as these tumultuous artists are likely to collide a couple of breakaway automobiles in one's front yard the villagers have achieved stupendous prejudices.

The brightest trick of the comedy companies is to carry their own police. So well done is this studio employee that the crowd usually believes him to be the real thing, and consequently respects his authority. Once in a while some wise guy in the side lines knows the gag and starts kidding the cop, but I remember one time when the tables were turned on the local cut-ups, and the neighborhood has never stopped kidding them.

A director was all set up for a certain scene when a bunch of roughnecks started in to crab the picture, so he sent his assistant in to telephone for help. Pretty soon up drove a patrol wagon, and after giving the six cops the pinch sign they bundled the crowd into the wagon and drove off. But as the wagon and cops were all from the studio they simply rode the foolish boys round the town and then let them out in the suburbs. In the meantime the director shot his scenes.

Another bit of strategy that usually works is to pull off a counter attraction so as to divert the nuisances. Some old busybody down the street, who has perhaps been refused extra work at the studio, will butt in.

"Say, Mrs. Murphy, are you going to let them movie fellas use your front gate? Well, nick 'em for twenty-five; they'll pay it all right if they want the location real bad."

An argument starts, and while the storm is raging people are seen running down the street.

"Wow, what's the excitement, Al? A fight?"

And sure enough, down in front of the barber shop two brutal creatures are profanely beating each other up. So great is the fascination of violence that a fight or a fire will always draw a crowd. But our violence always stops when the whistle blows, for by that time we have shot our scene in sweet solitude.

Someone will have to get up a new ethics defining what constitutes theft in this game. If shooting pictures without permission is stealing, then I'll have to admit that we are forced into a life of crime. But if the shooting is painless and the thing we steal leaves the victim no poorer, then we refuse to believe that we have worked any injury. On the contrary, society as a whole is made richer by our celluloid pilferings. Is stealing a look at a pretty girl immoral?

Circus Strategy

Take the case of filming a circus parade, for instance. The cost of staging such a show is well-nigh prohibitive, and the circus people knowing this hold us up to the point of absurdity. But there is no law forbidding one's taking pictures in public thoroughfares; nor is there a law forbidding a man's blowing smoke in front of our camera or walking up and down looking into the lens. Many circuses have men employed for just such purposes.

Therefore we have to hide our cameras in moving vans, taxicabs or behind signboards in order to shoot. One director I know had a phony camera set up, and while he ostentatiously quarreled with the circus man another camera concealed in a switchman's tower only thirty feet away was shooting the scene desired. The action in this case showed a young girl dashing out of the crowd, and to the surprise of everybody she called to a Roman riding a horse, and as he recognized her he reached down and pulled her up into his arms and rode out of the picture in a blissful clinch. Of course, the Roman had been planted by the director, and immediately after the scene both actors left the parade and ducked into a waiting auto.

This episode reminds me of another sprightly adventure of which I shamefully admit the authorship. I was with the Clingstone Comedy Company at the time and we wanted the scene of a girl going up to ask a crossing policeman a question, and then throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him. I tried to arrange for one of our own cops to do the part, but the chief said it wouldn't be safe to make a substitution during the busy part of the day, and that was just the time we wished to shoot it. So we decided to take a chance on having the girl kiss a real cop.

The next day I went down to pick out my happy victim, for we didn't want the scene spoiled by a great indignation. So after asking directions from eight of these human semaphores I decided on a big Irishman on the corner of ——th and Spring. He looked kindly and his nationality was propitious, for no Irishman would ever get sore at being kissed by a pretty girl.

Saturday at high noon—whatever that is—a young handsome girl from the country, carrying a suitcase, was seen to dodge the traffic and walk up to Officer Geegan—we will call him—and after whispering something to him, which caused him to stoop, threw her arms round his neck and gave him a resounding smack. At the same moment a closed taxicab passed round and an anxious camera man within reeled off the amorous scene.

No actor could have registered such perfect surprise as did the blushing traffic officer, and no paid bunch of extras could have shown the ribald joy of the midday shoppers. The cop was a real sport, and instead of crabbing called out to the grinning director: "Don't you have to make a retake on scenes like this?"

The whole police force saw the picture when it was released; but I have heard

(Concluded on Page 103)

STOCK LIMIT
WRAP UP A 60 DAYS SUPPLY OF THESE FORMS AND ATTACH THIS TAG TO THEM
THIS PACKAGE should be placed in such a position that when all the packages have been used up to this one, you will have from two to three months' supply left. When this "Stock Limit" package has been reached advise us to re-order AT ONCE from us or YOURSELVES. You to re-order so as to prevent unnecessary inconvenience to YOURSELVES
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LOOSE LEAF AND STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT
STOCK LIMIT

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A supply of these "Stock Limit Tags" is free to any firm

USE of these tags will automatically insure that your office routine is never interrupted through shortages of necessary record-keeping forms.

It is an adaptation of the method employed by many factories to insure early enough re-ordering of materials.

• • •

All manufacturers should now be allotted a longer period in which to fill orders, especially orders which can be anticipated.

For then, despite delays in obtaining raw materials, the withdrawal of men to fight or slowness in transit, the manufacturer has a sufficient time-margin.

He is enabled to fill emergency orders—for you or for others—which could not be foreseen.

Given ample time, he can provide you with supplies of the customary dependable quality. This aids your newer helpers.

Correspondence relative to deliveries is averted. Work is thereby saved in both organizations which is essential when forces are under-manned.

• • •

Let us strive, in these abnormal times, to keep whatever we can normal. One way, therefore, is to use these "Stock Limit Tags" and order accounting-recording supplies you are certain to need 30 or 60 days farther ahead than in peace-times.

For "tags" or information write Dept. M., nearest factory.

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No. 14 of a Series

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PROGRESSIVE grocery, department, hardware and drug stores everywhere throughout the United States are displaying this Counter Standard as a reminder to women that Lyknu—the "one-cloth" polish—takes the hard work out of polishing furniture.

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"CLEANS AND POLISHES AT ONE TIME"
FOR
FURNITURE-FLOORS-PIANOS
OR ANY POLISHED SURFACE
PRICE 25¢ 50¢ AND $1.00
LYKNU
POLISH
To have your furniture "Made Like New" look to the "Lyknu Maid"
FOR FINE FURNITURE FLOORS PIANOS
ONE EASY OPERATION
To have your furniture "Made Like New" look to the "Lyknu Maid"

The next time you see this display, let it remind *you* to get a bottle of Lyknu so that you may save yourself four-fifths of the work, three-quarters of the time and one-half the usual cost of polishing your furniture.

You simply shake bottle well and moisten a piece of cheesecloth with a few drops of Lyknu by applying cloth to mouth of bottle. Then, with this cloth—which is the only cloth needed—you go over your furniture, rubbing only until dry.

No second cloth is necessary—no second operation—none of the usual hard work of laborious rubbing!

Lyknu cleans, polishes and dries at the same time, removing all grease, gum, oil and dirt and restoring the original, beautiful finish of your furniture—*just like new.*

Three sizes:—

25c, 50c, $1.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25c for bottle, mailed prepaid.

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 101)

that Mrs. Geegan wouldn't go near the horrid show.

And this reminds me of another kind of larceny that we practice with diabolic glee, for it saves us a heap of money and the results are impossible of imitation. These are the pictures of crowds who innocently perform for us.

The registering of interest, horror, surprise or merriment is too much for hired atmospheres, for the technic of the average extra man is not conspicuously convincing: but a real crowd is elementally truthful. So if we wish to get true expressions of human emotions we have to frame an accident, quarrel or comedy, and then have a concealed camera shoot the crowd square in the face. In order to get a good registration of horror George Middleton went so far as to drop a dummy from an airplane at the beach one day.

This same director wished to film a crowd witnessing a prize fight without having to pay a thousand dollars for the scene, so he put up a sign on the boardwalk inviting the bunch in. But beach crowds are canny, and everybody suspected some bunk whereby he would be expected to pay two bits or so, and only a few went in. Strategy was then resorted to. A beach crowd always gathers to see a scene shot outdoors, so George set up his camera down on the sand, pulled off a few phony scenes, each time working his way back to the prize ring.

Finally he said: "We'll shoot the next scene inside, boys."

"Shall I let the crowd in?" asked his assistant.

"Aw, that's all right, if they behave themselves," called the innocent George.

And sure enough, a thousand or more unpaid extras crowded in and furnished the atmosphere for nothing.

Sleuthing Out Love-Lots

Automobile races are spectacular affairs that lend themselves to fine dramatic punches, but it is pretty hard to use them, because one may not interrupt such terrific action just to shoot a scene. The prize for having overcome this difficulty goes to Ben Bluett of the Bioscope. What does he do but enter a car in the last Vanderbilt race with Frank Goodhue as driver. Frank had been an old-time racer before he became a camera man, so he knew both angles of the game. On the day of the great auto classic no one knew that the big red car—Number Seventeen—was naught but a studio prop. Running third for most of the way the crowd on the long San Vincente straightaway was shocked to see it skid and turn over when going at a terrific speed.

As most of the cameras on the job that day were on the curves it was considered the height of good luck that the Bioscope fellow got the scene. Afterward Frank and the car were used in all the necessary close-ups. It was bright of Bluett to frame such a picture, and brighter that he secured the services of a daredevil who could turn his car over in such circumstances.

In a sport where the shooting has become harder and harder and the huntsmen increasingly numerous the keenest of rivalries develop. The prop men are fairly friendly and often telephone from studio to studio borrowing chairs, meat axes and what not, but you can bet we don't give away any locations we've dug up and consider ours by right of discovery.

In my peregrinations about Southern California I have secured fifty-six photographic records of possible love-lots which I guard most jealously. Yet every now and then I go to a new release and discover that one of the other hounds has beaten me to it. I forgot that maybe you do not talk our language, so I'll explain that a love-lot is the technical name for a romantic location; a picturesque spot in which to stage the dissolving clinch at the end of the story. A fine love-lot is a cinema pearl of great value.

This studio rivalry has often resulted in encounters. Suppose two rival companies arrive at a chosen locality at the same time! On one occasion the Climax and the Bioscope met up in Topanga Cañon to make battle pictures. The rival directors each claimed the location for his studio. Language ensued that caused several live oaks to wither and die, but neither artist would give in. Finally each gave the pinch signal to his retainers, and a sham battle was pulled off that was not in either script.

If one of those armies had attacked a civil populace the blank cartridges would have stampeded it in great fear, but when two movie armies met and tried to kid each other into believing that they meant business the result was not convincing; besides, these extra people all know one another, and belong to the same order, so the fighting was not fruitful of decisive results. Finally the less stubborn of the directors picked up his marionettes and went off farther up the cañon.

Another queer encounter took place out in the San Fernando. The Mammoth owns several hundred acres of shooting there, but what was to stop the Climax from using a location just outside the Mammoth line? Nothing, except the wind, for in this strange battle victory lay on the side with the heaviest smoke pots, and the Mammoth being close to its base it simply deluged the enemy with impenetrable smoke.

The big dramatic studios all stand in dread of the custardists, for to the violent and happy comedians no location is sacred, and they regard the stealing of a rival set as one of their finest jokes. Imagine building a great temple as a background for a sublime allegory, and a week before it is released to find the world laughing at a cataclysmic chase of hooligans all over its classic façade! To guard against this sort of comic piracy the set is covered with the builders' advertisements except at the time it is being used.

One famous burglary occurred on the Mammoth lot right in the middle of the day, when twenty or thirty companies were working all round. One bright and sunny day in February the usual crowd of tourists was there, and among the sightseeing busses wandering round was one from a rival studio. Arriving in front of a certain set that had been built at great cost several of the occupants got out to inspect the make-believe castle interior, and all the time they were on the stage a camera concealed in the rubberneck wagon was grinding off a record of a well-rehearsed little scene. The Mammoth officials never knew—and won't till they read this—how their set was stolen.

Celluloid Superburglars

The great difficulty in guarding against the jolly burglaries of the comedy studios is due to the outrageous hours they keep. They'll get up at sunrise to shoot an auto race before the motor cops are out, or if they hear we have secured a fleet of airplanes they may sneak in at one A. M., shoot during the burning of a bunch of flares, and be off and away before the sleeping watchman is aware of the joke. One of the superburglars of our craft has such a magnificent record that he has been bought by one studio after another, until his resourcefulness is now rewarded with a huge salary. And the best—or worst—of it is, he knows the inside of every picture plant in movieland. His success suggests a highly moral scenario entitled: The Reward of Vice. It may be our ethical inheritance from the past, but many studios regard this kind of poaching as a fine and noble sport!

I hope I have not given the impression that the life of the location scouts is one of perpetual stealing. Most of these adventures resulted from a sudden mushroom growth that ruthlessly made its own code according to necessities. Now, however, the industry is at last on its feet and our ethics are well defined.

In our office we are under the strictest injunction to obey the government regulations regarding shooting fortifications, shipyards or other scenes that are liable to confiscation or censorship; we must secure permits and pay for important locations, obtaining signed releases from the owners, and in case of damage we hold ourselves entirely responsible. Nowadays when we go on location we insist upon the owner or a representative being present, and we take along studio attendants whose sole duty is to see that no vandalism takes place. The extras are no longer permitted to stroll all over the establishment, but must sit in the company machines until the director is ready to shoot.

This does not mean that our wits have been put on ice. On the contrary, our job is merely to find new locations, and then to get a full permit for shooting; and I can assure you the stealing of the picture was child's play compared to the latter.

Wheresoever the story be environed it is up to us to furnish the atmosphere.

"George, I want an old English garden with a brick wall; you'll have to find one where the owner has gone away and neglected the place, for it must be full of weeds."

That's a jolly assignment, is it not? Last week I motored three hundred miles to discover a swamp with certain grasses; and returned to find exactly what I wanted over at Bimini, only three miles away. Our greatest cross is a horticultural one. Palms and eucalypti grow everywhere in Southern California, yet seventy-five per cent of our locations must be in northern latitudes.

The Fade-Out on the Pier

If things go on as they are now all our outside locations will soon be exhausted or closed to us. As it is we are depending less and less on the world of realities and are building our own sets. California has its own characteristic architecture, so the few period houses that give other local color have been shot to pieces. Either we shall have to go to the actual places in the stories or, as I say, erect our own sets. Already many studios have streets that, with but a few changes, can be used over and over again; also public buildings and typical residences built on the lot are left standing so that they can be used for new stories.

Well, we win. The Filmart will begin shooting the Yndart place next Monday. My social accomplice turned the trick that will be the talk of movieland.

"George," said Virginia Westlake as we motored down to Seal Beach last night, "I feel a bit guilty over the way I have been wasting my time. You know how decent everybody is when his patriotism is appealed to? Why, even the tightest have melted when they felt the simple granting of a movie permit was helping the country. But sometimes we use patriotism for ulterior purposes—and I don't think it right.

"Knowing Carmelita Yndart's interest in the Red Star, I joined so as to frame up a propaganda film which would let you in to shoot your own stuff; and the scheme worked perfectly. We spent all day yesterday picking out locations on the estate. But when I saw the heart that she was putting into her work I suddenly developed a greater concern for the wounded horses and dogs of war than I had for perfectly sound movie actors, so that is the last location I am going to get for the Filmart. I'm going into the service."

"And I have been thinking," I replied, "that I'd rather try to shoot a real location—like Berlin—than to go after its counterfeit over here. Let us leave this perfectly useful industry to the old men and the children."

"Now, George, you've said something! I've been waiting to hear that sentiment for a year. And—and—if you make good on it I'll promise, in your absence, to find the location for that domestic-happiness story you've talked so much about."

A certain delicacy of feeling forbids my telling of the fade-out in the moonlight on the end of the long pier.

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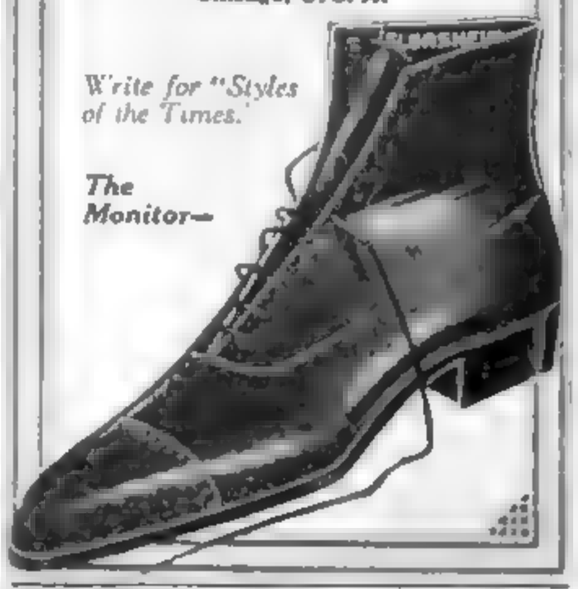
Write for "Styles of the Times."

The Monitor—



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O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
100J Detroit Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

POOR RICHARD'S COME-BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

When the management sent up a bill
labeled "Dig!"
Sig called it an insult to social democracy,
Cursed the hotel as a den of plutocracy,
Finally paid,
And his exodus made
With his wife and his children. As flat was
his wallet
As the present position of Robert La
Follette.

When they got to the city they found that
the hard
Landlord had pounced
On their flat and had bounced
Most of their furniture out in the yard.
Sigismund yelled, growing red in the ears:
"It's a plot against me by those vile profiteers!"
But his Mame, giving way to a sort of despair,
Flopped in a chair by the side of the gutter
And gave herself vent to a long-suppressed
mutter:
"I should like to suggest
That I've labored ten years and have had
my first rest.
It went pretty fine,
But I'm free to opine
That we ought to start in now along a new
line.
In all these long years, by some psychical
quirk,
You've done the thinking while I've done
the work.
But now I repeat—
Since we're out in the street—
It's time the Old Man was becoming effectual
And letting his wife do the high intellectual."
"Meaning," he snorted, and chewed at the
bridle,
"That I should keep busy while you remain
idle?"

"Something like that,"
She answered him flat.
"While you've run the universe *I've* slaved
and chored.
Kept bed and board
For Milord."
This was an earful!
He raged something fearful.
"Why taunt me now with the poor contribution
You've made to my lifework of world revolution?"
He might have asked more, but her chilliness
grew
As she gathered her children and stiffly withdrew,
Remarking she knew
His punk point of view,
Which added no chew
To the family stew.
Good night and
adieu
To the word-
barbecue.
Phew!
Poor Sigismund sighed. He had married a
shrew.
Then he turned his great brain on an open-air speech
To make on his soap box to-night by
the park;
A stinging invective, a strenuous speech
Aimed at the plutocrat's ways that
are dark.
He would hammer old Plute,
The brute,
Down to his knees
With such questions as these:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?
How long will vile poverty cumber the
earth?".

II

'TIS strange that the box that is builded
for soap—
That symbol of cleanliness, industry, hope—
Should, when it is voided of cakes saponaceous,
Serve as a rostrum
For many a nostrum
As grimy as sin and which smells like—good
gracious!
'Tis strange that the soap box should offer
a spacious
Field to the prophets who advocate slaughter
Of everything friendly to hot suds and water!
Should stand as a roundabout, sly sympathizer
With the work
Of the Turk
And the deeds of the Kaiser
By scorning obedience, shouting resentment
And preaching the doctrine of world discontentment!

Yet such was the box which our Sigismund
Shuck
Set in free air
Out by the square,
Mounted, a base for the pose that he struck.
No sooner to-night
Was he poised on the height
Under a capitalistic arc light
Than those who had dodged Crowder's law,
work or fight,
Thronged from their restful, habitual benches
Like Germans pronged suddenly out of their
trenches.

The night being balmy, the crowd, so it
seemed,
Was larger than Sigismund's fancy had
dreamed.
They gathered so near that his elbows could
poke 'em,
Crying, "Oh, soak 'em!
Choke 'em!"
But as Sigismund stood on his eminence
there
A psychical something seemed thick in the
air,
A something which stared at him out of the
trees
Like a specter unseen—
You know what I mean—
A thing that sticks round and just rattles
your ease.

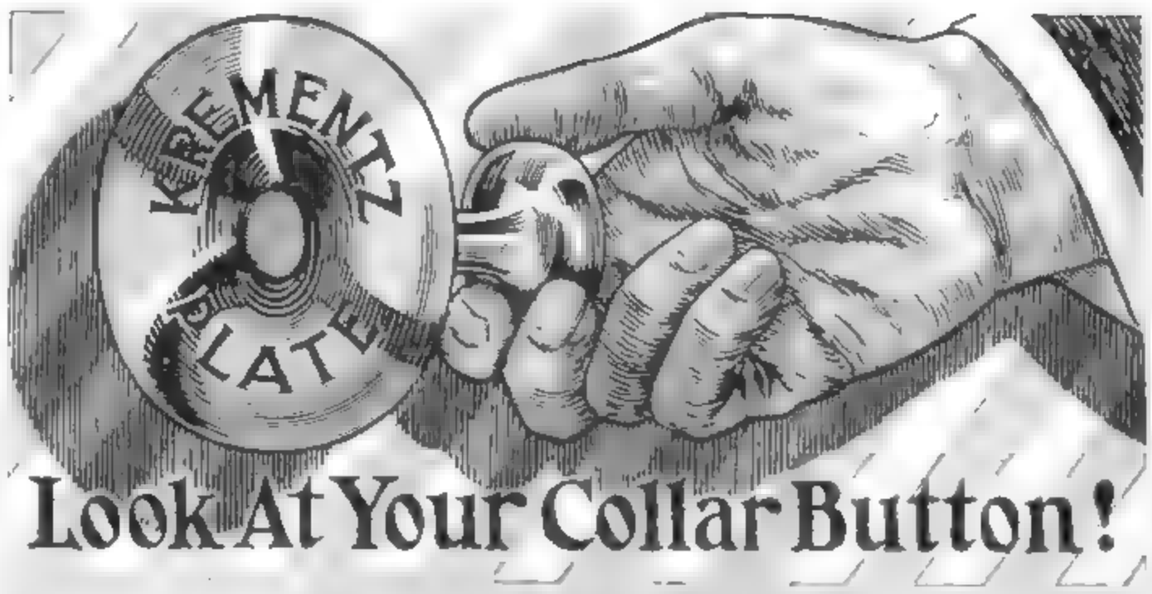
However, great Sigismund threw out his
vest,
Filled up his chest
And the ranks of the chronic insurgents
addressed:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?"
He paused for a space,
Screwed up his face—
"How long will vile poverty clutter the
earth?"

'Twas then the reply
Loomed high—
My, oh my!
Towering right over him, catching his eye,
A giant iron statue rose out of the throng.
Built by some maker
Of hardware and knockers,
Clad like a Quaker
In quaint knickerbockers,
The walking colossus came striding along,
Shaking the earth with its Juggernaut tread
As it lumbered right up to the soap box
and said:
"Sigismund Shuck, since your questions are
two,
Kindly step down. I will answer for you."

Though mightily scared,
Sigismund dared
To croak, "Who are you with your butt-in
so rankin'?"
Such a clang as the toiler
Bangs forth from a boiler
Rang high:
"Who am I?
At your service, plain old-fashioned Benjamin Franklin."

And the next that he knew, with the rudest
of shocks
An iron hand yanked Sigismund off of his
box,
While on the frail platform one metal-cast
shoe
Stepped up, went through.
The statue, iron-wigged and devoid of a
hat,
Now smiled on the throng like a good democrat
And mildly began:
"As a practical man,
Let me answer the questions—I think there
are two—
Which our serious friend has propounded
to you.
Firstly: When will the epoch of reason have
birth?
Second: How long will poverty clutter the
earth?

"Let us pause for a season
And contemplate reason.
Reason is merely a state of the eyes;
'Tis easy to see it as soon as you're wise.
While the fool with the rainbow goes flirting
and flitting,
Reason stays home and attends to the knitting.



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COVERS THE CONTINENT

The way to gain reason—this logic is cool
Is merely to pause and stop being a fool
'Tis foolish for doctors with science insistent
To write out prescriptions for ills nonexistent
While plenty of lusty diseases go raging
With nary attempt to effect their assuaging.
Thus fools stand in tatters
Discussing high matters,
Giving advice to fine tailors and hatters,
Attempting to prove to the sloth and the shirk
That the world can go on without patience and work;
That fields can be plowed without horses and motors;
That crops can be gleaned
And streets can be cleaned
By election reforms and appeal to the voters;
That privates should all sit on generals' benches
And nothing but generals serve in the trenches.
Such reason, my friends, would fill many a barrel
And tickle the ghost of the late Lewis Carroll

"Now speaking of poverty—good sir or madam,
This is the curse of our ancestor, Adam:
'Till the end of all time man shall feed himself—how?
By relaxing his pores and thus wetting his brow.
Call yourselves radicals, plain opportunists,
Trotskiviks, Bolsheviks, anarchs, communists·
Call yourselves Jabberwocks, bluebirds or goats—
I know what you are by the hang of your coats.
The same lack-a-daisy,
Perfectly lazy
People who always have driven me crazy.
While you hide your true state in elaborate fables,
Vending vile sloth under beautiful labels,
You gather in mass meetings, ask in dismay
Why your breeches grow holier every day.
A garment will ne'er grow the fresher, my friend,
With two folks to tear it and no one to mend.
Continual dripping will wear a stone thin,
But a million fine words will not fill a peck bin.
While Industry whistles along with his load
The mendicant Laziness crawls on the road
And hobnobs with Poverty, who, in the race,
Will always slow down to the lazy man's pace.

"My friends, take the case here of Sigismund Shuck"—
Here the tall statue its finger outstuck
At Sig, whose analysis
Suffered paralysis—
"While our Allies are bearding the beast of Berlin
Sig lingers at home and still waggles his chin,
Stirring up strife,
Neglecting his wife
And having, as some say, the time of his life.
Time, Wisdom's tool,
In the hands of the fool
Merely cuts fingers.
Sigismund lingers,
Wasting his prime,
Playing with Time!
While chains must be struck from the races enslaved,
While gold must be gathered, while bread must be saved,
Dark is his guilt.
Awake! There are armies and fleets to be built,
There is wheat to be farmed for two continents' need
And grist to be ground, twenty nations to feed.
Sigismund Shuck,
Down in your muck
You ask, to be sure,
What is poverty's cure—
I'll give you a remedy plain as it's pure:
Work, save, trust in industry rather than luck
And purge your ideas of Sigismund Shuck."

* * * *

What happened to Sig it is hopeless to guess,
For the end of the speech was a wonderful mess
In which the great statue, regardless of shrieks,
Raised Sig from the earth by the slack of his breeks.
Whist, whist!
In a mist
Like a twist
Of the wrist
Of a smart hypnotist
The statue and orator suddenly faded.
Much as you'd duck from a crap game that's raided.

Some say that old Ben took the prophet of strife
Back to his wife
And forced him to promise a usefuller life.
Some say that Sig's record so filled him with shame
That he went to a justice and altered his name
To Abe Lincoln Kidd.

Whatever he did
His former disciples who'd been on the scene
And listened to Benjamin's logic, scared green,
Had cast away sloth and gone seeking positions
In various factories making munitions.
And in one of the mills which by methods corrosive
Makes a surpassingly frightful explosive
They found an industrious workman named Kidd
Whose resemblance to Sigismund couldn't be hid.
Pretty and quaint
Is the picture they paint:
On the hill stands a house with a rose-covered gate
Where Mr. Kidd's kids and his chickens and mate
Live neatly
And sweetly,
Contented completely.
Says Kidd, "Since this war is much worse than old Sherman's,
I'll save some good money and spoil some bad Germans
For I'm one of the nation that's learning to know
If you rob the good soil then the tree will not grow.
And never a country where liberty dwells
Is builded by slackers and rank ne'er-do-wells.
The fellow who can't help himself, it's a cinch,
Can't help Uncle Sam when it comes to a pinch."

The Dort provides efficient cooling with Harrison Radiators

Tagged "O. K."

Manufacturers of high grade Automobiles know that Harrison Radiators increase motor efficiency, provide perfect cooling at all times, assure greater fuel economy, and combine all the qualities essential in a radiator. That is why so many progressive makers have stamped Harrison Radiators with their approval and send them out on their cars tagged "O. K."

Harrison Radiator Corporation Lockport New York

HARRISON

Original Hexagon Cellular

Radiators

National Thrift-Style Exhibit of Grinnell Gloves

October 17th to 26th

ALL STYLES of Grinnell Gloves are now designed for men who *work* or *fight!* They are thrift-styles exclusively—for the Army, Aviation and War Industries, and every civilian purpose. They meet the most exacting requirements as to style, fit, comfort and *wear.*

"Non-essential" styles have been eliminated to aid in the conservation of leather.

The *standardization* of the Grinnell Glove line effects a great saving in leather and labor. Thrift and economy, with *extra value,* are thus assured.

The Grinnell Glove styles that meet the new war-time needs are also best for civilian uses.

THE famous *Grinnell Quality,* maintained for over 60 years, is found in our "Thrift-Style" Gloves.

The National Thrift-Styles Exhibit of Grinnell Gloves, October 17th to 26th, by dealers throughout the country, will afford you an opportunity to supply your glove needs. Don't fail to visit the exhibit of the dealer nearest you.

Despite the world-wide leather shortage, we maintain the famous Grinnell Quality. Insist upon the genuine Grinnell. Look for the name Grinnell—it's there for your protection.

"Our Leaders"

Here are some of the Thrift-Styles in Grinnell Gloves that rank high in public favor:

"The Ace" Best for Aviation
"Aviation Mitten"
Regulation Army Glove

"Officer's Gauntlet"
"Limp-Kuff" *"Bi-Plane"*
"Speedway" *"Fabro-Buck"*

"Grip-Tite" *"Rezistol"*
"Rist-Fit" *"One Finger Mitten"*
"Reindeere" *"Peccary Pigskin"*

"Wooli-kid" *"Fabri-Kid"*
"Physicians Favorite"
Work Gloves

Styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls

Glove Style Book Free

This book describes in detail each of the Grinnell Styles—for automobiling—driving—street—dress and for every kind of work. Ask your dealer to show you these famous gloves. If he does not have the genuine Grinnell Gloves, write us, giving dealer's name, state size of glove you wear and we will send a pair for inspection.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. CO.

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Special Notice to Dealers

Dealers are urged to write for samples of Grinnell Thrift-Styles, together with valuable information about our complete Dealer Service. The standardized line of Grinnell Gloves answers every glove requirement in style, fit, comfort and wear.

25 Broad Street, Grinnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

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GUARDING YOUR TREASURE—By Albert W. Atwood

WITH millions of new subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan the serious problems already raised by the sale of bonds to vast numbers of people who had never before owned an investment security press even more urgently for solution. It is a wonderful thing to have induced all these people to save their money and invest it not only in democracy and freedom but in the world's premier security, a United States Government bond. But the majority were wholly unacquainted with financial and investment affairs, and it might have been expected that many of them would lose their bonds, be relieved of them by theft, exchange them for other securities or articles of less value, and in some cases use the bonds as counters for speculation or other operations that might not help in the prosecution of the war.

All these things have occurred on a more or less extensive scale, and they militate seriously against the benefit to be derived from the sale of Liberty Bonds, both to the nation and to the individual. Nor are these questions solely connected with the ignorance of the masses of the people. Few persons of superior intelligence will lose their bonds or leave them where thieves break in and steal, but only those who are unusually sophisticated in matters financial are sure proof against the temptation to dabble in get-rich-quick and speculative market ventures, a tendency that is increased of course by the possession of added means, whether it be in the form of cash or high-class negotiable securities.

These problems lie deep in the heart of the nonmilitary war program. If there is anything aside from the immediate military aspect of the war that we all agree is necessary to win the conflict it is thrift. Saving has been dinned into the ears of the American people until only the supremely stupid and selfish can fail to realize its necessity. But only a few technical financial experts have ever fully appreciated the fact that thrift is useless unless its proceeds can be safely invested and kept from all harm after they have been invested. The safe investment is provided for superbly in the Liberty Bonds, and on a scale new to the world. But through the fault of no one, indeed very largely because of the inherent and ineradicable weaknesses of human nature, the safe-keeping of them has not been so well provided for. If it were as simple for the masses to keep a Liberty Bond securely as it is to buy it, if they could be made to understand the technic of keeping it and the technic of selling it in case of absolute necessity—then indeed would thrift be doubly crowned and assured of its rightful fruits.

The Epidemic of 1916

One of the persistent chronic diseases of the American body politic is the swindling promoter, the get-rich-quick "broker." He changes his methods from year to year and from generation to generation, but he is always with us. He is always up to a new game, ready to separate people from their money in one way or another. Indeed a high authority whom I consulted before writing this article made this strange and gloomy statement:

"I advise you not to write such an article. Everything in the nature of an exposure of get-rich-quick methods always does harm. Why? Because the faker has the article reprinted and shows it to his victims, exclaiming: 'See, here is the way the swindlers work. Here are their methods exposed. Now see how we protect you from all this.'"

Of course, this is an extreme statement, but it shows how persistent is the evil to be dealt with. Now it will be remembered by those who notice such phenomena that the great stock-market boom of 1916 was accompanied by the worst outbreak of the get-rich-quick disease ever known in the history of mankind. It was a perfect mania of worthless stock jobbing, and promoting schemes, largely of automobile, oil and mining companies. But with the decline in stock-market activity which came after we entered the war the promoting orgy also declined. In New York City some twenty-five fake "brokers" failed in the course of a few months. But the slippery gentlemen themselves did not die. A few escaped to other lands, but most of them went into their regular period of retirement, only to come forth—rather more quietly, it is true—after the flotation of the Liberty Loans.

There is less enthusiasm in the air now than in 1916 for the purchase of stocks, good or bad, and perhaps the masses of the people are less prosperous, though that is debatable. But the masses have infinitely larger sums saved up in the form of Liberty Bonds than they had two and a half years ago. Besides, there are many thousands of women who are earning wages, big wages, for the first time. The swindlers are working on the principle that a poor man possessed of a valuable document for the first time cannot keep it. He is naturally an easier victim than persons who have had long experience in handling valuable documents.

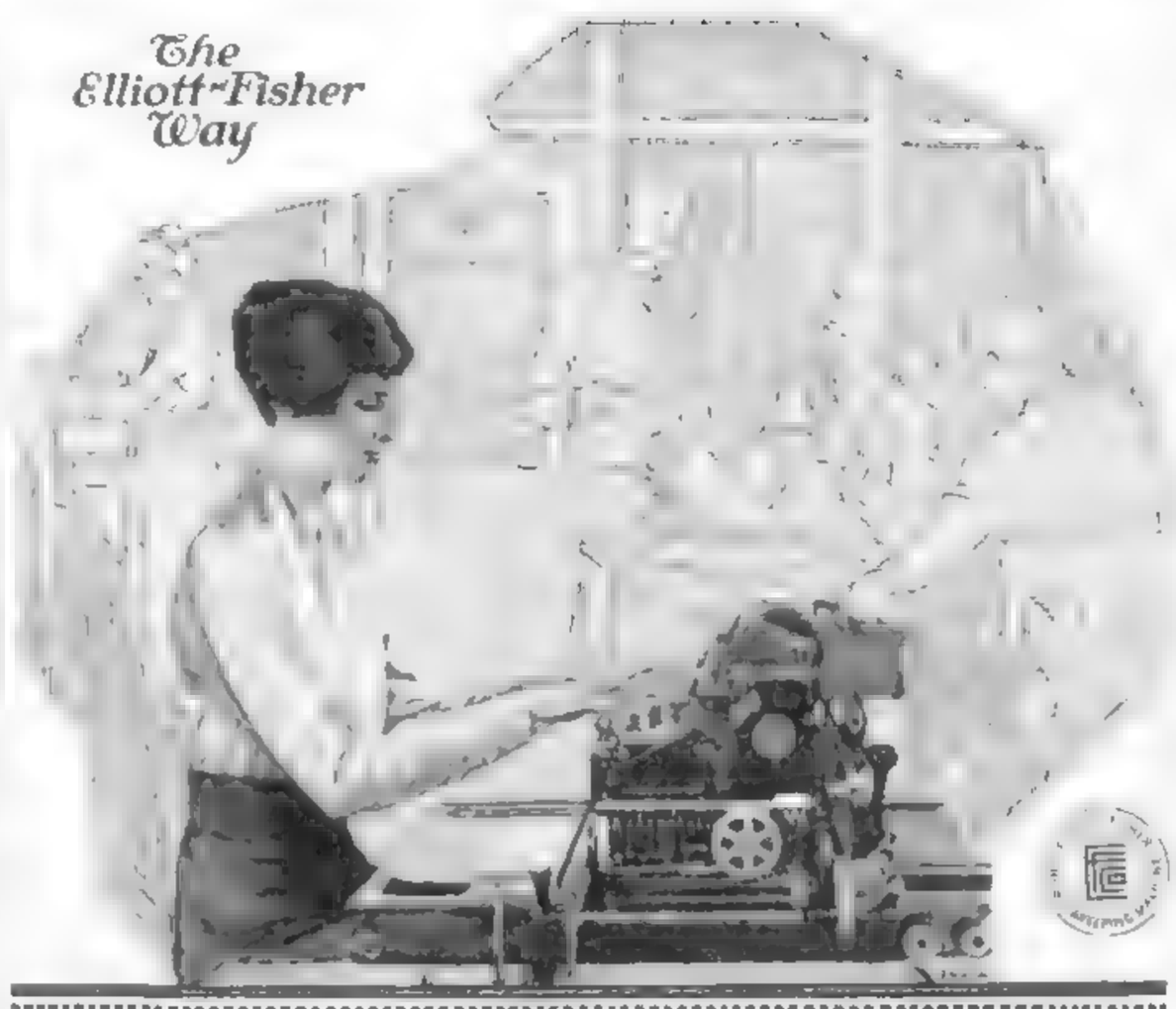
Plausible Fallacies

Obviously there are no reliable figures to show how many Liberty Bonds have been traded for stocks of doubtful value. One authority says that the figure runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars and that since the flotation of Liberty Loans began eighty-five per cent of all stocks of doubtful value placed upon the market have been paid for in Liberty Bonds. The evil is sufficiently serious at any rate.

It is easy enough to understand why ignorant people buy worthless stocks in normal times, but it is much more difficult to comprehend the philosophy, or lack of it, that leads them to buy such stocks with Liberty Bonds. For obviously the promoter does not keep the bond. He sells it and thus helps that much to depress the price of Government securities and lower the Government's credit. As Secretary McAdoo has said, every purchaser of a Liberty Bond should realize that "the only genuine help he gives his Government is by keeping his bond as an investment as long as it is possible to do so."

Of course, there is a false philosophy, the direct descendant of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, which held private vices to be public benefits, which is well expressed in the title of a little poem, "Buy a Bond and Pass it On." Naturally the slick promoter tries to foster this idea. His favorite bait for catching the sucker just now is the oil industry. He is willing to accept Liberty Bonds in payment at higher prices than they are selling for on the Stock exchange, provided the investor will accept in return stocks that are perhaps worthless. He argues that oil is an essential industry.

An Oklahoma newspaper estimates that of all the oil produced in that state in 1917 the stock-promoting companies have been able to produce only .000168 per cent. Even from a selfish point of view little is to be gained and much lost from buying such stock. Fabulous fortunes have been made in oil. Swedish farmers, untutored Indians and all manner of men are reaping huge incomes, sometimes a million a year or more, from oil. But the significant point



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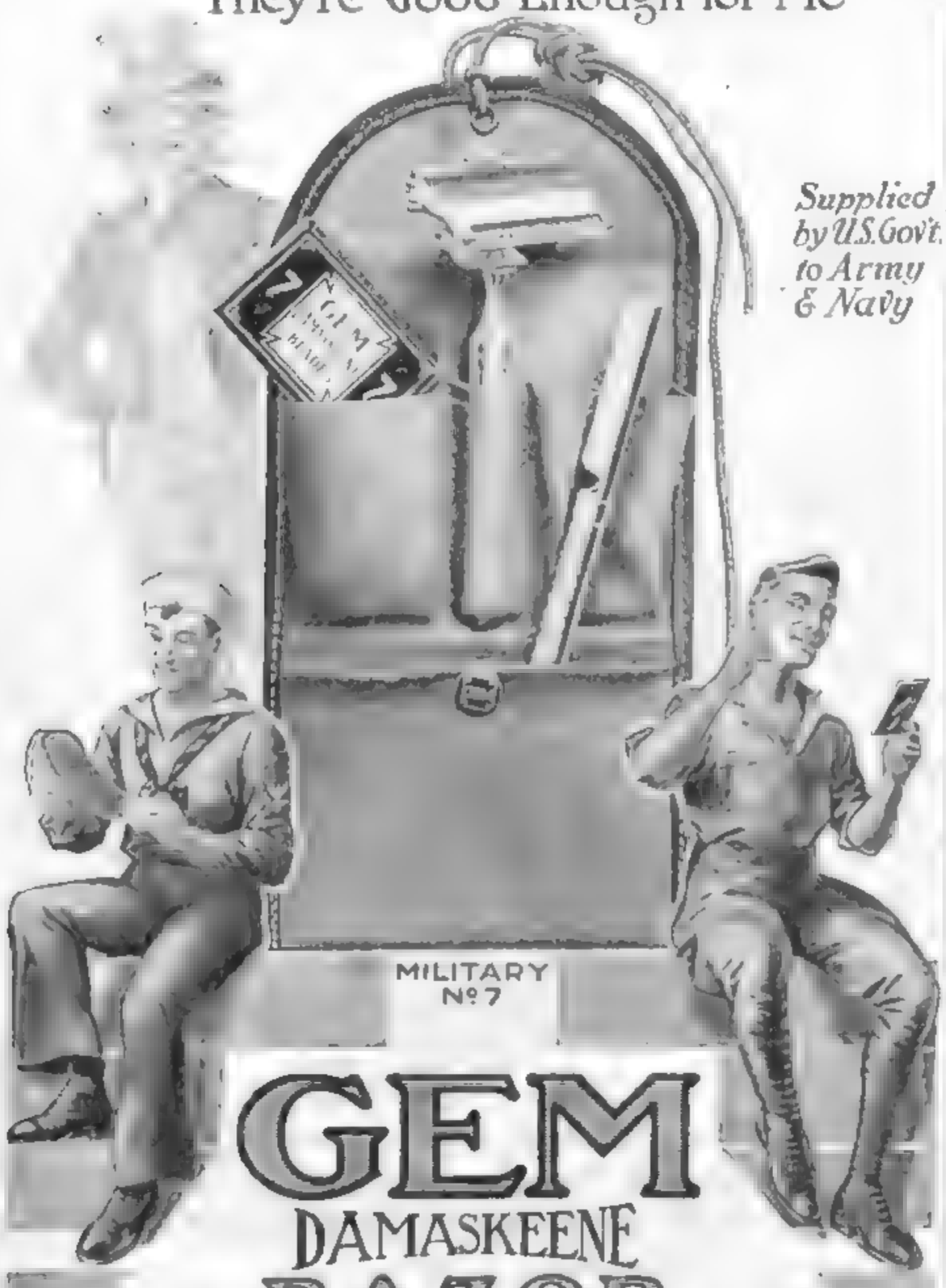


GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR
Khaki Service Outfit

If they suit Uncle Sam—that's enough. He picks winners. He picked the **GEM Service Outfit,** in its natty suit of Khaki—light-weight for the hike—space economizing in the pack. Fit as a fighting man—it is efficient and on the job whenever and wherever called upon. Suits soldiers and sailors to a T. The **GEM Blade** is a winner from the word go—it is keen for service.

The Gem's been good enough to be a winner for over 25 years—millions in use today.

$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Outfit with Trench Mirror $1.35

Add 50c to above prices, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

is that none of the big incomes have been derived by small investors' buying stock in a speculative oil company promoted through flamboyant advertising.

Some of the methods employed by swindlers are interesting. One man offered twenty-one shares of a certain well-known and valuable stock in return for Liberty Bonds, and spoke of its "book value" being $3486 as against a par value of three thousand dollars for three Liberty Bonds. This was perfectly true, but he did not mention the fact that you could sell the Liberty Bonds in the market for several hundred dollars more than the stock. Another favorite trick of a few unscrupulous dealers is to join their more reputable fellows in selling Liberty Bonds during the drives, but quietly urge the purchasers at the same time to take five or six shares of some doubtful stock along with the bond.

It would be both impossible and unwise to prevent entirely the use of Liberty Bonds for the purchase of other sound securities or the use of such other securities to buy Liberty Bonds. The ideal way to buy a Liberty Bond is out of present or future savings. But rather than not buy at all it may be better to buy out of past savings. Many people who had no present or prospective savings, or perhaps mistakenly thought they had none, have sold good securities or borrowed upon them in order to buy Liberties and do their part.

Now the reverse practice, of using Liberties to buy other securities, is not so necessary, but it cannot be wholly abolished. You cannot stop a man who has a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond and an account at a bank or broker's from putting up that bond as collateral with which to buy reputable seven per cent bonds. It enables him apparently to increase his income without selling his Liberty Bond; and if he has ample means with which to pay off his loan both he and the bank or broker gain and the Government suffers no direct loss, because the Liberty Bond is kept intact.

Bonds for Merchandise

But such a practice must be carefully safeguarded and restricted and should not be widely encouraged. It makes for expansion of bank credits just as much as if the stocks purchased were of doubtful value. Then of course such a practice makes for speculation unless one is unusually careful and conservative, and if the speculation turns out to be a very bad one it might even become necessary for the bank to protect itself by selling the Liberty Bond. Finally, any wide encouragement of this custom would lead many fakers to enter the business and further the very conditions so much criticized in the first part of this article.

Many small Liberty Bonds have been disposed of through merchants in exchange for goods, but the Treasury Department has frowned upon this practice for obvious reasons. Though a reputable merchant would of course take the bonds in at their market value his less reliable fellow would either take them at a ruinous discount or if accepting them at the market value would give poor goods in exchange. But a more serious objection to the practice lies in the fact that its official recognition would result in its being so widely adopted as to defeat one of the great objects of the Liberty Bond issues, the conservation of labor and material. It is not presumed that anyone will buy a Liberty Bond who has not enough other money to maintain himself in health and efficiency. Therefore the cashing in of Liberty Bonds to buy merchandise probably means extravagance, which is just what it is hoped the Liberty Loan issues will prevent.

No doubt one fundamental reason for the decline in Liberty Bond prices between loans has been the persistent desire of many people to spend cash or its equivalent whenever they have it. No good will be permanently accomplished by Liberty Loan campaigns unless along with them go equally powerful campaigns of thrift. A man went into a New England savings bank where he had paid all but two dollars on a fifty-dollar bond. He handed the clerk a twenty-dollar bill to take the two dollars out of, and a few minutes later an officer of the savings bank saw the owner of the bond offering it for sale in the national bank a few blocks away. That man was not an investor in any sense of the word.

His highest ideal in life was probably the blowing in of his money.

The inability, or failure for whatever reason, of many small holders to keep their Liberty Bonds has been rendered all the more serious by the fact that so many of the small bonds have been sold at prices far below those prevailing on the recognized stock exchanges. This has resulted in wholly unnecessary losses on the part of persons who could not afford them.

The Safety of Registered Bonds

But it is not the pirate promoter or the less honorable merchant that is primarily responsible for the sacrifice of small Liberty Bonds in saloons, cigar stores, pawnshops, and the like. The disagreeable but unvarnished truth is that hundreds of thousands of people do not know of any other way of selling a bond. They have no bank accounts, and the average day laborer with a fifty-dollar bond would be afraid to go to a reputable brokerage office; and if he did the broker might not be willing to buy the bond unless the workman was identified, a business requirement which merely puzzles and baffles the more ignorant.

It is a highly interesting fact that many snide brokers have fences working for them in saloons and cigar stores picking up small bonds at thirty-five and forty dollars and turning them over to the brokers, who bunch them and sell them at a profit in the market. If a barkeep can pick up a dollar here and there by the necessities and ignorance of his patrons it is bad enough. But it is very bad indeed when he is in the pay of a dishonest broker.

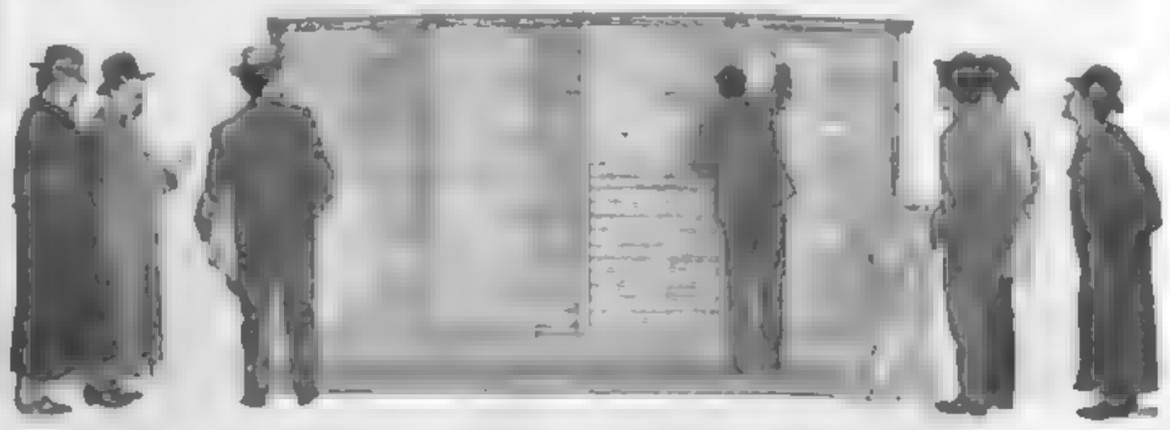
It is certain that no person, no matter how ignorant, will lose his Liberty Bond or have it stolen or be cheated out of it at an unfair price if he opens an account in a good savings bank and consults a banker before selling his bond.

The Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Banks are pushing a campaign of education to induce people to convert their coupon bonds into registered bonds. In the First, Second and Third Loans the amount of coupon bonds sold exceeded the registered about seven and a half times. Anyone who has the first rudiments of financial knowledge is aware of the fact that a coupon bond that is lost or stolen is rarely recovered, whereas a registered bond is quite easily replaced. But the coupon bonds are more easily handled and sold, and are more convenient for all people with business experience and knowledge. When kept in safe-deposit vaults and boxes they are safe enough for all practical purposes.

But the more ignorant know nothing of these differences. They bought coupon bonds simply because that was the kind handed out to them in all cases unless they asked specifically for registered. But the ignorant people had no bank accounts, they had no safe-deposit boxes, and consequently no place to keep the easily lost coupon bonds except about their persons or in the house.

But any bondholder can exchange a coupon bond for a registered bond without cost. It is one protection that he can avail himself of without having a bank account or a safe-deposit box, and for the smallest denomination of bond. A letter addressed to the Treasury Department will bring the desired instructions.

(Concluded on Page 113)



INTEGRITY

Integrity is that quality of honor which commands the faith of men whether it is symbolized by the *soldier* who guards his sleeping comrades or by the *institution* that serves him behind the front.

HESS-BRIGHT
BALL BEARINGS

PHILADELPHIA

Conrad Patent Owners

Men! Isn't this fair dealing?

—a 1918 message about Mayo Underwear

ALMOST every American manufacturer now faces unusual conditions of supply—peculiar conditions of price.

What others in other lines may do doesn't really concern us. But for a company of our size and reputation in the underwear field, the only course seems to be to come right out, lay our cards on the table and leave the rest to our friends. So here goes:—

(1) We are quite frankly uncertain about our ability to supply, this winter, all the friends of Mayo Underwear.

Labor is increasingly hard to get, even for us, who have first call on practically every worker in Mayodan, N. C.—the considerable town which has grown up around our great mills. Men who formerly ran knitting machines now run machine guns. Old makers of underwear are new makers of ships. And, as you know, to a large extent labor regulates production.

(2) Underwear has inevitably increased in price. While the price of Mayo has naturally gone up, it has *only* increased as the price of everything that goes into its making has increased.

So, as it now stands, your dealer may have Mayo Underwear for you and he may not. If you can *get* Mayo, you will be putting your Underwear dollars to the best possible use. The Mayo trademark has always stood for the real money's worth in underwear of real warmth and comfort. It always will.

But what if you can't get Mayo? Why then we tell you to get the best substitute you can. But we do ask you to remember Mayo. Sometime, we don't know just how soon, we will certainly be able to supply everybody again. In the meantime we want to keep our old friends and make new ones. That's why we advertise when we probably can't fill all our orders.

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.
Sales Office: 346 Broadway, New York

WINTER UNDERWEAR
for MEN and BOYS
Union Suits • Shirts • Drawers

(Concluded from Page 110)

In the Pittsburgh steel district some of the workers pasted their bonds on the wall like so much paper. Everywhere millions of people carry Liberty Bonds upon their persons. I have no doubt the police all over the country could tell many stories of Liberty Bonds found on dead bodies. In other words the bonds have been carried round like so much currency. And naturally many have been lost and stolen—with the result that reputable brokers sometimes hesitate to purchase bonds from persons not known to them.

This is where the bank comes in, and especially the savings bank. The savings banks throughout the country have a unique opportunity to serve in this connection. By receiving Liberty Bonds for safe-keeping they perform a real and important patriotic service, and with advantage to themselves. Already large numbers of savings banks have adopted plans for the safe-keeping of bonds without charge, and the number is constantly increasing. When I say without charge it is not intended to intimate that most banks will care for bonds belonging to nondepositors. But many savings banks will open an account for the nominal sum of one dollar; others will take three dollars and others five dollars.

The situation comes to this: The owner of a fifty-dollar bond can open an account usually and leave his bond in perfectly safe hands by merely turning the coupon on the bond in as an initial deposit. With banks that start an account at one dollar—and many of them do—a single coupon on a fifty-dollar bond is more than sufficient. Successive coupons are collected by the bank and credited to the owner on his regular pass book like so much cash, saving him the trouble of even going to the bank to cash his coupons.

Then, too, the public is quite familiar with the savings-bank pass book, and a depositor is less likely to lose a pass book than a mere receipt for a bond. Savings banks have a highly perfected system of identifying depositors so that the chance of a depositor suffering permanently through the loss of his book, or of money being paid to the wrong person, or anything of that kind, is reduced to almost nothing. Naturally when savings banks accept Liberty Bonds for deposit they throw the same system of safeguards and precautions about the business as they do in the case of money.

Providing such facilities for safe-keeping tends of course to prevent people from selling bonds; and it also encourages them to save, because the coupons themselves become interest-bearing deposits as fast as they mature. The bank is benefited because its deposits are increased and because the bondholders will tell their friends that here is a safe way of keeping Liberty Bonds. Of course, the banks are compelled to limit the free safe-keeping of bonds to relatively small amounts, three hundred dollars or five hundred dollars. Stingy people have taken as much as five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds and several thousand dollars in securities to savings banks, expecting them to be kept free.

Once a person has a bank account, either in a savings or commercial institution, the sale of a Liberty Bond in case the money is absolutely needed is a simple matter. Either the bank itself will sell the bond through a reputable broker or will put the depositor in connection with such a broker and supply such identification as may be necessary. Small Liberty Bonds can always be sold through a member of the stock exchange at a price only one-tenth of one per cent less than the price for one-thousand-dollar bonds, which is of course quoted daily in the newspapers. The commission charged usually averages thirty cents, the commissions which the stock exchange charges on Liberty Bonds being less than one-fourth those that the exchange charges the public on any other class of securities.

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ammidon seems worn," he said generally; "they were in the garden, and I had a few words privately with him." Nettie glanced swiftly across the table; her lips moved; but she repressed the obvious question trembling on them. "He showed, I think," he continued carefully, "a very improper interest in you."

"How?"

"He asked if you were well and happy. I most certainly told him, for any number of reasons, for pride alone, that you were."

"Then you told a lie!" she cried in a tone so hard that it surprised him.

"Of course," he went on smoothly, "I know that you are not; almost all your circumstances prohibit that. But I don't intend to circulate it in Salem. Opinion here may have forced you into a long loneliness, but I shan't give anyone the satisfaction of knowing it. And after all, you have your grandfather mostly to blame. You would have been married to Gerrit Ammidon now if he hadn't interfered; you would have been walking about the Ammidons' garden with your hand on his arm in place of that Chinese prostitute."

"I don't see why you should make me so miserable," she declared. "I don't care anything about the garden; it isn't that. Why do you suppose he brought such a woman home?"

"Pique," he told her; "he couldn't care for her in the way he might for, well—you. As I said, he'll drop her on his next voyage to Shanghai; he will leave her and probably never come back to Salem again. I hear that Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone are planning a new policy—bigger ships, clippers in the China and California trade; and that means removal to Boston. The facilities here are no longer suitable for large ships and direct cargoes."

She moved, her chin fell upon her hands, propped up with her elbows on the table. Apparently Edward Dunsack was gazing at the wall beyond her. Her breast gave a single sharp heave. When Nettie looked up her face was flushed.

"I wish that I were really a bad woman," she spoke in a low vibrant voice.

"What is bad and what is good?" He still seemed to ignore her, considering a question that had no personal bearing. "In one country a thing is thought wrong and in another it is the highest virtue. In one age this or that is condemned, when, turn the calendar, everyone is praising it." He became confidential, the image of kindness. "I'll tell you what I think is wicked," he pronounced, leaning toward her, "and that is the way you two were kept apart; unchristian is what I call it."

"Gerrit doesn't care," she said.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "I cannot agree with you. I don't find a great deal in him to admire, he is too simple and transparent; but there's no doubt of this, he is faithful. One idea, one affection is all his head will hold."

"That's a beautiful trait."

A palpable wistfulness settled over her.

"It's greatly admired," he agreed, "though not by me. I believe in taking what is yours, what you need from life. I suppose that I have been away from conventions so long that they have lost their importance. They seem to me of no greater weight than barriers of straw. But of course that mightn't suit you; probably, living in Salem as you have, its opinion is highly important."

"Salem!" she exclaimed bitterly. "What has it ever been to me but an unfair judgment? I owe Salem no consideration; I can't see that I owe any to life."

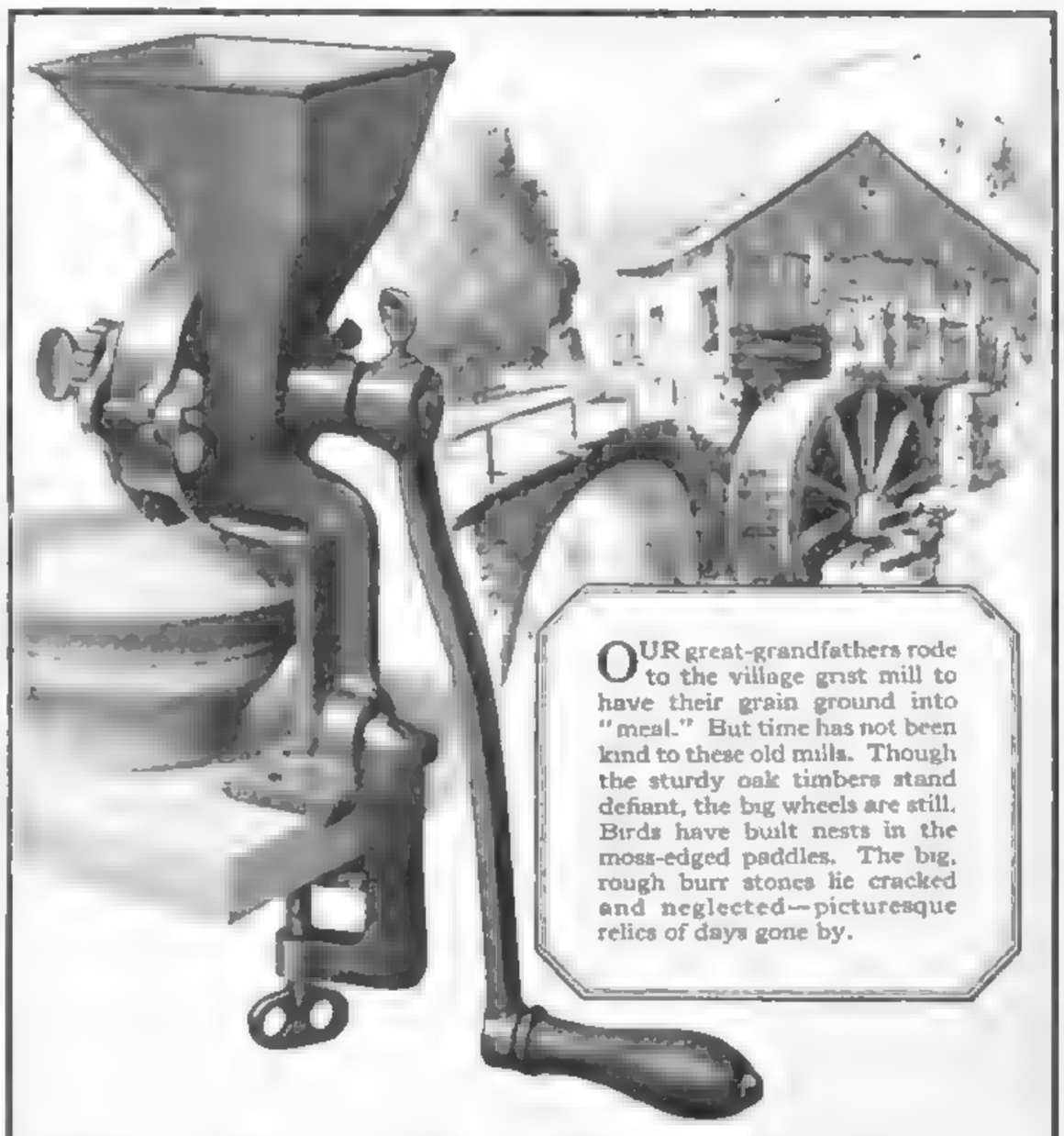
"I don't want to insist on that," he proceeded deliberately. "The tragedy of your position is that, married to Ammidon, everything in the past would have been overlooked, forgotten. Even now ——"

He stopped with a gesture indicating the presence still of large possibilities.

What a vacillating fool the girl was! He could say no more at present; and he rose, leaving the room, with Nettie staring dully across the table.

He went outside to the grass fronting on the harbor. Here last night he had thrown the opium into the water. It seemed to him that he had lived through a complete existence since then; the presence of Taou Yuen had created a new world. He thought she walked to him through the gloom; he saw her slender body grow brighter as she approached; he heard her speak in a low native murmur; their hands caught in an eager tangle.

He put aside momentarily the problem of the difficulties of going again to the Ammidons' for an easier one—the bringing of Gerrit Ammidon here. He was confident



OUR great-grandfathers rode to the village grist mill to have their grain ground into "meal." But time has not been kind to these old mills. Though the sturdy oak timbers stand defiant, the big wheels are still. Birds have built nests in the moss-edged paddles. The big, rough burr stones lie cracked and neglected—picturesque relics of days gone by.

Make Your Own Flour at Home

Today American housewives *can* have genuine, old-fashioned flour. There is a way. Use an Arcade Home Flour Mill. Buy the whole grains—corn especially, and barley, buckwheat, oats, rye, rice, peas, soy beans, also a little wheat. Then make your own combinations, using the percentage of wheat the U. S. Food Administration requests—less if you will. It's the patriotic thing to do.

The Arcade makes the best corn meal or flour you ever used. Grind a little at a time and have it always fresh with all the flavor and nutriment retained. Bake corn bread and muffins and real Southern pone. The family will ask where you got the new recipes.

The Arcade is easy to adjust for grinding all sizes from very coarse to very fine. If you prefer, the ground grain can be sifted to remove the hulls. Also it saves money for you. When you figure it out, home ground flour or meal costs about one-fourth what the mill product costs. The Arcade pays for itself in a few weeks.

Food experts agree that flour made from whole grains is more wholesome and digestible. With the Arcade you can grind your own breakfast food, too, and coarse chicken feed if you like.

Now, there are other so-called home flour mills on the market, but they do not grind the same kind of old-fashioned flour that the Arcade does. So, if your dealer does not sell the Arcade, ask him to get one for you. Price $3.50 east of the Rocky Mountains. For those who wish it we can furnish an Arcade Mill completely equipped to be operated by power. Our new recipe book, "Better Baking for Less Money," will be sent free upon request.

RETAILERS: There will be a big demand for Arcade Home Flour Mills in your community. Be the first to offer them. Get in touch with your jobber now.

The Arcade Home Flour Mill

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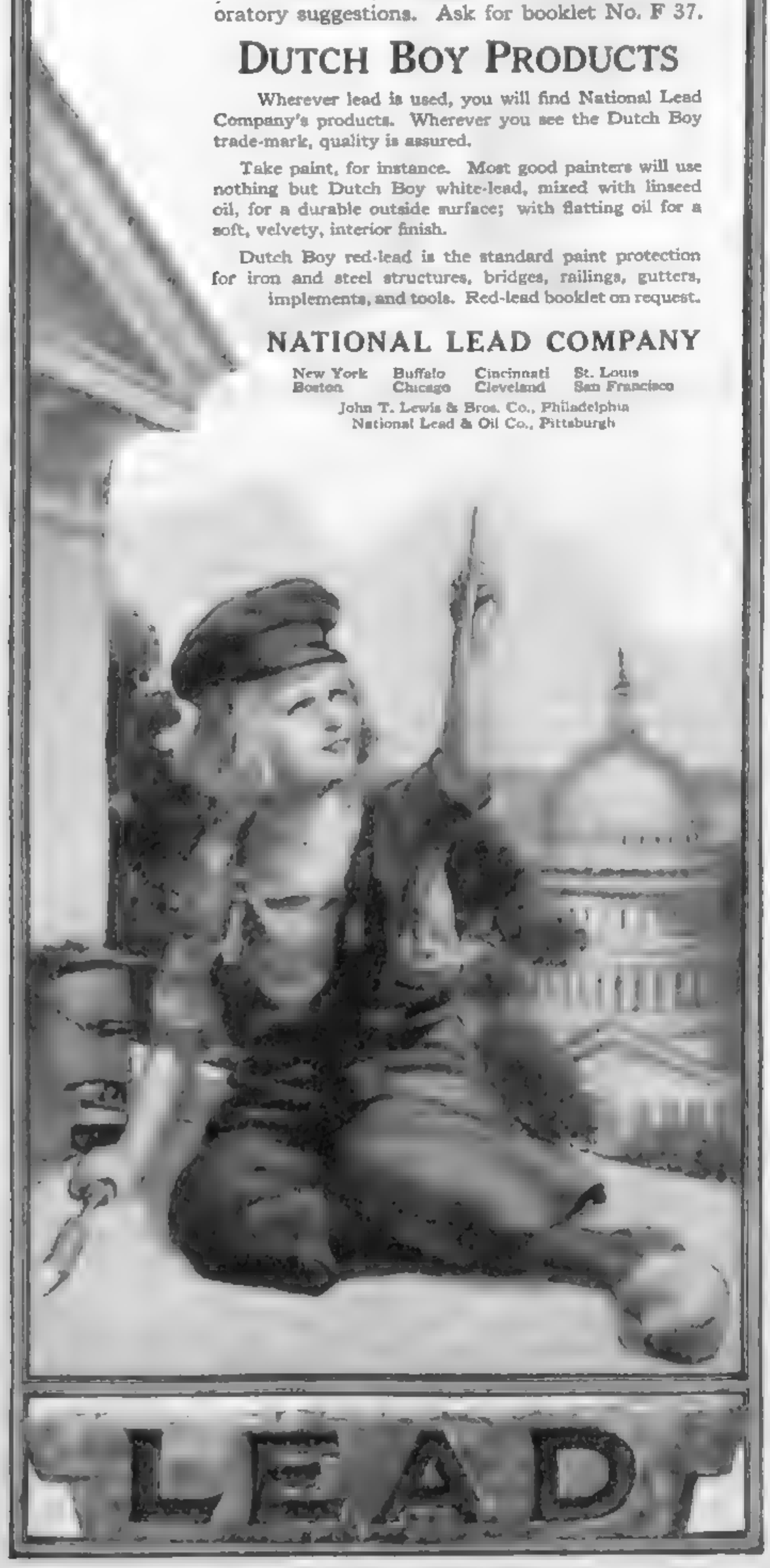

that, thrown together on the still rim of the water, at evening, the emotion born between his niece and the shipmaster and prematurely choked would revive. He had no means of knowing Ammidon's present exact feeling for Nettie; he was counting only on a general theory of men and nature at large. He was already convinced from very wide knowledge, experience, that the other could not form a permanent attachment to the Manchu; and Nettie's great difference, together with the romance of her unhappy position, must have a potent effect on the fellow's evident sentimentality. A dank air rose from the water, like the smell of death; and with an uncontrollable shiver he turned back toward the house.

In his room Edward Dunsack recalled that he had promised himself to throw away the remainder of the opium on this and succeeding nights. In view of that his movements were inexplicable; he got out from a locked chest the *yen tsiang*, a heavy tube of dark wood inlaid with silver ideograms and with a diminutive earthen cup at one end. Then he produced a small brass lamp, brushes, long needles and a metal rod. Taking off his clothes and in the somber black folds of the silk robe he made various minutely careful preparations. Finally, extended on his bed, he dipped the end of the rod into opium the color of tar, held it for a bubbling moment near the blaze of the lamp, and then crowded the drug into the pipe. He held the bowl to the flame and drew in a long deep inhalation. A second followed, and the pipe was empty. He repeated this until he had smoked a mace.

A vivacious and brilliant state of being flooded him; he felt capable of profoundly witty conversation, and laughed at the solemn absurdities of the Ammidons, at his father attempting to call down a blessing out of the empty sky upon their food, at his sister's lugubrious countenance, the childish emotions of Nettie. What a nonsensical strutting business life was.

The confines of his room were lost in an amber radiance that filled all space; it was at once a light and a perfume, and was charged with a sense of impending delight. A sparkling crimson shape floated down from infinite space—Taou Yuen. She wore a bridal costume, cunningly embroidered with the phœnix; a band of red silk about her brow bore the eight copper figures of the beings who are immortal, with a hood of thin gold plate. Her hair was ornamented by the pure green jade pins of summer, and her hanging wrists were laden with fretted white bracelets. Her face shone like the spring moon veiled in low pale mists.

He raised his bony arms—the wide silk sleeves falling back—his emaciated yellow hands. From under his dark eyelids there was a glitter of vision like the sheen on mica. Taou Yuen floated nearer.

Edward Dunsack woke suddenly, at the darkest ebb of night, and started hurriedly to his feet. A sickening vertigo, a whirling head sent him lurching across the room. He came in contact with a chest of drawers, and clung to it with the feeling that his legs were shriveling beneath him. His consciousness slowly returned, and with it a pain like ruthless tearing fingers searched his body. The rectangle of the open window, only less dark than the room, promised a relief from the strangled effort of his breathing, and he fell across the ledge, lifting his face to a starless and unstirring heat. Waves of complete physical exhaustion passed over him. An utter horror fastened on his brain.

"O God," he said with numb lips, "we thank thee for this, thy daily blessing——"

He broke off with an effort. That was his father pronouncing a grace.

"O God," he said again, when it seemed to him that in the darkness he saw the blank placidity of a Buddha carved from gray stone. Tears ran over his sunken cheeks, salt and warm like blood.

VI

THE night was so oppressive, continuing such an unusually sultry period for the season that Sidsall, ordinarily impervious to the effects of weather, was unable to sleep. Though the door between her room and her parents' was shut, she heard her father—his step, at once quick and firm, was easily recognizable—moving about beyond. Her restlessness increased and she got up, crossing the floor to the window open on the garden, where she knelt, the thick plait of her hair across her cheek and shoulder, with her arms propped on the ledge. The depths of sky were hidden in a darkness like night made visible; and in place of moving air there were slow waves of perfume, now from the lilacs and now from the opening hedge of June roses.

Her brain was filled by a multitude of minor images and speculations, but fixed at their back was the presence of Roger Brevard. She approved of him absolutely. He had exactly the formal manner that gave her a pleasant sense of delicate importance; and his clothes were beautiful, a sprig of rose geranium in a buttonhole and his gloves and boots immaculate. She liked rather slight graceful men, she thought, with the quiet voices of a polite ancestry. Naturally Olive Wibird preferred less restrained companions, though heaven knew that Olive appeared to make all kinds welcome. Olive's opinion of Roger Brevard would have been very different if he had asked her to dance.

Sidsall recalled the quadrille he had led her through at Lacy's party; he had been a perfect partner, at once light and firm. He had been a habitual caller at Java Head before that occasion, and had come in the same manner since. That is, casually viewed, his visits seemed the same; but in reality there were some small yet significant differences. They were all held in his attitude of the afternoon when he had stayed talking exclusively to her on the steps.

She couldn't say just what the change was—when she attempted to examine it her thoughts became confused and turned to a hundred absurd considerations, such as, at present, the loveliness of the night. The scents of the flowers were overwhelming. He got on, too, better than almost anyone else with her Uncle Gerrit's Manchu wife. She had watched them together until it had dawned on her that the two had some important qualities in common—they both seemed to stand a little aside from the world, as if they were against the wall at a cotillon. She thought this in spite of the fact that it was precisely what Roger Brevard never did; it was true in the mysterious way of so much now that came from ideas over which she had no control.

The subject of Uncle Gerrit's wife—she had not yet been told or decided for herself what to call her—was inexhaustibly enthralling. But before she was again fairly launched in it she paused to wonder at the appearance of the dreadful Dunsack man on their lawn. His hollow yellow cheeks and staring brown eyes, which somehow made her think of pain, his restless hands and speech—all repelled her violently. Taou—Taou Yuen hadn't liked him either; when, after the longest time, he had gone, she replied to a short comment from her, Sidsall's, father:

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

Someone else had mentioned opium. She had intended to ask more particularly about this, but it slipped from her mind. She remembered that her grandfather made one of his familiar exclamations peppered with an appalling word. He was really very embarrassing, and she was glad that Roger Brevard had left. It was a bad example for Laurel, too, who copied him, and only that morning had said "My God!" to Miss Gomes.

Her mind swung back to the consideration of the Manchu. The latter was the fact upon which Camilla was so insistent, that in this case a Manchu was a noble, almost a princess. Camilla suffered dreadfully from the endless questions put to her outside their house about Uncle Gerrit's wife. She had more than once wept at the public blot laid on them. Laurel was frankly inquisitive, and Janet as puzzling as usual.

The clothes of course were enchanting, the richness of the materials and hand embroidery marvelous; her jewelry was never ending. It didn't seem quite like clothing, in the sense of her own tarlatan and crinoline; her waist, which Hodie wouldn't properly lace, and tulle draping; there was a certain resemblance to the dressing in Van Amburgh's circus; but—in spite of Camilla's private laments—every inch of it was distinguished. The layers of paint upset them, but Uncle Gerrit had explained a little impatiently that it was a Manchu custom adding that the world couldn't all be measured and judged by Salem.

Sidsall liked her rather than not, she decided; and determined to make an effort to know her better. She wanted especially to discover the nature of the

(Continued on Page 117)

How I Learned to Read Character at Sight

The Strange Adventure of Carlton Steele

"That man is a band leader," said the lady in white, turning casually in her steamer chair. "And his companion is the man who owns the band."

I had overheard the little group on the deck of the Mauretania discussing—as is the pleasant habit of ocean travelers the first day out—who their two rather distinguished-looking fellow travelers might be who had kept themselves so aloof since we sailed from Southampton.

From the looks of blank amazement on the faces of the lady's companions, and from their exclamations, it dawned on me that she was telling *what* these men were without having the faintest idea *who* they were.

"You know who she is, don't you?" said my traveling mate, Dr. Allen. "She is the most famous Character Analyst in the United States—Dr. Katherine M.H. Blackford. Let me introduce you," said he, moving over from the rail.

And at that moment began what I consider perhaps the most remarkable—and profitable—experience of my whole life.

"Mr. Steele, I don't know either of them from Adam," said Dr. Blackford with a gleaming smile and a twinkle of her keen, dark eyes, "but I am sure that my conclusion is correct."

Sure enough. We checked up Dr. Blackford that same evening and found that the two "mysterious strangers" were—who do you think?

Why, no other than the Leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the President of the Corporation owning the orchestra (the "band leader" and the "owner of the band").

When I congratulated Dr. Blackford on her quite unbelievable feat she said, "Mr. Steele, you could do that just as easily as I do, if you would only take the pains. Really you could. There is no trick about it, or second sight, or any such rubbish.

"It is just knowing how to size up people by looking at them, and studying in one swift but careful survey their features and physique and gestures and habit of conversation.

"It all seems so simple that I often wonder why every normal man or woman cannot do the same thing.

"But I have taught thousands of people how to read and analyze character—all the way from office and factory employees to state governors, owners of large newspapers and corporation heads."

* * * * *

Right there I made up my mind that whatever else I did when we landed in New York, I would invest five dollars in Dr. Blackford's popular course in "Reading Character at Sight," which I learned her publishers, the Independent Corporation, were now marketing nationally as a far-reaching educational service.

Five dollars! Why, I tell you that Course has been worth five *thousand* dollars to me already. In seven fascinating lessons I have discovered how to tell what a man is like from what he *looks* like. In fact I got the real secret of it in the first lesson, right in my own home.

As a result I am getting to be a judge of character to an extent I never dreamed was possible.

Honestly I never *knew* people before.

It is a positive revelation to be able to "look right through people," as the old saying goes, and be able by applying Dr. Blackford's simple method to tell what people really are—under the surface.

Knowing now the peculiar qualities of the men or women I meet in business—by observing them closely—I know how to deal with them more successfully; how to say the right thing; how to influence them effectively; how to interest them; how to meet them in a business transaction, or a discussion, and secure every proper advantage.

How many times have you said: "Oh, if I had only known him (or her) then as I do now! How different it all might have been."

Dr. Blackford's lessons will save you from any such painful experience as this. Her method is simple and accurate and amazingly easy to master—because it is not drudgery, but just a fascinating game of "sizing people up."

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Photographing character! Sounds as strange as aviation and wireless did a few years ago, doesn't it? Yet that is precisely what Dr. Blackford's lessons teach you to do.

Men and women of all conditions have come to her for knowledge about themselves. Heads of large corporations, engineers, physicians, bankers, educators have studied her course and profited thereby.

I see now why so many thousands have sought Dr. Blackford's guidance in solving the greatest problems of their business and their every-day lives.

I see why she has been sought as counsellor by such concerns as the Scott Paper Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and scores of other great concerns.

Dr. Blackford has a wonderful message, and for the first time it has been put into a popular home-study course of seven lessons at a price within the reach of all.

Do not fail to send for it. It won't cost you a penny to look it over.

When you have spent a half hour with that wonderful first lesson, and see where *you* come in, I strongly anticipate that your verdict will be like that of Mr. L. E. Hawley, of Grand Rapids, who wrote:

> "If I had known years ago what I have learned already from Dr. Blackford's Course, the knowledge would have been worth a thousand times the price of these lessons to me."

Dr. Blackford has shown me a hundred other letters like this from her grateful pupils. She has thousands more.

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CARLTON STEELE

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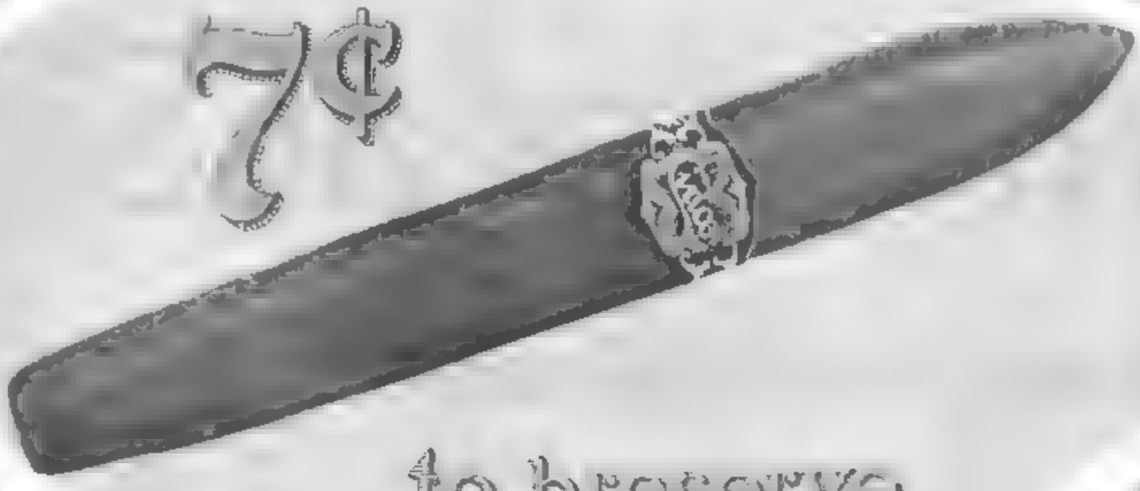

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(Continued from Page 114)

bond that held one to the other, and explore in safety the depths of love. She could not help feeling that her uncle's affair, extraordinary as it was, must throw light on the whole complicated business of marriage.

The clock in the hall struck an indeterminate half hour, it appeared to grow lighter outside, and there was a twittering of birds under the eaves. From above came the vigorous harsh cawing of crows. Suddenly sleepy she returned to bed, and almost immediately the room was flooded with sunlight.

It was an accepted fact now that Taou Yuen, the Garden of Peaches, stayed in her room until long after breakfast; and when Sidsall, rising from the table, found a servant taking up a pot of hot water for tea, she secured it and knocked carefully on the door above. The slurring, hesitating voice said "Come in," and she entered with a diffidence covered by a cheerfully polite morning greeting. She found the other in crêpe de Chine pantaloons wrapped tightly about her ankles and bound over quilted muslin socks with gay brocaded ribbons, and a short floating gown of gray silk worked with willow leaves. Her hair was an undisturbed complication of lustrous black, gold bodkins and flowers massed on either side; and her face, without paint or powder, was as smooth as ivory and the color of very pale coffee and cream.

Sidsall saw that she was at her toilet, and she put down the pot of steaming water, moving toward the door; but Taou Yuen with a charmingly shy gesture begged her to stay. The Manchu swiftly drew a cup of tea from silvery leaves, filled and lighted the minute bowl of her tobacco pipe, deeply inhaled the smoke, then returned to a mirror.

Fascinated, Sidsall followed every motion.

Taou Yuen polished her face sharply with a hot damp cloth and then dipped her fingers in a jar that held a sticky amber substance.

"Honey," she said briefly, rubbing it into her cheeks and palms.

Next she attacked her eyebrows, and skillfully wielding a thin silk cord left arches like pencil markings. At times she interrupted her preparations to turn to Sidsall with a little smile so engaging that the girl smiled sympathetically in answer. There were a gilt-paper box of rice powder with which she drenched her countenance, leaves of carmine she transferred to her cheeks with a wet finger, and a silver pot of rouge from which she coated her lips.

As she gazed approvingly at her reflection Sidsall said, "It's very beautiful."

Taou Yuen's eyes, drawn up toward her temples, shone gayly; and, close to Sidsall, she touched the latter affectionately on the cheek. The cold sharp contact of the long curving finger nail gave the girl an unpleasant shock. It seemed lifeless or like the scratching of a beetle. Suddenly the woman's glittering gaze, her expressionless face stiff with paint, the blaze of her barbaric colors, filled Sidsall with a shrinking that was almost dread.

She was even more oppressed by an instinctive feeling of what she could express to herself only as cruelty hidden under the other's scented embroidery. At the same time her curiosity persisted, conquered. She was unable, however, to think of any possible manner of introducing the new subject of her interest, love, and was forced to be content with an indifferent opening.

"We were all quite surprised when Mr. Dunsack called yesterday," she said. "He isn't in the least a friend of the family. Grandfather went to sea with his father, but even they didn't speak for years in Salem. The Dunsacks are a little common."

"I know," Taou Yuen replied. "Mr. Dunsack—a long time in Canton, at the American agent's. China is bad for men like him. Black spirits get in them, and the ten sins."

"He stared at you in the rudest way."

"He never saw a Manchu lady before. In China the dog would not have passed by the first gate. Here it is nothing to be a Manchu or an honorable wife; it is all like the tea houses and rice villages. Men walk up to you with bold eyes. I tell Gerrit and he laughs. I stay in the room and he brings me shamefully down. This Mr. Dunsack comes and the wise old man talks to him like a son. He touches your mother's hand. He sees the young girls like spring flowers."

"We wouldn't let him really bother us," Sidsall explained; "probably if he comes again we'll all be out."

Taou Yuen made a comment in Chinese.

"A bad thought is a secret knife," she continued; "it is more dangerous than the anger of the Emperor; a sickness that kills with the stink of bodies already dead."

This seemed rather absurd to Sidsall. She considered once more the introduction of the subject of her new concern; but in spite of Taou Yuen's extravagant appearance there was a quality of being that made impossible any blunt interrogation. She had a decidedly aloof manner. Her mother, Sidsall recognized, and the older women they knew had a trace of this; but in the Manchu it was carried infinitely farther. Her feeling for the other shifted rapidly from attitude to attitude.

She watched, she was certain, these same sensations come over her Aunt Caroline Saltonstone, Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Wibird, who called on Gerrit Ammidon's wife that afternoon. They were sitting with their crinoline widespread against their chairs, gazing with a concerted battery of curiosity at Taou Yuen's shimmering figure in the drawing-room, screened against the sun. Mrs. Wibird, Sidsall thought—a woman of fat and faded prettiness, with wine-red splotches beneath her eyes, and a voice that went on and on in the relating of various petty emotional disturbances—must have resembled Olive as a girl. It was probable then that Olive would look like her mother when in turn she was middle-aged. Mrs. Clifford, huddled in her perpetual shawl, however hot the day, more than ever suggested a haggard marble in somberly rich clothes. Aunt Caroline sat with complacent hands and loud inattentive speech.

Taou Yuen smiled at them placidly.

"Our men," said Mrs. Clifford, "went out to China for years. It never occurred to them, however, to marry a Chinese woman; but I dare say they didn't see the right sort."

"Most of the captains like China," Taou Yuen said. "They are so far away from their families ——"

She made a brief philosophical gesture, and Madra Clifford studied her with a narrowed gaze.

"It would be the same," she continued, "if Chinamen came to America."

Mrs. Wibird shuddered. "A yellow skin," she cried impetuously; "I can't bide the thought!"

"I'm sure we'd be tremendously interested," Mrs. Saltonstone hurriedly put in, "if you'd tell us about your wedding. A Chinese wedding must be—be very gay, with firecrackers and ——"

"My marriage with Captain Ammidon was not beautiful—I was a widow and he foreign. The Manchu wedding is very nice. First there is the engagement ceremony. I sit like this"—she sank gracefully to the floor, cross-legged—"on the bed with my eyes shut, and if I am noble two princesses come and put the *ju yi*—it's jade and means all joy—on my lap. Two little silk bags hang from the buttons of my gown with gold coins, and two gold rings on my fingers must be marked with *Ta hsi;* that's great happiness."

"I'm told polygamy is an active practice," Mrs. Wibird remarked with a rising interest.

"Yes?" Taou Yuen asked.

"One man—a lot of wives."

"The Emperor has a great many; and some Manchus take a second and third. You think that is wrong here. Who knows? The Chinese women are very good, very modest. The Four Books for Girls teach perfect submission; the five virtues are benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, sincerity. Confucius says, 'The root is filial piety.'"

"Very admirable," Mrs. Wibird nodded, agitating the small dyed ostrich plumes tipped with marabou of her bonnet; but it was clear to Sidsall that this was not the revelation for which she had hoped. A momentary silence, the edge of an uneasiness enveloped the visitors.

"What lovely satins!" Mrs. Saltonstone commented.

"Please—I have a box full; you will let me give you some?"

"Indeed yes, and thank you!"

Mrs. Wibird, growing resentful, said that a cousin of her aunt's had been a missionary to China, "and did a very blessed work too."

Taou Yuen smoothly agreed that it was quite possible. "Our poor have a great

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many wrong and lustful ideas," she acknowledged; "they tell lies and beat their wives and gamble. The higher classes too—the mandarins and princes—use the people for their own security and rob them. Sometimes the law is not honest, and a man with gold gets free when a laborer is put in the bamboo cage."

Mrs. Clifford said very vigorously, "Ha!"

The silence returned, intensified.

"I remember," the Manchu went on; "this will amuse you. My father-in-law, who was in the Canton customs, told me that some boxes of Bibles came out from America, with other objects, and when they were opened at the mission they were the wrong ones and were filled with rum."

There was not, however, any marked appreciation of this on the part of the Salem women. They rose to leave, and Taou Yuen sank on her knee. She gazed without a trace of emotion at the three flooding the door with their belled skirts.

"They are the same everywhere," she told the girl.

The latter moved out into the garden. There she subconsciously picked a rose and fastened it in her hair; her thoughts turned to Roger Brevard. In his place her Uncle Gerrit came out through the drawing-room window. The usual shadow of the house, lengthening with afternoon, was pleasantly enveloping, and they walked slowly over the grass. "A flower in your hair," he said; "and by yourself. You must have been thinking about true love."

She blushed vividly at this unexpected angle on her mind and found it impossible to meet his keen blue eyes.

"Love must be a remarkable thing."

She raised a swift glance to his face and discovered that he had not spoken to her at all, but, hat in hand, was looking away with an expression of abstraction.

"I mean the unreasonable, silly, divine kind," he specified, now gazing at her quizzically, as if lost in a mood over which he had no control; "the sort that is as long as life, and stronger. It is entirely different and ages older than the reasonable logical love, all proper and suitable and civilized; or the love that is the result of a determination. The result of a determination," he repeated, frowning darkly at their feet.

Sidsall held her breath, thrilled by the wealth of what she had heard, fearful of diverting what might be yet revealed. But he moved away abruptly in a manner that enforced solitude, and stood apparently examining the rockery.

Her brain rang with the splendid phrase, "Love as long as life, and stronger." It seemed to clarify and state so much of her lately confused being. Hodie, artfully drawn into the consideration of earthly affection, was far less satisfactory than Gerrit Ammidon. She dwelt on the treasure beyond moth or rust, lost in an ecstasy of contemplation expressed in her customary explosive amens. At the same time she admitted that lower unions were blessed of God, and recommended Sidsall to think on "a man who had seen the light, and by no means a sea captain."

Sidsall had replied cuttingly. "I think you must forget where you are!"

"I forget nothing," Hodie stoutly maintained; "I'll witness before anyone."

She settled the flounces of Sidsall's skirt with a deft hand.

Walking toward the Saltonstones' for tea, with a mulberry silk parasol casting a shifting glow on her expanse of clear madras, Sidsall wondered at the sudden change of almost all her interests and preoccupations. It was very disturbing—she fell into daydreams that carried her fancy away on a search that was a longing, a soft confusion of opening her arms to mystery. This varied with a restless melancholy; the old securities of her life were hidden in a mist of uncertainty in which her consciousness was troubled by nameless pressures; something within her held almost desperately back from further adventuring. But all the time a latent fascination was drawing her on, putting aside the curtain for her better view.

The Saltonstones' dwelling on Chestnut Street was one of a pair—a large solid square of brick—with two identical oval white porticoes and rows of windows keyed in white stone. Within, the staircase swept up to a slender pillared opening, through which Lacy, calmly dressing, waved a deliberate hand. Mrs. Saltonstone was seated by the tall gilt-framed mirror on a low marble stand between long front windows. "As usual," she said, in connection with her daughter, "Lacy's as cool as a water monkey. Gets it from James; they wouldn't hurry if ——" She searched in vain for an expression of her family's composure. "Now I am an impetuous woman."

She promptly exhibited this quality in the vigor with which she met the wrong canister of tea brought by a servant. She didn't intend to serve Padre Souchong to a lot of people who apparently confused afternoon tea with an invitation to dinner.

In the small press which followed Sidsall stopped in the dining room with Lacy and Olive Wibird. The latter was still talking.

"He sat holding my hand right on that bench by your hedge, Sidsall, and said that nothing could keep him from coming back for me; but he died of yellow fever in Batavia."

She left in the company of a man of fifty anyhow, with a glistening bald head, a silly smirking bow and a flood of compliments. Lacy moved away and Sidsall found herself facing Roger Brevard.

"That looks remarkably like a garden," he said, waving toward an open door.

The sun had become obscured in a veil of cloud, drooping until it almost seemed to rest on the bright green foliage; her companion's mood, too, was shadowed.

"I thought you'd be here," he added outside, "and looked for you at once."

"There was something special you wanted to say?"

"My dear child," he answered, "can't you guess how absolutely refreshing you are? No, I have nothing special. But you'll soon get used to men round with no more reason than yourself."

She studied this seriously; and, as its complimentary intent emerged, a corresponding color stained her cheeks. Her gaze rested on him for the fleetest moment possible, and to her surprise she saw that he was frowning.

"I came here just to see you. No," he corrected his period, "only to see you." His manner was surprisingly abrupt and disconcerting. "I can quite realize," he went on, "that I shouldn't say any of this. Yet on the other hand it is the most natural thing in the world. I have been listening to the conventional babble of teas and cotillons for so long that you are like a breath of lost youth. Certainly that is appropriate.

(Continued on Page 121)

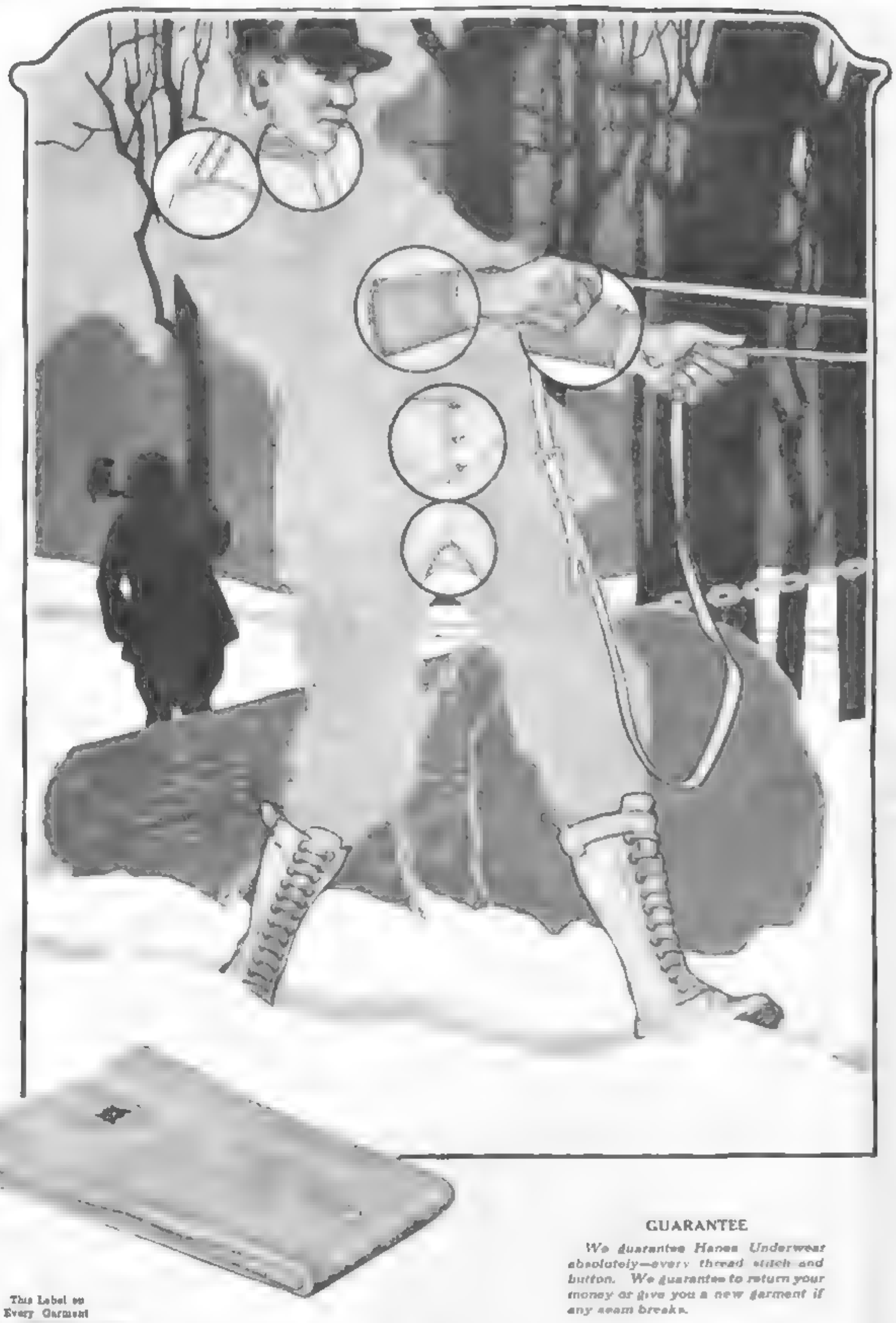
By Heaven, To-Night He'd Throw All That Stinking Stuff Away!

YOU can put Hanes Heavy Winter Weight Elastic Knit Underwear next to your skin this winter, and feel and know that money isn't minted that can get you greater comfort, longer wear or more genuine underwear satisfaction. And Hanes is sold at a popular price —really and truly remarkable value!

Union Suits **HANES** Shirts and Drawers

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

Greatest winter underwear sold at popular prices



HANES quality, Hanes workmanship and Hanes comfort-fit in Heavy Winter Weight Shirts and Drawers and Union Suits give the most unusual underwear value *at a popular price!* For your own satisfaction compare any Hanes garment *and price* with any underwear on the market. Then you'll better appreciate Hanes value to you!

This Label on Every Garment
HANES
Buy None Without It

And, read these war-comfort features closely—guaranteed unbreakable seams; tailored collarette that snugs up to the neck, preventing gaps; shape-holding elastic shoulders that "give and take"; pearl buttons sewed on to stay! *Every desirable feature!*

Illustrated above are the Heavy Winter Weight Shirts and Drawers, the national standard at popular prices. Note the snug-fitting, three-button, staunch sateen waist band. Hanes Heavy Winter Weight Union Suits are also so unusual, you will be astounded at the value compared with the price! Perfect fit, absolute comfort and long service are assured. *The Closed Crotch stays closed.*

Hanes for the boys!

Hanes Winter Weight Union Suits for boys are the very limit of value—quality, material, workmanship and fit. In fact, they are the men's Union Suits in boys' sizes. Such quality has never before been put into a boy's union suit. See that for yourself! If your dealer does not have Hanes, write us at once!

GUARANTEE

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

WARNING TO THE TRADE—*Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.*

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

New York Office 366 Broadway

KOHLER

IS AN IDEA

Forty-five years ago the founder of this business was inspired by an idea—to build on quality alone.

Today that aim is exemplified not only by a great manufactory given to the making of a world-famed product; it finds expression also in a modern town whose interest is centered in developing and enhancing still further the Kohler idea.

Here that idea is a living fact. Through it Kohler has come to mean superiority in enameled plumbing ware. Headed by the famous Viceroy built-in bathtub, Kohler products have long won their way into the world's finest homes and institutions.

True to their ideals the worthy architect and plumber are in full accord with your preference for so excellent a line. They know there can be nothing better.

May we send you a really descriptive booklet with our compliments?

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.

AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

(Continued from Page 118)

I think," he told her, "that you are the youngest thing alive." Then he laughed. "So young that I have annoyed you."

"I feel a great deal older than I did—well, last month," she said.

"That is a tragedy."

She felt that if he were still amused at her she was furious; but he was even graver than before.

"To tell you helps hurry the charm to an end. That is what might be complained against me. Yet flowers will open, you know; and it might as well be in an honest sun."

"I don't understand," she admitted, troubled.

"Why, it means, Sidsall, that I am offering you an experienced hand, that I'm certain I can do you more good than harm ——"

"That's silly," she interrupted. "If you mean that we might be friends, really confidential friends, it would help me awfully. But then it's so one-sided."

"You'll have to overlook that," he replied; "probably all that I can give you, experience, isn't worth the smallest of your feelings. Probably you won't need me for an instant. Certainly the pleasure will be mine."

"You didn't understand," she told him with dignity; "it's the other way round. I am not a particle interesting, and everyone agrees that I'm too healthy. But I can't help it if my cheeks are red and mother won't let me have powder."

It was obviously impossible to explain about Hodie and the lacing.

"I like it," he insisted. "I'll admit that I am unfashionable there. I think we'll hit on a great deal to share privately."

There was a faint patter among the leaves, and a cold drop of rain fell on Sidsall's arm. Others struck Roger Brevard, but he continued without apparently noticing them:

"You must understand that I am entirely at your service. Sometimes, although they won't come yet, there are things a-a friend can do better than one's family. You'll ask me, Sidsall?"

"Yes," she said solemnly.

More rain struck her; she could see it now plainly, falling between them. Roger Brevard's face was dark, the frown still scarred his forehead. Personally she was happier than she remembered ever being before, and she wondered at his severity of bearing.

"But you must go in at once," he cried, suddenly energetic, his familiar self. "You are getting wetter every minute."

The clouds dissolved into a late sunlight that streamed in long bars through the canopies of elms on the streets. From her windows Sidsall saw a world of flashing greenery and limpid sky. Usually when she was happy she sang unimportant bits of light song, but her present state was serious and inarticulate. The indeterminate questions, the disturbing vague moods of the past days somehow combined and took on the tangible shape of Roger Brevard. Her curiosity about love was resolved into a sudden inner shrinking from its possibilities and meaning.

She was lost in her aloofness from mundane affairs. Taou Yuen in whispering silk, her grandfather's rotund tones, Laurel and Camilla and her mother—were distant, immaterial. In the evening she sat on the front steps, a web of white, dreamily intent on the shimmering sweep of Washington Square. After a little she was joined by Gerrit Ammidon. He wore linen trousers and a short blue sea jacket; and the wavering, delicately lavender trail of smoke from his cheroot was like her floating thoughts.

"Already," he said, "I am full of getting back on my ship."

She smiled at him absently.

"The land doesn't do for a sailor," he continued; "they are always into trouble on shore. I can't say why it should be so, but it is. If there's not one kind there is another; rum and such varnish for the able seaman, and—and complications for a master. I suppose that's because there are so confounded many unexpected currents and slants of wind, as you might say. On shipboard everything pretty much is charted; a thing will be followed more or less by a fixed consequence. The waves break so and so on coral or rocks or sand; there is usually the sun for an observation; a good man knows his ship—how many points she'll hold on the wind, how a cargo must be stowed, when to take in the light canvas. You can give the man at the wheel a course and turn in or stay on deck and beat your way through hell. It's exact, you know. But on shore ——"

He made a hopeless gesture.

"There are no regulations," he observed moodily; "or else nobody follows them. Collisions all the time, sinkings and derelicts drifting round, awash and dismasted, but they are everywhere. That fellow, Edward Dunsack ——"

He stopped, lost in speculation.

Then, "He seems harmless enough," he resumed; "even pitiful; but he sticks in your head. I wish I'd never brought his damned chest to Salem. A fool would have known better. I'm worse—a childish fool. A derelict," he said again. "You are smashing over a swell at twelve knots or more, everything spread, when in a hollow there it is squarely across your bow. No time to shift the wheel, and a ship's missing, perhaps in a hundred fathom. It might be the best ship afloat, the best master and stoutest crew, but in a minute she's only a salty tangle."

He laughed uneasily at the vividness of his fancy. "If it's hard for us, what must it be for Taou Yuen?" he demanded. "Married to me! Here! That's courage for you."

He tramped down the steps, across Pleasant Street, with his bare head sunk, and vanished into the obscurity of the Square. She caught a last glimmer of white trousers, a faint rapid gleam where his lighted cheroot described the arc of a passionate gesture on the night.

The spring, like the full buds of the hedge roses in the Ammidons' garden, swiftly passed into early summer. The flowers against the house showed gay perennial colors, the stocks and larkspur and clove pinks succeeded the retreating flood of the lilacs. The days were still yellow pools of heat, or else cooled by the faintly salt sea wind drawing down the elms and chestnuts, followed by purple-green nights of moonlight. They seemed to Sidsall to hold everything in a pause. She saw less and less of Taou Yuen, who now scarcely came out of her room except for an occasional ride in the barouche with Mrs. Ammidon or a contemplative hour in the garden, usually at dusk. Apparently content with the elaborate rearrangement of her headdress, she sat for long periods gazing out over Washington Square, idle except for the regular tap of her pipe emptying the ashes of the minute bowl.

Yet Sidsall's first interest in her had almost completely shifted to Gerrit Ammidon. He evidently preferred her company to that of the other members of his family, and they often took short largely silent walks, usually down to the Salem Marine Railway, where the Nautilus was undergoing repairs. His protracted silences were broken by the sudden vehement protests against the generally muddled aspect of affairs or longer monologues of inner questioning and search. He almost never referred to her or made her a part of a conversation; she was free to dwell on her own emotions while he, with a corrugated brow, went on in his tortuous and solitary course.

On an afternoon when they had walked to the foot of Briggs Street and were gazing out over the tranquil water of Collins Cove Gerrit Ammidon asked abruptly: "Have you seen Nettie Vollar lately?"

On the Way Home With Corn Puffs

Foods That Are Like Confections

Corn Puffs are thin, airy globules, puffed from tiny hominy pellets.

They are sweet, because hominy is sweet. They are super-toasted, so they have a wondrous flavor.

Eaten dry, these flaky bubbles seem fairy-like confections. And children love them that way, or doused with melted butter.

Yet These Are Master Foods

Yet any Puffed Grain—Corn, Rice or Wheat—is the supreme form of that grain food.

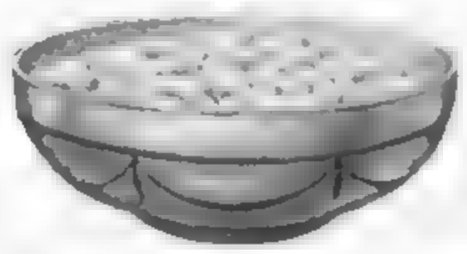
Every food cell is exploded, so it easily digests. Every atom feeds.

All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. All are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve them to anyone, at any hour.

These are not tidbits. They are not made merely to delight the palate.

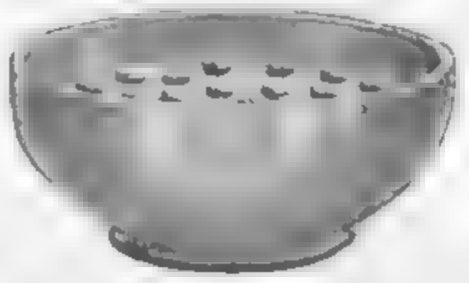
All their enticements are accidental. The object of the process is to make them perfect foods.

Yet they hold the topmost place among cereal food delights. Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. And every child that doesn't misses much.



Serve like other cereals, or with melted butter. Or mix with any fruit.

Salt or lightly butter—like peanuts or popcorn—for children after school



Float them in bowls of milk. No other morsels ever served in milk are nearly so enjoyable, or so easily digestible.

Corn Puffs

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c

Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Test it With a Hammer-You May Dent the Wood but the Varnish Won't Crack.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

for Floors, Furniture & all Woodwork
MADE IN EIGHT COLORS

FAMOUS for floors — this long-lasting varnish gives even longer service on furniture and other household work. When you stop to think of the reputation "61" Floor Varnish has earned during the last twenty-five years as a wear-resisting *floor* varnish, you will realize what a tough, durable, lasting and waterproof finish it makes on furniture, woodwork and other surfaces.

When you put a varnish stain on a piece of furniture you want it to *stay* there — to give service. You don't want to do it all over again, in a very short time — particularly just now, when everybody's time is so valuable.

That is the reason it pays to buy a varnish stain that is designed to wear a very long time on *floors* — "61" Floor Varnish; tough, elastic, durable, waterproof, and made to *resist* abrasion.

"61" is sold in the following beautiful semi-transparent wood-stain colors, which stain and finish in one application: Light and Dark Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, Forest Green; also Natural, Dull Finish, and Ground Color.

Send for Color Card; also Panel Finished with "61"

Try the Hammer Test. It will convince you that "61" Floor Varnish can be depended upon to give long and satisfactory service.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 69 YEARS
83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada
25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Vitralite
WHITE ENAMEL
It is the only white enamel that carries a printed guarantee to last *three* years outside, as well as inside, where its lustrous surface wears indefinitely.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Sidsall was unable to remember exactly when she had. She rather thought she had caught a glimpse of her in Lawrence Place with books under her arm, which she was probably taking from the Athenæum for her grandfather. Anyone, she told herself privately, could see that Nettie Vollar wouldn't care for books.

Something had occurred or threatened to occur between her uncle and Nettie; what it was she had never been told; but she realized that only one thing could really happen between a man and a girl—they must have been in love. In the interest of this she recalled Nettie Vollar's appearance, but was unable to discover any marked attractions. Nettie had a good figure, rather full for her age, and totally different from her own square solidity. Her hair was coarse and carelessly arranged, her clothes noticeable for a love of brightness rather than care in the spending of a small sum.

Gerrit Ammidon had the strangest tastes!

He was standing immobile, looking across the Cove as if he were on a quarter-deck searching for a hidden land. His legs were slightly spread, firmly planted in a manner to defeat any sudden lurching. She grew a little impatient at him staring like a block at nothing at all; she felt older than he, superior in the knowledge of life; he seemed hardly more than an absurd boy. She had a desire to shake him. He was so—so impracticable.

"Don't you think we'd better be going?" she asked finally.

Gerrit Ammidon turned and followed her obediently.

There were lights in the rope walk on Briggs Street; through a window she could see a man pacing down the long narrow interior laying a strand of hemp from the burden on his shoulders. It made her shudder to think of the monotonous passage forward and back, an eternity of slow-twisting rope. Yet life was something like that—she took the happenings of each day and wove them into a strand dark and bright; a strand, she realized, that grew stronger as it lengthened. That would be true of everyone—of her companion, and grandfather, and Hodie.

They reached the house as the family were gathering in the dining room, when Sidsall found Roger Brevard unexpectedly staying for supper. She met his direct greeting and smile with a warm stir of pleasure and sat in a happy silence listening to the voices about the table. Her uncle had brought his wife down, and the candles glittering among the lusters on the walls spread their light over the Manchu's strange vivid figure. Everything about life was so confusing, Sidsall thought. The night flowed in at the open windows, drenched with magic; here were candles, but outside were stars. The port in its engraved glass decanter seemed to burn with a ruby flame.

"Bah!" her grandfather was exclaiming. "I'll put a thousand dollars on Gerrit and the Nautilus against any clipper built; but mind, in all weathers!"

"Voyage by voyage," William Ammidon insisted, "he would be left in the harbor. The California gold deposits ——"

Later a crowd, slowly collecting, recalled the fact that the Salem Band was to play that night in the Square.

"Oh, mother, look," Laurel cried; "they've got lamps in their hats!"

Small wavering flames were being lighted on the musicians' hats; there were melancholy disconnected hoots from bassoons and the silver clear scale of a bugle.

"Can't I get nearer, mother?" Laurel implored as usual. "Can't I go and see the little lamps on their heads?"

"Sidsall and I will look after her," Roger Brevard put in, and almost immediately the three were entering Washington Square.

The throng was thickest directly behind the band, radiating in thinning numbers to the wooden boundary fence. Laurel led them to an advantageous position, where they could watch the curious effects of the ring of lights above intent faces drawn hollow-cheeked by the vigorous blowing of instruments. The leader, in the center of the flickering smoky illumination, now beat with his arms in one direction, now in another.

A second selection followed, and a third, during which in surprising pauses the band shouted a concerted "Hurrah!" Sidsall was infinitely contented. How splendidly erect and calm and distinguished Roger Brevard was! She hated younger men; they were only boys who kept up a senseless talk about college humor. He saw instantly that the people were crushing her skirts, and firmly conducted them out of the crowd.

It was nicer here beyond the wavering dark mass; a waltz flowed about her so gracious and beautiful that her eyes filled with tears.

But Laurel had to be taken home; and clasping Mr. Brevard's hand the little girl talked volubly as they moved away.

"And so," she said, "I told her to keep her topsails full."

"What?" he demanded.

"She was falling off, you know—losing way. Hell's hatches ——"

"Laurel!" Sidsall corrected her sharply. "No, you mustn't laugh at her."

Only Gerrit Ammidon was on the steps, the other men were in the library; her mother had gone up with Janet. Laurel left them, and without speech they walked through the house to the lawn. The stars had apparently retreated to new infinities of distance and night, there was a throb of music so faint that it might be only an echoing memory; Roger Brevard's face was pale and strained.

He asked, "Have you forgotten that we are friends?"

"No," she returned seriously, lifting her look to his.

He was very close to her and her heart beat unsteadily. She had a choking premonition of what was about to occur, but she stood without the slightest attempt to prevent his kiss. It affected him even more than herself, for he stepped back sharply with his hands clenched.

Roger was silent for so long that she said timidly, "I didn't mind, so much."

"Thank you," he replied almost harshly. "There's no need for you to regret it. No need, no need. But if it were only a year more ——"

"We all grow older," she told him wisely.

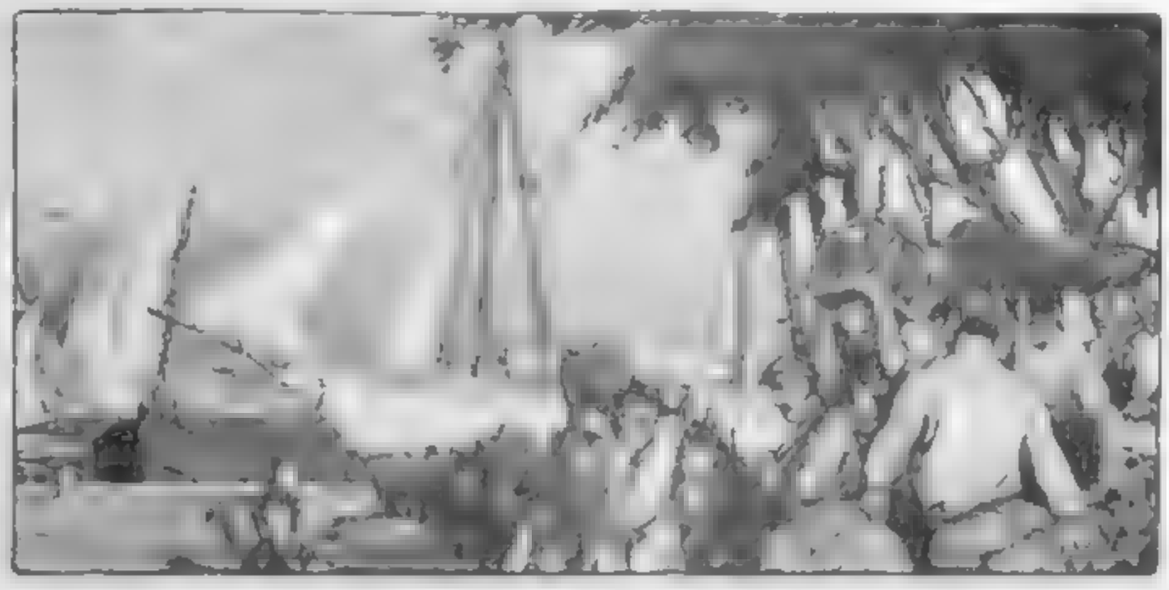
"So we do, Sidsall; and we change. But you should stay exactly as you are now, white and young and fragrant. Never the fruit but always the blossom, and always a night in early summer. The afterwards, the rest, is an indifferent performance."

"I don't understand," her voice was shadowed.

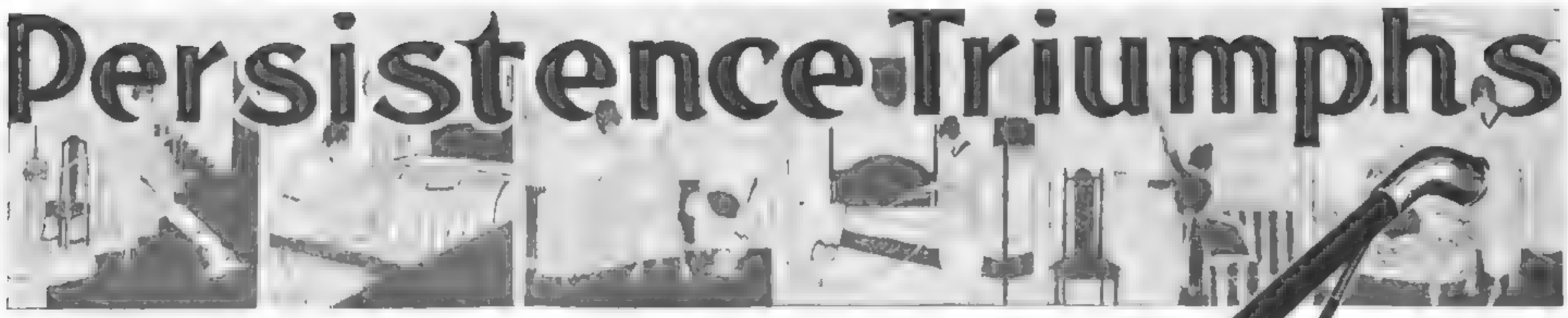
"Sidsall, for a moment. Don't move—opening petals; shy, pure heart—loveliness."

"I don't understand," she repeated, but the trouble had vanished. She even smiled at him; she was filled with an absolute security in her vision of Roger Brevard. Why, she had no need to question; it was an instinct beyond search and above knowledge; perhaps, she thought as they turned toward the house, its name was Love.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Persistence Triumphs



VISION, common sense and confidence in an ideal have made the name Maytag a mark of lasting dependability in washing machine design. The same forces have succeeded again. They are evident in every feature of this newest of Maytag products—the Maytag Positive Suction Cleaner with Flexible Besom.

The Maytag Flexible Besom

This unique comb-shaped device of resilient rubber agitates the nap of the surface to be cleaned so that all threads, ravenings and imbedded dirt are dislodged and instantly picked up by suction. It eliminates the need of troublesome brushes and complicated geared agitators.

Two Sizes:
10 and 12 in. Nozzle

DEALERS Systematized production and Maytag selling economies have enabled us to offer this cleaner at a price that is much lower than would be expected of a utility so thoroughly unusual. Write, Still better—Wire.

An Electric Suction Cleaner

Built to do its work just as you insist it should be done—effectively, yet economically. Void of all complicated mechanism and whimsical contrivances, it brings to your home a utility of never-failing service which conservative, knowing people will be quick to recognize and appreciate.

Accessories

The Maytag Cleaner is fitted with all necessary appliances for cleaning draperies, walls, clothing, upholstery, automobile cushions, tops, floor mats, etc. Made of aluminum; perfectly finished and polished.

General Electric Motor

Small, compact, high-speed. No belts, gears or cams to get out of order. Starting switch located conveniently in end of handle.

Your request on a post card will bring descriptive literature and name of nearest Maytag dealer who will gladly demonstrate this wonderful cleaner to you. THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. V286, NEWTON, IOWA. Canadian Branches—Winnipeg, Man.; Collingwood, Ont.

Buy War Savings Stamps for Victory

Maytag

Positive Suction Cleaner With Flexible Besom

Vest-Pocket Control of a Retail Store

There's a man in the shoe business at Evansville, Indiana, who makes a paying use of his vest pocket. His name is Geissler, and he's on intimate terms with his own business.

Every day he enters in a little vest-pocket book the guiding figures that tell the complete story of yesterday's business.

In the 17 years that the Geissler Shoe Company has grown and prospered, 20 or 25 competitors in the same town have failed or quit business. Mr. Geissler knows why.

"It's simply because they didn't know the details of their business," he says. "They didn't know their costs, nor how often they turned over their stock, nor how to figure profits correctly. The retailer today can't leave things to other people or to guesswork; he must be on the job every minute, and know at all times where he stands.

"My daily statements are made up for me every morning—the young lady does it on a Burroughs—and they show me cash and charge sales by clerks and departments, with costs and selling prices, collections, expense, and other items. I see gross and net profits at a glance. I always have my perpetual stock records, by departments, before me; and profit and cost analysis—all in these daily and monthly records that cover my whole business.

"I couldn't have them without the Burroughs. It has pen and ink beaten a mile. It's accurate, neat and permanent; it's quicker and cheaper and more satisfactory than any other way of getting the information I want. It's one of the best investments we ever made, and we're finding new uses for it every year."

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED A... PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME LOW A...

Burroughs

This is the Real Story of a Real Store

The night this store opened Mr. Geissler's largest competitor dropped in and prophesied that it would last six months. It did—but the competitor didn't. From one floor, 60 feet deep, Geissler's has grown to three floors, 144 feet deep and the methods that did it ought to interest any retailer.

Small store or large store, factory or office, bank or warehouse, there's a Burroughs Machine among the more than a hundred Burroughs models which will just fit in. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office; there are 201 in the United States and Canada, and others in all the principal cities abroad.

FOR THE PICTURES

(Continued from Page 7)

Again Gavin poured a staggering libation and hurried it on its way.

"Hitting that stuff awful hard, ain't you?" queried Summers.

"The doctor tells me to lay off, but—I can stand it," answered Gavin; and as if anxious to prove his assertion he slopped out a third drink, filling the glass to the brim. "Things going fine with you, eh? Well, I wish't I could say the same. I ain't been doing much this last year—gone stale or something. But there's a battle or two left in me yet."

"Sure there is!" agreed Summers.

"You know, Swifty," said Gavin, becoming confidential after his third double portion, "that was a rotten dirty trick you played on me, and it left me in a fix where I couldn't say a word. Not a word! I fired Joe Wells, though. Yeh, I got rid of him. He oughta known that fellow Isaacs was the bunk."

"The film turned out bad," explained Summers quickly.

"But Isaacs cashed a lot of tickets in the pool rooms afterward," said Gavin. "Oh, I'm wise enough—now. You—you want to know what made me the sorest?"

"Go ahead!" grinned Summers. "Get it off your chest."

"You wouldn't fight me again. You wouldn't make a return match. I—I thought I was entitled to one. And that stuff you handed the reporters about not having to bother with a man you'd licked in a punch—that was pretty raw too. That hurt. Yeh, you gimme all the worst of it when I was chasing you for that return match."

Gavin was reaching out to pour himself another drink, but Summers laid his hand on John's wrist. "Maybe I was saving you for this winter," said he softly.

Gavin peered incredulously through his black-rimmed spectacles.

"Saving me? Quit your kidding!"

"But I might be kidding on the square," persisted Summers.

"You couldn't even kid on the square!" Gavin spoke bitterly. "You won't fight me again, and you know it!"

"How much of a gate would we draw?"

"Fifteen thousand anyway—maybe twenty. The town's full of money this year. . . . But you don't mean it."

The champion patted Gavin on the shoulder, and his smile was friendliness itself.

"The reason I get away with things," said he, "is because nobody ever knows just what I mean. It's a good system. Can you put yourself in shape—some kind of shape?"

"I'd jump out of my coffin to get in shape to lick you!"

"Well," said Summers, "don't go to too much trouble on my account, old boy. I'll see you in a few days. And in the meantime, booze ain't any good to train on."

Summers walked away, but from the edge of the betting ring he glanced back toward the bar. He was in time to see Gavin swallow another large drink.

That night Andy Cullen, promoter of boxing contests, accepted an invitation to dine with Summers.

"He wants to talk business," thought Cullen as he hung up the receiver. "The bookmakers have got his dough and now he'll be reasonable."

The exact nature of the business that Summers wished to discuss proved somewhat of a surprise to Cullen.

"You want to fight Gavin again! But Gavin's all in—down and out. The fight wouldn't draw flies!"

"You're a smart fellow," grinned Summers. "You're ace-high with the newspaper men. You can make it draw."

"How?"

"By playing it up as a grudge fight. Everybody remembers how he hollered—how he chased me all over the country. To be candid with you, I didn't want to fight him then. Maybe I was a little lucky to stop him with a punch, and I didn't want to take chances on him again. It's different now. You get Gavin to come out with a challenge and a good strong statement burning me up for not giving him a return match. That'll start everybody to talking, and at the right time I'll get sore and call his bluff."

"All fine as silk," interrupted the promoter, "but Dugan is the man they want to see you fight. Gavin is drinking himself to death. He kills about a quart a day out at the track. Now, Dugan ——"

Summers rapped gently on the table with his closed fist and his brown eyes grew hard as moss agates.

"Nothing—doing—on—Dugan. I told you that before. I don't mind telling you something else: I won't train for a hard fight. I'm the champion. I'm the one they want to see, and I intend to dictate terms. Gavin is the only man I'll meet. A daylight fight, and moving pictures. I'll stall along for seven or eight rounds, then I'll drop him right in front of the camera. That knowledge ought to be worth something to you—in a betting way. Now, do you want the match or not?"

"Oh, hell!" grumbled Cullen. "If you insist on robbing a graveyard I might as well be the undertaker!"

"That's talking sense. Now get hold of Gavin and break the news to him. The split will be eighty-twenty."

"That's an awful short loser's end," objected Cullen.

"It's plenty long enough for Gavin. Man alive, have you seen him lately? He looks like a bum. Oh, yes, one thing more."

"What's that?" demanded Cullen suspiciously.

"Gavin had better do his training up in the mountains, where too many wise people won't see him. I think he'll try hard to get into shape for a fight—he believes he owes me a licking; but trying and doing are two different things. Ship him to some mountain resort where he'll be out of the way. We don't want everybody in the world to know that we've picked a dead one."

"You're a wonder!" exclaimed the admiring Cullen. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"I figure all the angles," was the modest reply.

MIGHTY indeed is the noble institution known as the press.

Two days later John Gavin, assisted from his sarcophagus by Mr. Cullen's clever press agent, let out a ferocious and defiant roar which echoed and reëchoed among the sporting pages. Summers, said Gavin, was afraid to fight him again—had been dodging him for two years. He had won the title with a lucky punch, and had proved that such was the case by refusing to make another match. Summers, said Gavin, was a fluke champion.

The fluke champion, when interviewed about the matter, managed to convey the impression that he was not fight-hungry, but stated that should this hunger develop there were others whose claims took precedence of Gavin's.

Gavin replied with a double-column blast; and the great unenlightened public began to sit up and rub its eyes, demanding to know what all the noise was about. The effect of this campaign was to stimulate interest in the former champion and create a desire to see the question settled with fists rather than linotype machines. For a solid week Summers and Gavin fought each other all over the keyboards of sporting-department typewriters, at the end of which time the champion descended from his high horse and articles of war were signed.

Gavin went to the mountains while Summers crossed the bay, establishing his training camp at Alameda. For weeks the daily doings of the gladiators were recorded in the public prints. Both men, said the scribes, were making ready for the fight of their lives. On the eve of battle they were reported to be "in the pink of condition" and "fit as fiddles," though what a fiddle looks like when it is fit is one of the things that "no fellah can find out."

Summers was a topheavy favorite in the pool rooms at odds of two to one. The racetrack gamblers covered the short-end sympathy bets, and pooh-poohed the idea that Gavin might come back. Pugilism was not their game, but they had seen Gavin paying heavy court to his private bottle, and cheerfully bet twos to win ones. No man, they said, could fight a hard draw with John Barleycorn and knock out Swifty Summers all in the same season. It was a foregone conclusion that the only way the grizzly could regain his title was to drop the champion for the count.

Gavin arrived in San Francisco at eleven o'clock in the morning on the day of the

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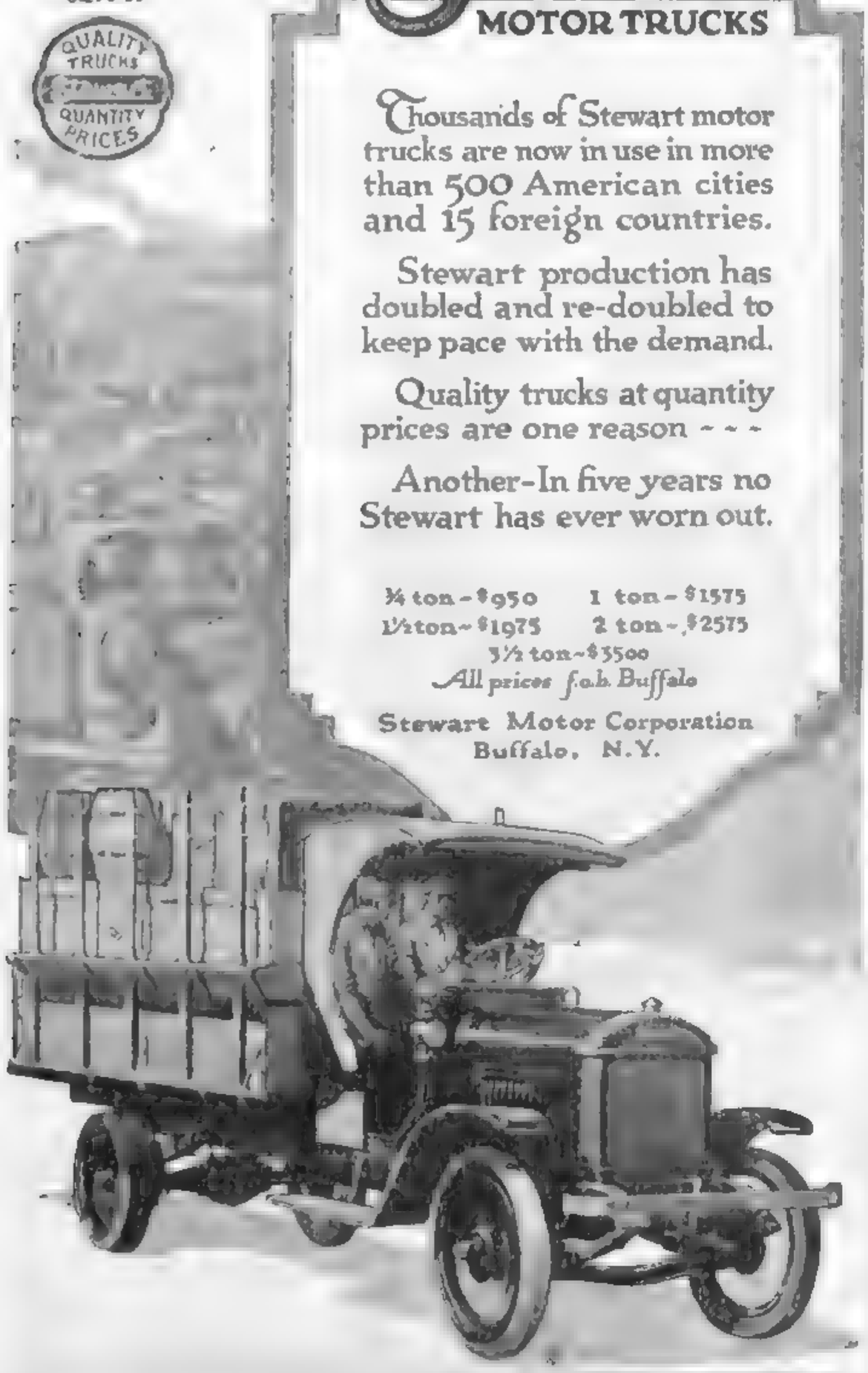

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fight. The men were to weigh in at noon at a pool room on Eddy Street, and when the former champion and his handlers arrived the place was packed to the doors and the overflow blocked the sidewalk. There was little curiosity as far as Summers was concerned; most of the sporting men had visited his training camp and were satisfied with his condition. Gavin they had not seen, and they swallowed the newspaper reports with a grain of salt. They wanted to see the challenger, stripped to the skin, on the platform of the weighing machine. The sidewalk crowd gave Gavin a cheer when he appeared, grim and tanned and sullen, a cap pulled low over his eyes and the collar of his heavy sweater rolled up till it covered his ears. They saw no more of him than the tip of his nose and the straight line of his mouth, and they got nothing out of him, though they patted him on the shoulders and slapped him on the back and showered him with good wishes.

Gavin elbowed his way straight to the entrance, looking neither to the right nor the left. He knew that the shoulder-patters and back-slappers would give Summers the same welcome they had given him, and in his simple honest heart John Gavin hated a hypocrite. Just as he crossed the threshold the clatter of hoofs, the rattle of carriage wheels and loud cheering announced the arrival of the champion.

A grievous disappointment was in store for the lucky ones in the inner room. They saw John Gavin make the weight—they saw his lean sunburned face with the skin drawn tight over the cheek bones and the angle of the jaw, and they saw his bare legs. They wanted to see his shoulders and chest, his back—and, most of all, the muscles covering his stomach, if any. But John climbed on the platform clad in a soft gray shirt, which covered him completely from neck to knees; and the bar, set at the prescribed notch, did not even quiver. The most disappointed man in the room was Swifty Summers, hurriedly divesting himself of his clothing, pretending a lack of interest but furtively watching every move that Gavin made.

"He's a pound or so under," thought the champion. "Now is he in condition or has he been taking mud baths to get the belly off him? Hell! He can't be in condition!"

Not a word passed between the fighters, and it was remarked afterward that Gavin never even so much as looked at Summers. Summers noticed this, and it added to his slight feeling of uneasiness. Men who are about to fight a grudge fight do not exchange pleasantries while weighing in, but it is seldom that a challenger loses a chance to size up a champion.

For the second time in his life Gavin sat in his corner and looked at a motion-picture camera. To be exact, he looked at a whole battery of cameras, for film will buckle and Cullen was taking no chances. Gavin scowled and nursed the bulge of his right glove in the cup of the left. He was thinking of Mr. Isaacs—Mr. Isaacs and the camera that did not shoot because it was not loaded.

Gavin's chief second nudged him.

"Hey! Wake up! They want you for the snapshots! Lemme have that bathrobe."

Gavin shook his head and marched to the middle of the ring, completely covered from neck to heels. Not since he entered the arena had he shown anything but his ankles, and this prolonged exhibition of modesty was more than a nervous man could bear.

"Going to wear that thing all the afternoon?" sneered the champion. "Afraid to take it off, or what?"

Gavin did not even turn his head in Summers' direction. He seemed to be giving all his attention to the fussy little photographer. He kept his opponent under tension to the very last instant, then tossed his bathrobe behind him and drew a deep breath, his great hairy chest rising almost to his chin. Several thousand citizens drew deep breaths with him, letting them out in low whistles of amazement and admiration, for if ever a fighting man looked fit it was John Gavin that day.

Summers knew condition when he saw it, and here was a miracle—a broken-down, tippling has-been suddenly returned to his prime. The lean flanks, the hard ridges guarding the abdomen, the powerful shoulder muscles rippling under the hairy skin—this was the Gavin of two years ago—Gavin, or a counterfeit that would have deceived the élite.

Yes, it was the physical shell of John Gavin; but what was inside it? And how had he managed to turn back the clock? As they fell into fighting pose the challenger looked the champion straight in the eye and grinned.

"I got you where I want you now," said John. "Right where I been trying to get you for two years. Look me over!"

"Look you over!" answered the quick-witted Summers. "I'll knock you over, same as I did before!"

"When you used to be a pool shark, trimming suckers," said Gavin, "did you carry your cue with you all the time? We're here to get our pictures took, not to fight. You'll get all the fighting you want in a few minutes."

"Gentlemen! Gent-lemen!" murmured the referee.

When the gong rang it was the old Gavin who came charging out of his corner, bent on fighting his old fight—a human battering ram hurrying into action at close range. Summers had been given a moment in which to think, and he had decided on a plan of battle based on the assumption that the challenger was nothing more than the hard-looking shell of his former self. How could a man drink a quart of whisky a day and come back—in five weeks? The thing was an impossibility!

"He looks good," Summers had said to his seconds, "and it's a cinch he's worked hard, but he can't last. I'll keep away from him for a few rounds, and when he begins to slow up I'll pick him to pieces at long range."

The plan was a good one, but before the fight was ten seconds old Summers realized that it would be extremely difficult to keep away from Gavin for any length of time. The champion feinted and danced, sidestepped and turned, twisted and dodged, but Gavin was always there in front of him, hammering away with both fists. Summers ducked into a clinch, but was glad to duck out of it again. He prided himself on the strength of his arms, but he might as well have tried to pin the pistons of a locomotive as to smother those short tearing jolts to his midsection. Gavin was too strong to be handled in the clinches, and the punishing power in the few long-range body blows that crashed through the champion's guard warned him not to stand and play for an opening through which to shoot his famous right hook.

Driven into a corner, Summers tried to clinch again. This time Gavin almost cracked his ribs in a crushing embrace, holding him long enough to ask him two questions: "Thought you was picking on a cripple, hey? What do you think of your cripple now?"

Having asked his questions Gavin hurled Summers halfway across the ring and renewed the attack. Round and round they went, Summers retreating under cover of a hurried and harmless left jab, Gavin crowding him closely, and finding time to talk to his man between flurries:

"You fought me to reform me, hey? . . . Thought I was hitting the booze pretty hard? . . . So did everybody else. . . . Guess that's the reason you didn't bother to train. . . . Looked pretty soft to you, didn't I? . . . Well, I'm the hardest soft guy you ever saw!"

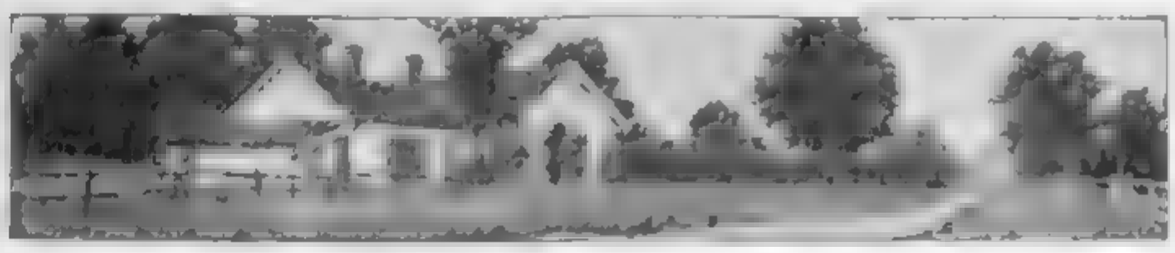
"What's he talking about?" demanded Summers' chief second when the round was over. "I never saw him talk in a fight before."

"He's put one over on me somehow," mumbled the champion. "I don't know how, but he's done it."

"He ain't put nothin' over on you yet. He can't hit you. You'll lick him, sure."

"Yes," said Summers, "I'll lick him, but—I wish I'd trained harder for this bird!"

(Concluded on Page 129)



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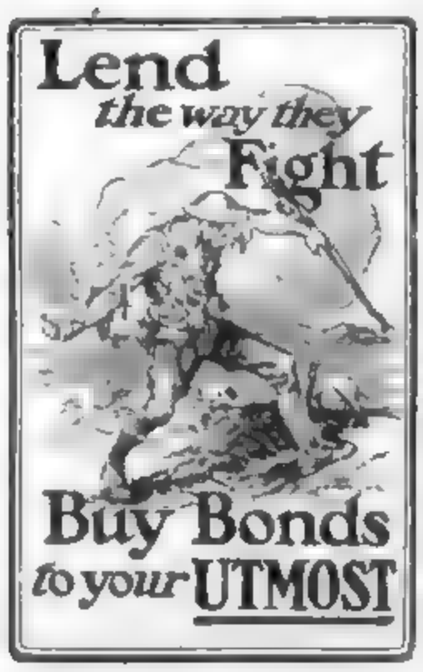
Sand Plants	All uses except conveying *wet* sand	Toughness in resisting abrasion	
Mining	All uses except elevators and conveyors handling *wet* abrasive materials	Toughness in resisting abrasion	Wholly on war work
Fertilizer	All uses except direct contact with acids	Ability to resist fumes and drying dust	Wholly on war work
Cotton Oil	Throughout except serpentine linter drive	Does not dry out	Wholly on war work
Lumber Mills Saw Mills	All uses except small pulleys and belts running over 6000 feet per minute, or drives frequently shifted	Stands exposure to weather. Stands up under sudden shifting loads	Shipbuilding Aëroplane parts Cantonments
Woodworking Mills	Throughout with exceptions as above	Even running at high speeds	Shipbuilding Munitions Aëroplane parts Cantonments
Textile	Throughout except small pulleys and frequently shifting drives	Lack of stretch. Even running. Resistance to moisture in dye houses	Uniforms
Powder Chemicals	Throughout except small pulleys and direct acid contact	Load pulling ability Resistance to acid fumes and moisture	Wholly on war work
Shoes	Throughout except brush shaft drives	Keeps production up to standard through elimination of slip	Army shoes
Machine Shops	Everything except small pulleys or too frequent shifting	Increased production through lack of stretch and slip. Especially efficient on drop hammers. Resistance to sudden shocks, heat, dust. Resistance to abrasion, and taking up load, especially on tumblers	Ordnance
Forge Shops			Munitions
Foundries			Transport and Supplies
Steel	Everything except hot saws	Eliminates shutting down rolling mill and other important drives to take up stretch	Wholly on war work
Pulp and Paper	Throughout except small pulleys	Resistance to moisture and steam	Export Packing
Tanneries	Throughout except small pulleys	Resistance to [illegible] heat, harsh slow pulls	Army equipment
Canners	Transmission throughout	Resistance to heat, moisture, weather conditions	Wholly Army supply
Flour and Grain	Throughout except small pulleys	Retains pull and pliability under drying dust	Foodstuffs for Army and Allies



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Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A.

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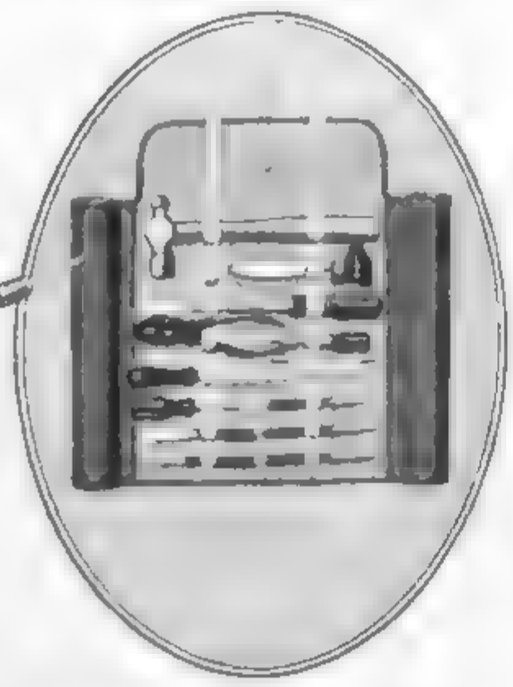

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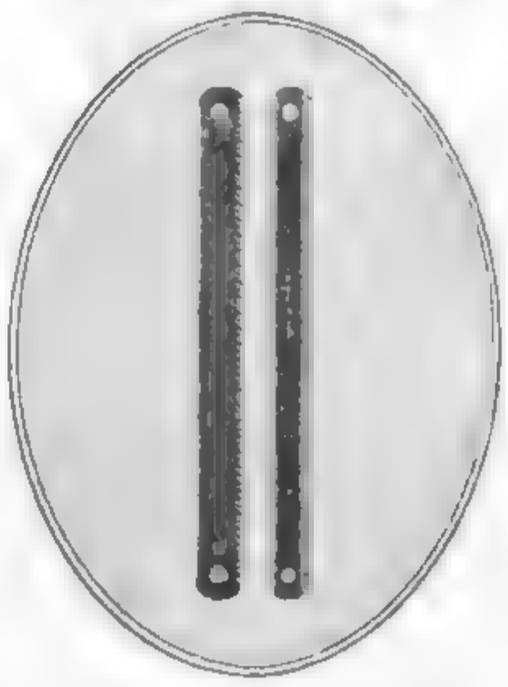
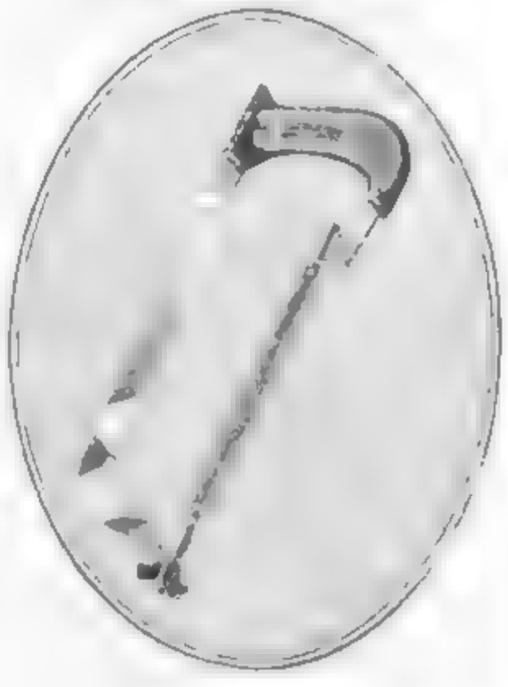


Hack Saw Frames



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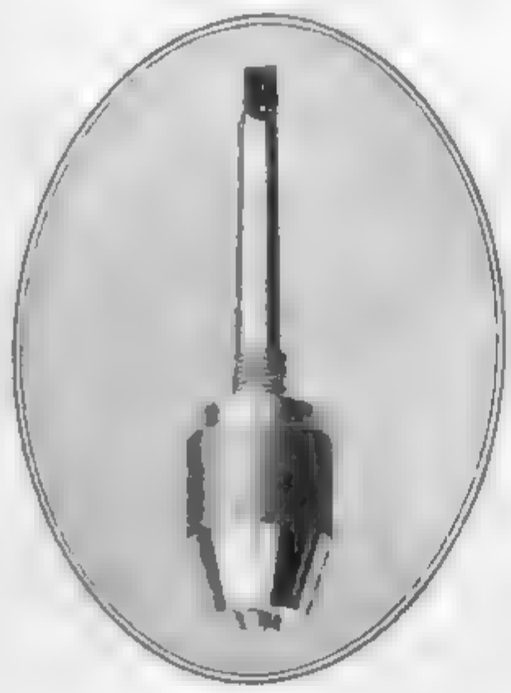
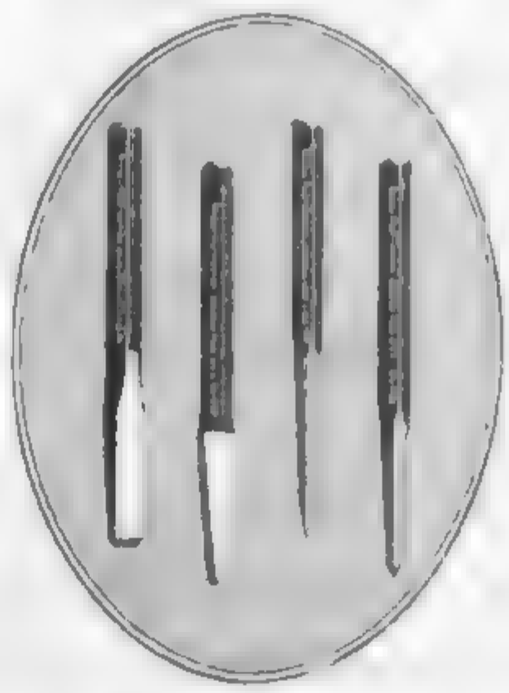
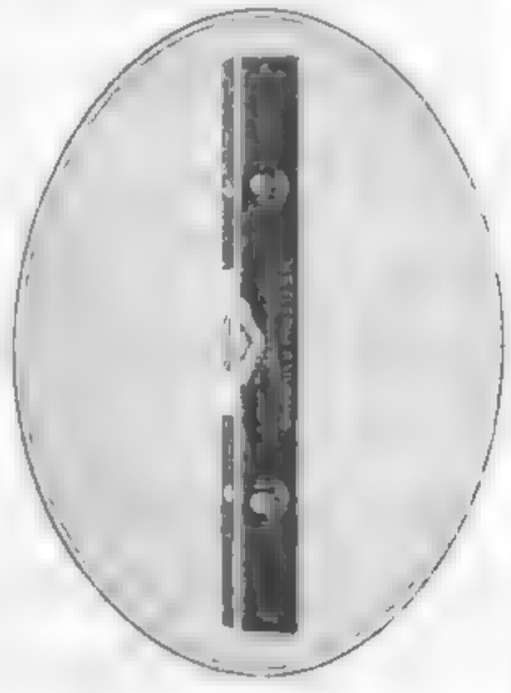
Chisels and Punches

Levels



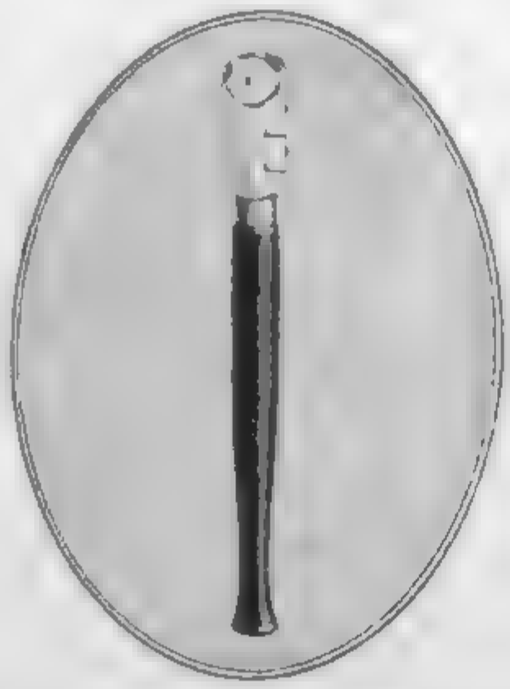


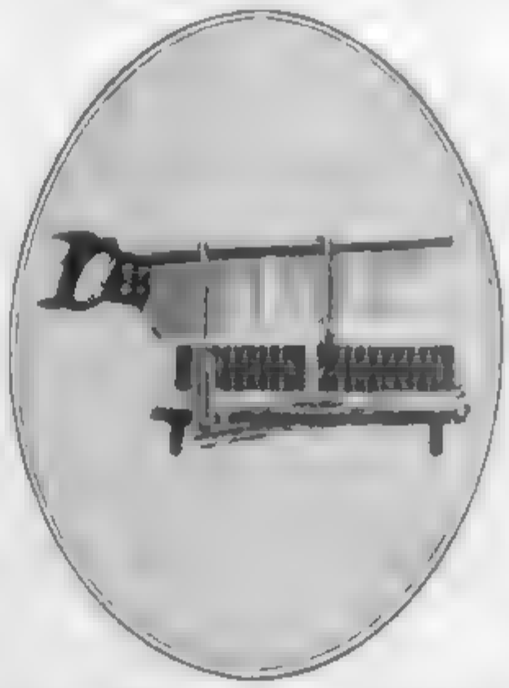


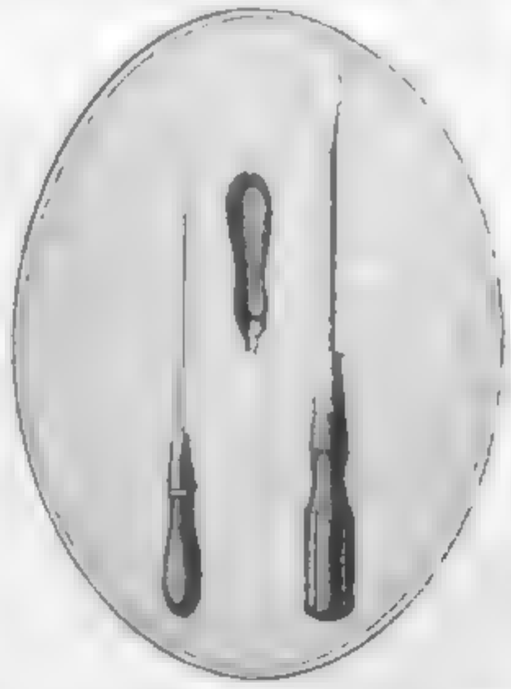
Glass Cutters

Mitre Boxes

Screw Drivers







GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass., U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 126)

Eminent experts agree that the champion's only chance to retain his title came early in the second round. Gavin slipped and left an opening for his jaw, and when Summers saw it he forgot all about his agreement that there should be eight rounds of film—forgot everything but the opportunity to extricate himself from a dangerous situation. Quick as a flash Summers set himself and let fly with his main battery, putting into the shot everything that he had or was or hoped to be. It was the sort of right-hand punch that makes and unmakes champions, it was beautifully timed and perfectly executed, it went straight to the chin, and it dropped John Gavin to his knees.

The referee began to count, marking time with his right hand and holding Summers at bay with his left. Gavin shook his head, like a swimmer coming to the surface after a dive. Then he looked up at Summers skirmishing in and out, his right hand poised for the finishing blow; and as he looked, Gavin's mouth curved into a scornful grin. He gathered himself together as a sprinter gathers himself for a crouching start.

"Just wanted to see if you could hurt me, Swifty. . . . You can't; it ain't in you. Now look out for yourself!"

He came to his feet with a rush, diving straight at Summers, who stood his ground and aimed a short uppercut at Gavin's chin. The uppercut missed connections, but Gavin's right fist did not. It crashed home just below the rib line, and it sent the champion reeling backward to the ropes, sick and dizzy.

Very few world's champions have lost their titles without making a desperate attempt to hold them. Summers was tricky and unscrupulous; he took the best of it whenever he could and disdained the even break; but underneath all his treachery and meanness was the heart of a fighting man. The tide of battle had turned against him with a swiftness almost incredible, but with the ropes chafing his back the champion made his stand, fighting as he had never fought in his life. Time after time he rocked Gavin's head with rights and lefts, putting into them everything that the damaging body blow had left him, and taking a savage beating in return. Just before the bell rang Gavin landed another pile-driving punch below the rib line and Summers' knees bent under him. He would have slipped to the floor had not Gavin hauled him into a clinch.

"You're licked," said John, "but I ain't through with you yet. Die game—for the pictures!"

As far as Summers was concerned the fight ended then and there. He went to his corner whipped and knowing that he was whipped. He could never hope to hit Gavin any harder than he had hit him in the second round, and Gavin had stayed down only five seconds.

It was in the third round that Gavin added insult to injury. He had just flattened Summers' nose with an overhand swing, and was holding the champion on his feet with his face turned to the camera so that the blood would show.

"I musta looked pretty bad to you that day at the track," said Gavin. "Glasses, and a lame back and everything. Yeh, I practiced looking bad for a couple of months before you showed up. I knew you wouldn't fight me again unless you thought I was all in. You fell for it. . . . All right, referee. He's hanging on; I ain't."

And later:

"The only way to catch a crook is to play him crooked. . . . There's real fillum in these cameras to-day. . . . Turn your head a little so they can get a picture of how pretty you look!"

With half a minute remaining, Gavin shot a short ugly hook through Summers' wavering guard and knocked out three of his most cherished teeth. The champion flopped limply into a clinch and received his final bit of astounding information:

"Burnt sugar and water looks a lot like booze. . . . Pours like booze, too, but it don't do you no harm. . . . If it did I'd be dead now. . . . Yeh, I guess the bartender that made my private stock'll win him some dough to-day!"

Summers' chief second waved the bottle of smelling salts back and forth under the champion's battered nose.

"He's murderin' you," said the adviser. "Can't you mix it or nothing?"

"Burnt sugar!" groaned Summers. "Burnt sugar and water!"

"Hey, have a sniff o' this!" ordered the chief second. "Your mind is wanderin'!"

Toward the end of the fourth round the crowd began to yell at the referee to stop the fight. Summers was barely able to remain on his feet and Gavin was playing with him, hitting him at will as he wabbled wearily along the ropes.

The referee glanced doubtfully at Andy Cullen, huddled up in his ringside box, a life-size portrait of woe too deep for words. Cullen had bet more money than he cared to think about, but he owned a third of the motion pictures, and a clean knockout might enhance their value and put him even with the world again. The promoter shook his head slightly, and the referee sidled over to where Gavin was alternately thumping Summers in the ribs and holding him on his feet to keep him from falling.

"Gwan, John!" muttered the official. "Gwan, finish it! He's out now—out on his feet!"

Gavin glanced at the battery of cameras and grinned.

"Come on, champ," he whispered. "This is where you get it good—for the pictures!"

He backed Summers clear across the ring, halting him close to the ropes and directly underneath the lenses, jolted him once or twice to straighten him up and then pinned his arms at his sides.

"Hey, you guys up there!" bawled Gavin, addressing the photographers. "Got plenty of fillum left, have you? None of them boxes empty? . . . All right. Git this, all of you; it's going to be good!"

He released Summers, stepped quickly away from him and back again, feinting savagely at the sore ribs with his left hand. Summers dropped his guard and bent forward, and as he did so Gavin's right glove swung full and clean against his chin. The champion of the world plunged head first through the ropes, breaking one telegraph instrument and knocking three reporters and one special writer out of their chairs.

"There you are!" grinned the new-old champion as he looked down on his work and saw that it was good. "That ought to make a sweil finish—for the pictures!"

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THERE!

(Continued from Page 9)

the joyful shout of his companion, one-half of a rapid colloquy. Communication was reestablished.

At that moment there was a sudden louder sibilance in the air, a series of deafening crashes upon the brow of the hill, following one another as though they would never cease, merging with a double shock in a simultaneity of arrival, ever and ever nearer. The thunders of that flashing eastern horizon had leaped to an increased vehemence, a feverishly rapid succession of violent paroxysms that swallowed the rolling, drumlike discharges of the quick-firing field artillery.

"Shortening the range!" cried the Frenchman, once more at his side. "Intensive bombardment. Our turn now!"

The American divined the sense of his ejaculations from such syllables as were not lost in this welter of roar and crash and near explosion. A curious exhilaration mingled with his sense of insecurity; the mighty drama was fairly commenced, fascinating by the immensity of its issues.

"Look!" shouted his companion, clutching at his arm and pointing to the low ground close in front and to the left of them.

Down there great founts of ruddy living flame, breaking out of briefly perceived masses of thick and lazy smoke, were spouting up with detonations that thus clearly heard amid this uproar must have been appalling at their origins.

"Minenwerfer!" continued the Frenchman. "Preparing the way for the infantry at dawn!"

Those fiendishly monstrous explosions were erupting, more rapidly and widely sown than one could count, over the trench system through which Captain Vansittart had wandered that evening. He thought of the battalion commander, remembered his sublimely simple phrase, "*On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs.*" Men were certainly dying down there.

His altruistic attention to the fate of those below was violently terminated by a stunning shock, a roar that seemed to swallow him, incredibly savage.

He picked himself up, dazed and trembling; saw above his head the flickering sky where had been the armored roof of his shelter. A shell had burst at the entrance, had destroyed the emplacement. He looked for his companions. A livid flash, simultaneous with another shattering roar close at hand, revealed the telephonists stretched in odd attitudes, motionless, over the case which had contained their instruments. The only survivor? No—the French lieutenant was crawling from under the ruin of the roof, dragging a box.

"Quick!" he said. "We must find another place. Help me with these flares."

It was a relief to have a definite task, however humble, in this bewildering, unnerving fury of explosions. He seized one end of the heavy box, stumblingly followed his companion along a trench empty of any other living being.

Suddenly the Frenchman threw himself into a shell hole torn in what had been the parapet. The American followed. Both worked feverishly to build up the gashed and scattered sandbags into a wall round them. It was protection, except from a direct hit. Once more they could stare at the ceaselessly irradiated horizon, could gaze down upon the fulminating eruptions below. The crack of a rifle shot, the rap-rap of a machine gun from those depths they would have welcomed as a human sound. There was none. The heavy detonations alone persisted, terribly dominant.

Suddenly from below came a faint clamor, the noise—just audible—of gongs and whistles.

"The gas alarm!" said the Frenchman.

The American shuddered, imagining the insidious horror mingling with those violent terrors that never ceased. They were still there, those Frenchmen, though—still there! He thought of the *adjutant* and his confident little laugh, wondered ——

The air was suddenly full of a disturbing, rapidly increasing noise—no longer the ordinary hissing rush of arriving high-explosive. It reached a termination without the expected crash; he could scarcely distinguish quick, muffled bursts against the distant rolling thunders suddenly more prominent. A second later the sound was renewed—a flight of gobble-gobble demons hurling themselves straight upon him with irresistible fury. He ducked his head just as they were silenced in a succession of insignificant little cracks close in the trench. Something splashed on his face.

He heard the Frenchman shout, caught the word: "Gas!"

In a wild spasm of alarm he held his breath, fitted his mask with trembling fingers that, nevertheless, were swift. His companion was already protected when he glanced at him.

His nostrils tightly clipped, he tried to breathe regularly through the little rubber mouthpiece inside the mask, which communicated with the thick air pipe attached to the box of chemicals. He succeeded easily, though not with comfort. He wondered for how many hours he could endure this restraint upon his lungs.

In salvo after salvo the gas shells continued to swoop down upon the brow of the hill and now through the uncanny ululation of their flight came the loud and rapidly repeated notes of the warning gongs. Through a broken-down gap in their wall of sandbags the American looked along the trench. It was suddenly alive with men swarming up from an adjacent dugout. A high-explosive shell had penetrated the shelter.

The panic-stricken survivors tumbled out, one after the other, to find themselves in the deadly danger signaled by the dolorously sounding gongs.

There was a confusion of men struggling to adjust their masks as they jostled against each other. Some succeeded. Others were a fraction of a second too slow. Two men reeled up against the sandbags close to the American in violent and continued spasms of sneezing they could not check. He watched them, fascinated with horror, as they pressed the masks close to their faces in a vain attempt to protect themselves while their bodies jerked with the uncontrollable convulsion of the sneeze that could no longer be inhibited. With fiendishly malicious cunning the Germans were mingling sternutatory shells, otherwise harmless, with those filled with phosgene and mustard gas. One whiff of their contents and an unappeasable sneezing fit prevented the adjustment of the mask, insuring at each recovery a deep inhalation of the fatal phosgene. First one, then the other, of the two men dropped his mask, clutched blindly in the air and sank to the ground. The trench was again empty.

Through the remainder of that night of horror, seemingly prolonged beyond all terrestrial standards, the American cowered side by side with the Frenchman behind the protection of their sandbags. No form of activity was justifiable or necessary. They were cut off from direct communication with the Frenchman's battery; waited only for that moment when their prearranged sequence of flares should summon its barrage of bursting shells upon its allotted sector.

The American watched the ceaseless bombardment of the trench system below. It seemed impossible that anything could survive there. A dull despair had succeeded to his exhilaration of the beginning of the bombardment, a depression of spirits caused as much by the unalleviated pressure of the mask clips upon his nostrils as by this overwhelming manifestation of the enemy's gun power. He would have given all he possessed for one deep free breath of pure air; was physically tempted to tear off this suffocating restraint; while the faint, pungent odor, penetrating even through the mask, forbade the madness.

Conversation was, of course, impossible, and never had he longed so desperately for the sound of a human voice. In addition, a spot upon his face burned upon his nerves as though they were touched with a red-hot iron. He remembered the splash he had received from the first gas shells, diagnosed it—mustard gas! He cursed softly, without removing the rubber mouthpiece from his lips. This pain increased from moment to moment until it seemed to focus all his faculties on one agonized spot, blinding his perceptions to all but the haziest consciousness of what was occurring round him.

Suddenly he noticed that the gun flashes were no longer conspicuous in the eastern sky, though the thunderous roar was undiminished. The horizon was suffused with a yellowish-gray light, against which the hills were clearly silhouetted. The plain

(Continued on Page 133)

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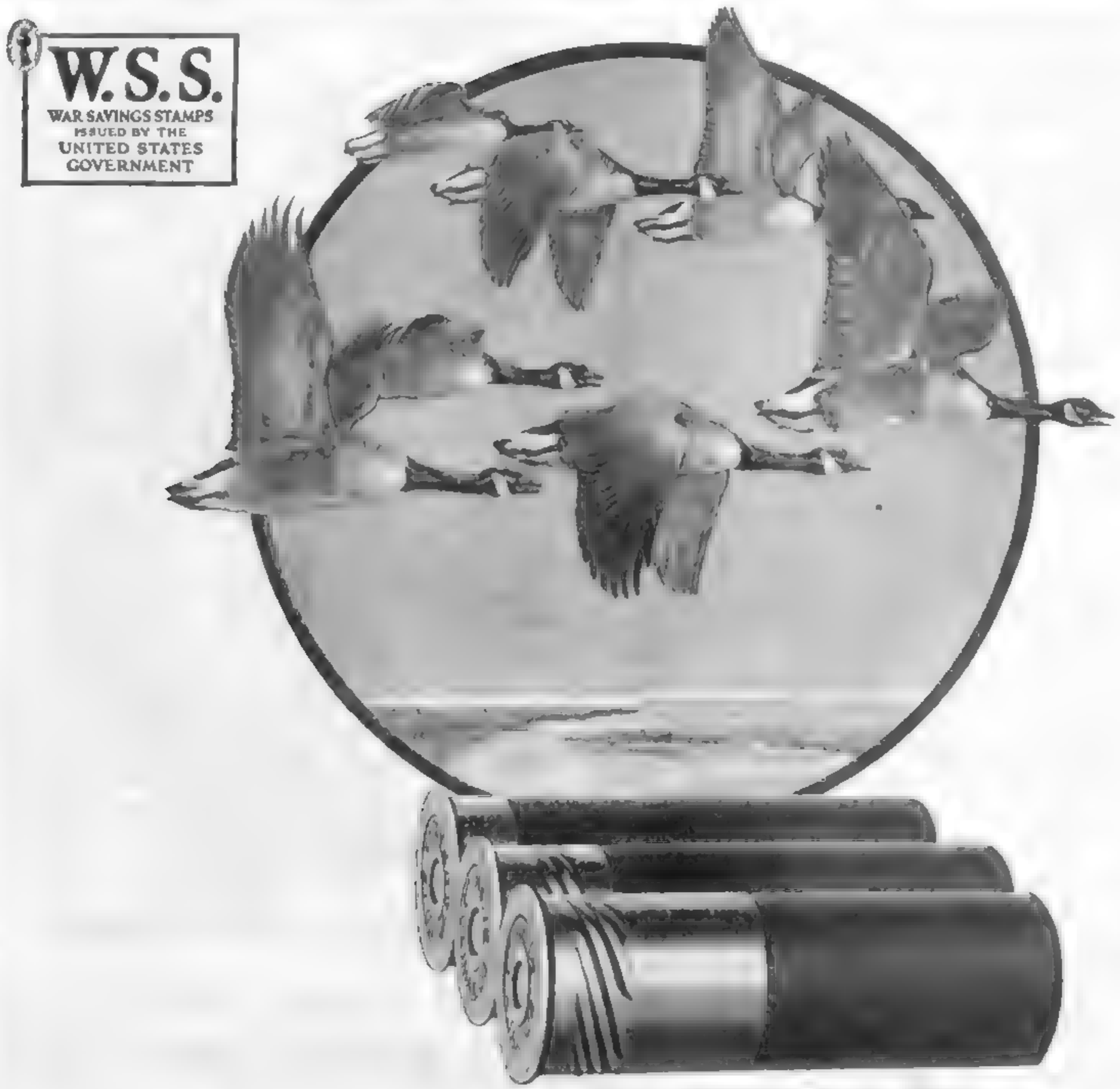

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UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 130)

below became faintly visible, stretching round to his left in a valley between him and an opposing height. It was dawn.

His companion clutched his arm, pointed below. A long belt of fog overlay the plain, rolled slowly from the east. Both searched it through their glasses, failed to penetrate it. It was the artificial mist enveloping the attack.

The Frenchman sprang to his feet, flung open the box of flares, fired into the air a sequence of red and green and golden lights, which drifted distinct against the paling sky. From the hill upon the other side of the narrow valley to their left similar flares were soaring up from a score of points. In a long line across the mouth of the valley they shot up, one after the other, from the menaced trenches. Behind them in immediate answer the artillery thunder increased spasmodically to one appalling, enduring roar that had no gaps. Over that belt of fog appeared innumerable pinpoints of scintillating yellow flame.

Had the enemy left his trenches? It was impossible to discern any movement in that shrouding mist. But suddenly, distinct even amid that deafening fury of the guns, they heard a multitudinous, rapidly reiterated pop-pop-pop-pop-pop that seemed to issue from the whole length of the belt of fog. It was the famous German machine-gun barrage which accompanies the attack, a complete system of sustained cross fires delivered by highly trained gunners dodging forward from cover to cover which creates a zone of death in front of the assault far more annihilating than that of the most intense artillery fire.

The hostile bombardment, which had slackened but slightly if at all from its first furious commencement, was now hailing upon the defense with an inconceivable violence. The hill from which the American watched the shrouded battle below shook as though about to disintegrate under the incessant blasts that seemed to shatter down the sky as they upheaved the earth. Volumes of heavy smoke rolled across it, blotting out all vision from time to time. The summit of the twin low height at the other side of the valley was crowned with dense and drifting fumes, belted and veined with lines of smoke upon its flanks in which the glint of fire flickered continually; it appeared a volcano in eruption, lava streams trickling to its base.

Across the valley between these portals, preceding the belt of mist now thinning in the first light of the sun, was a wall of smoke, black and brown and yellow, which shot up from a thousand points at once, was reënforced by fresh explosions ere the vomits of the first had plumed and drifted in the windless air. It rolled very slowly, almost perceptibly, but with real progress, up the valley. It was the creeping artillery barrage of the attack. Behind it, audible despite its incessant crashing thunders, the myriad crepitations of the tireless machine guns moved slowly forward also. It seemed impossible that any resistance could survive in such an inferno of destruction; that this colossal deployment of gun power must irresistibly blast a way for the German legions massed somewhere out of sight toward the east.

Of the defense the American could see but little. Both he and his companion were still muzzled in their gas masks, could not converse. From time to time, as the hostile barrage in the valley crept forward, the Frenchman fired fresh signals into the sky—little points of color now against the blue—bidding his battery shorten the range. Other signals shot up at intervals amid the tiny white shrapnel bursts which covered the floor of the valley behind that wall of smoke. The American could not decide whether they were theirs or the enemy's.

The loud, reiterated discharges of machine guns close at hand broke into those shell crashes upon the hill, so long continued that he had become almost oblivious of them. It brought him back to his immediate environment. He looked along the trench. It was now manned with French soldiers, their faces grotesque in the masks under their steel helmets, who hoisted machine gun after machine gun on the parapet and poured a plunging and enfilade fire into the valley below. They worked with a concentrated intensity of purpose which heeded not the sudden eructations of black smoke obliterating first one and then another group of them, the constant crack-crack-crack of shrapnel in the air above, the insidious poisoned atmosphere enveloping them with its invisible death. They seemed dumb, unhuman creatures in the enforced silence of their gas masks; seemed a fantastic race of battle kobolds born with this blunted uniformity of featureless countenance, with such agility did they perform their tasks in them.

Here and there one physically weaker than his fellows destroyed the illusion. Men overcome by fainting sickness, the result of their long-protracted muzzling, reeled against the trench wall, tore at the masks. Other men leaped at them, bound their wrists behind their backs. Many of the wounded were thus forcibly restrained from an involuntary suicide. But still, all along the parapet, the machine guns hammered death into the valley below.

Down there the attack was evidently progressing. The wall of the barrage smoke had passed almost out of sight up the valley at the left. Behind it the shrapnel puffs still clustered in multitudes over a drifting reek of fumes. Under it must be passing the German battalions hurrying into the gap. The American searched for them with his glasses, caught here and there a scintillation of steel reflecting the sun, now well above the hills, but could distinguish nothing more. The clattering of the machine guns, minute but distinct in the unceasing thunders of the artillery, had also passed well to his left. He looked down the slope in front of him, half expecting to see swarms of gray-clad figures surging up with the bayonet to flatten out this salient. There seemed to be some sort of conflict in progress at the bottom, but the flank on the hill was empty except for flying geysers of earth and smoke. Far away at his right, almost behind him, on the other side of the hill, he thought he heard a faint chatter of busy machine guns.

He suddenly comprehended the enemy tactics. The Germans were not trying to crush in the entire line at a blow. They were blasting gaps here and there, filtering through them. His hill was being ignored except for the violent bombardment which kept the defenders in their trenches, forbade it as a starting point for counter-attacks on the flank of their advance. If the German progress up the valleys on either side of it continued, evacuation and destruction en masse were the only alternatives. He wondered to what extent the former was still practicable.

He put his face close to his companion's ear, shouted through the mask a phrase expressive of his doubts. The Frenchman had also been anxiously considering the battlefield. He shrugged his shoulders, shouted similarly through his mask.

"We can do nothing more. My battery cannot see my signals. We are falling back everywhere. Look!"

The trench behind them was being rapidly evacuated. A long, straggling file of men was passing round the brow of the hill amid such a hail of shells that it was marvelous that any survived.

"They are too many for us. It is the retreat again!" shouted the Frenchman into the American's ear as though personally exasperated with him. "You are too late, *messieurs les Américains!* They will be in Paris before you can save us."

The Frenchman sat down in the shell hole as though resigning himself to death rather than witness this collapse of his cause. The American muttered a savage curse, vaguely comprehensive, at stupidity, both individual and national, and dragged his companion to his feet.

"Guess I'm going to have a whack at 'em anyway before they get to Paris!" he said to himself. "Come on!" He indicated the last clause by a gesture reënforced with a tug at the Frenchman's arm.

He was consumed with anxiety to get away, to get away quickly—not because of a mere craven desire to save his skin, but because he felt overpoweringly that his existence on earth would not be justified until he had participated actively in one real American battle against the boche. He was convinced that whatever else happened such a battle would be fought long before the enemy got to Paris. He and his hundreds of thousands of comrades had not come to France on a joy trip to witness a German triumphal procession down the Champs Elysées.

He pulled his companion after him into the trench, followed in the wake of the retreating infantry.

He could never clearly recall the details of the hours that followed. His memory was a blur of pictures to which he could assign neither definite place nor chronological order. He remembered the crushing fatigue

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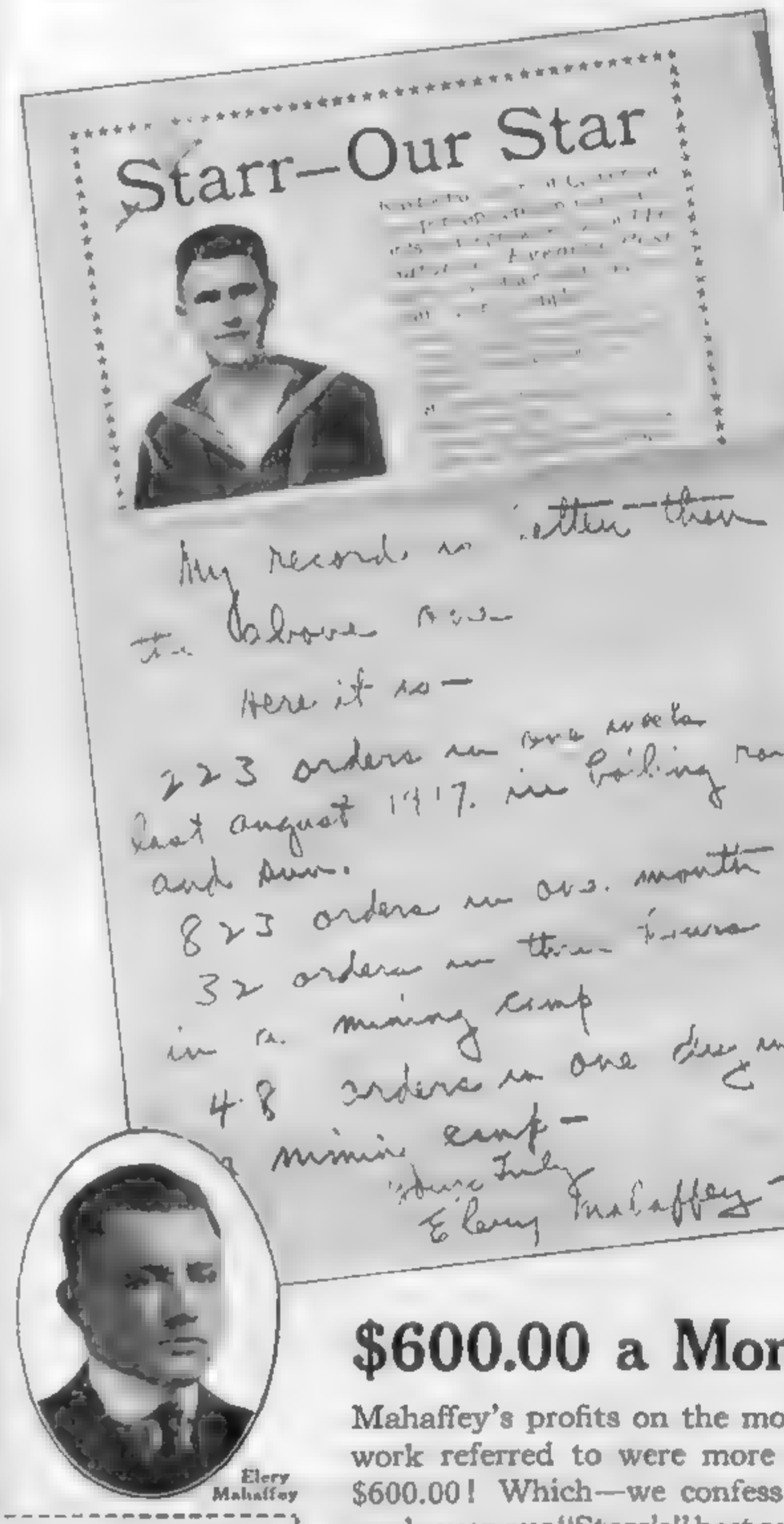

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CITY

that fell upon him suddenly in their desperate scramble over that shell-tormented hillside, had dazed, half perceptions of miraculous escapes. He remembered the increasing discomfort of breathing through the mask, half suffocated, his stomach sick with exhaustion and with the minute quantities of gas that had filtered through. He remembered the burning agony of that splash upon his face, becoming more and more intense with every moment. Those were the near things, the real things, the consciousness of his continuing personality.

Outside that was a dream world which changed from setting to setting. Now he and the Frenchman were tramping along a road in the rear of a body of hurrying soldiers who left behind a trail of men unable to keep up. Now they were alone, stumbling over a plowed field; it was very hot then, he remembered, and the gas masks had been intolerable. Was it then that his comrade had taken fresh masks from a couple of prone figures and they had fitted them with held breath? He remembered that at that time he had an acute perception of the danger in the air. Ah, yes—that was because, a little earlier, crossing a sunlit meadow, pocked here and there with shell holes, they had seen a group of soldiers fling off their masks as though definitely out of danger—and then fall choking to the ground. Gas was all about them.

Then there had been a phase when they had become entangled with what seemed a whole army in retreat—infantry, artillery, motor lorries, horsemen, wagons of the train, ambulances—all inextricably mixed up on an endless road that passed through empty villages.

All that had been before they slept in the wood. He could not remember how they got there or when. But when they awoke the sun was the sun of afternoon, low in the sky. They woke refreshed, freed from the intolerable gas masks—they must have doffed them before sleeping, but here the air was good, so good to inhale in deep chestfuls!

And from that moment his memory had no gaps. They had eaten provisions from their haversacks and listened to the loud and persistent thunders of the battle. They were very near the firing line—perhaps it had fallen back on them while they slept—for shells were wailing and rumbling over the tree tops and a battery was banging away with deafening, metallic detonations somewhere in the vicinity. A little farther off, away from the sun, the irregular rapid crackle of rifles, the indefatigable hammering of machine guns told of a desperate conflict still in progress.

The Frenchman and he discussed the situation, decided to go in search of that near-by battery. They found it without much trouble. It was spaced along a hedge; four gray guns, with open caissons at their sides, attended by crouching figures who worked at the extreme of urgency. The long brass cartridge cases gleamed in the sun as they passed rapidly from hand to hand, disappeared for a second in which the gun cracked with an ear-splitting report, jerked back onto a heap of their spent predecessors. The muzzles of the guns, hidden in the foliage of the hedge, coughed their projectiles, twenty-five to the minute, toward a village five hundred yards away.

A road led up to the village, at right angles to the hedge. It was deserted, except for some prone and motionless figures strewn like bundles of old clothes along its surface.

So much the two companions noticed as they ran across the field toward the guns. The commander of the battery stopped in his regular pacing up and down behind his weapons, looked at them expectantly as though imagining them to be messengers, then perceiving they were not turned from them with a petulant gesture. They accosted him.

He turned an irritable eye upon the American, remarked the U. S. R. upon his collar.

"You would do well to get away from here, monsieur. We are a rearguard without supports and without orders. We shall be overwhelmed at any moment." He finished with an outburst of savage irony, the wild, reckless injustice of a man utterly overwrought. "This is no place for a neutral. But your army would be welcome if it means to fight."

The American flushed up in a glare of anger—and then forgave.

"By God!" he ejaculated. "I don't go back another step!" He translated the affirmation for the Frenchman's benefit.

The battery commander shrugged his shoulders with an insulting indifference.

The lieutenant saluted and proffered his services. The battery commander accepted them curtly, admitted that he had lost all his officers, bade him take over a section of the guns. The American followed his comrade. A moment later a shrapnel shell bursting just above the hedge struck down a couple of men from an already depleted crew. The gun remained undischarged.

With a glad cry Captain Vansittart whipped off his coat, dashed to the service of the weapon. He labored at it frenziedly with a couple of other men who smiled a welcome, exulting in the rapid detonations of the gun hurling death upon the boche eight hundred meters away.

Suddenly there was a cry. The range was altered, shortened. Glancing through the hedge he saw a few scattered soldiers dashing across the field from the village, faintly heard hoarse cheers amid the smoke-whelmed houses.

His companion of the night approached him.

"Retreat again!" he said bitterly. "They are sending for the teams. *Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire?* They are crushing us under their numbers. If only you Americans had come in a year ago!"

Captain Vansittart answered not a word. His face grim, the bitterness of death in his soul, he pulled the firing cord of his gun, hurled yet another shell into the village.

The "Cease Fire!" sounded. The gun teams were galloping toward them across the field. From the village emerged a swarm of gray-clad men who ran toward them. Rifle bullets commenced to crack round the ears of the gunners.

At that moment a motorcyclist hurtled in a cloud of dust along the road. He flung himself from his machine, rushed toward the battery commander.

"Hold firm!" he shouted. "Help is coming! Hold firm!"

Another second and the teams were racing back again, the guns sending *rafale* upon *rafale* of shrapnel upon the Germans at the edge of the village. The foremost fell ere they could dash back to cover once more.

A desperate duel of field guns and rifles firing almost point-blank at each other commenced, continued through minutes long as hours. The American wondered how long it would be before the methodical machine guns would be brought into action and settle the contest. Time after time a swarm of Germans tried to debouch from the village; time after time a few scattered survivors raced back under the cracking white shrapnel puffs.

Suddenly there was a roar of voices behind, a tumult of hoarse cheers. Captain Vansittart glanced over his shoulder, saw brown-clad infantry coming up at the double, wide across the fields in rear of him. English? No! With a wild exultation, with a fierce deep joy that surpassed any gladness of his life he recognized an American college yell. He reechoed it with a schoolboy whoop as he discharged his gun, gleefully blasting a passage for those so desperately longed-for comrades who were yet in time.

The Americans came up, passed through the guns, now silenced, in a torrent of brown-clad men. They shouted like demons as they waved their rifles, broke a scrambling passage through the hedge, and one cry, loud, insistent, indefinitely repeated, was dominant among the whoops and yells and catcalls of the excited men: "Lusitania!—Lusitania!—Lusitania!"

They could not shout it loud enough, the name of the crime they had come so far to avenge.

They swept across the fields toward the village, disappeared into the smoke. The battery opened fire once more, lengthened its range again and again as message after message was signaled back from the village. The crackle of the rifles grew fainter, more and more distant.

Once more the battery teams came racing across the fields. As the guns limbered up for the advance the battery commander approached the American, performed the salute of courtesy from one Allied officer to another.

"My apologies—and my compliments, monsieur," he said. "*Mon Dieu, mais vous êtes un peu là, vous aussi, les Américains!*"

Captain Vansittart thought of the *adjutant* in the advanced trench—"*un peu là!*" and glowed with a splendid pride. Yes—they were there; they also—some! The phrase welcomed them as equals into the immortal brotherhood.

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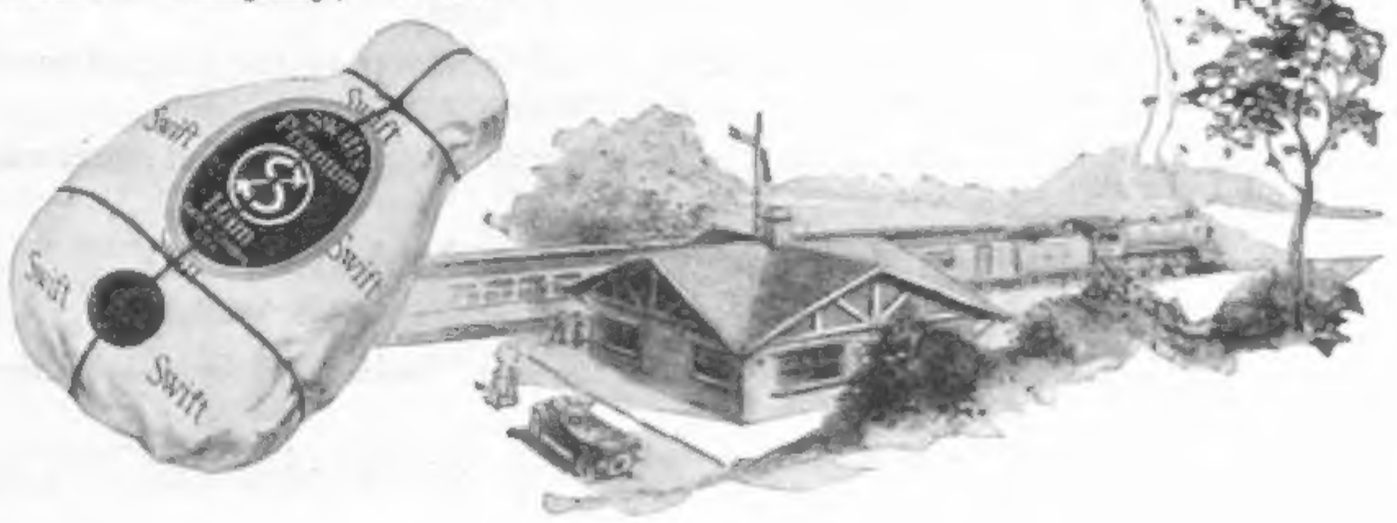

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